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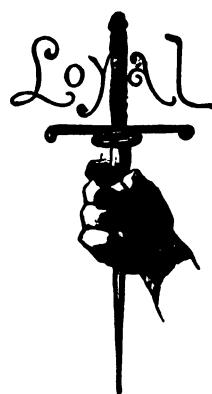
# New England Magazine

An Illustrated Monthly

New Series, Vol. 24

March, 1901

August, 1901



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From the painting by Edgar Parker.

**JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.**

# THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES.

MARCH, 1901.

VOL. XXIV. NO. 1.

## ROPES OF SAND.

*By Amelia H. Botsford.*

Illustrated from photographs by F. Lamson-Scribner.

In these days of devotion to the latest novel, Hans Christian Andersen may not be fashionable reading; but surely there are many who can recall "The Sand-hills of Jutland" with a vision of that lonely country where the sea makes incessant war upon the land, where for mile after mile the sand hills mimic the rise and fall of billows, and the fierce gusts of wind whirl the sand ever further inland. The church of the little hamlet in Andersen's story stands among the sand hills, and the ceaseless sand billows year by year rise higher and higher about its base, till when the tale ends with the hero's lonely death in the church, "the sand had covered the lofty arches, and thorns and wild roses grow over the church where the wayfarer now struggles on towards its spire, which towers above the sand, an imposing tombstone over the grave, seen from miles around—no king ever had a grander one."

This is a story of the victory of the sea and its sand. But the contest does not always end thus. The fertile land with its forests and meadows, its human homes and cultivated fields, sometimes rescues its fair domain from the encroaching sand.

Literature has given us no tale of the Landes of Gascony to offset the

story of "The Sand-hills of Jutland;" but along that west coast of France has been won a great victory over the sea. The country was once a barren waste of drifted sand, the river mouths were choked by sand bars, and both agriculture and navigation were obstructed. But now one hundred thousand acres of these sand dunes have been reclaimed; and where once no life of bird or beast stirred over the desolate dunes and no grateful drapery of green concealed their outlines, now forests of pine cover the coast and among the spicy boughs birds and insects flit, hardy shrubs deck the ground beneath; in the clearings rise huts of woodmen and charcoal burners, and women's voices and children's laughter have invaded the silence of the sand dunes.

In the Campine in Belgium and Holland, a similar tract, many acres have been thus rescued, while in West Jutland itself, where in 1854 there were 3,614,720 of these barren acres, there are now only about 1,580,000 acres.

These are wonderful changes, but the means by which they have been wrought is nothing more wonderful than a common sea grass—a means apparently as inadequate as the pebble in the forehead of Goliath.

The great work of the grasses in



THE PROVINCE LANDS AT PROVINCETOWN.

binding together, here arable soil and there sea sand, is a beneficent task usually overlooked; but John Ruskin, that seer of nature and of art, has stated their mission clearly.

"As the first great office of the mosses," he says, "is the gathering of earth, so that of the grasses is the binding of it. Theirs the Enchanter's toil, not in vain, making ropes out of sea sand."

How well the grasses perform this task may be seen along the seashore in many parts of the world. Although the work they have accomplished upon European coasts is the most extensive, they are man's beneficent allies in this country also. Some very interesting experiments in the use of these sand-binding grasses are now being carried on in the United States. The work that is being done on the Province Lands on Cape Cod is the best organized and most important, and deserves more notice than it has generally received. As the most common of the sand-binding grasses is that employed in the work at Provincetown, it will be appropriate to de-

scribe that grass and its use on Cape Cod, and then give more briefly some facts concerning other varieties.

Beach grass, or marram grass, or sand reed, as it is variously called (*Ammophila arenaria*), is common along the coasts of northern and west-



PLANTING SEASIDE GRASS IN DENMARK.

(From an old Danish book.)

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ern Europe. In this country it is found as far south as Virginia. It also grows in the interior on the shores of the Great Lakes. Its value as a sand binder has long been known; it was used in the work of reclaiming the dunes of Gascony, and, in connection with sea lyme grass, in the work of defending the coasts of Holland and Denmark. The illustration herewith reproduced is from a Danish book more than a century old. It shows the planting of the grass and the making of artificial dunes as barriers along the coasts to check further encroachments of the sand.

Beach grass has been similarly used

abundant along the coast of New Jersey, visitors to her summer resorts have an excellent opportunity to observe its appearance and habits.

Look along the beach—you may not have far to search—until you find a tuft from two to four feet high, of stiff stems, solid, not hollow, with long rigid leaves, the stems terminating in a close panicle three to six inches long of a pale straw color. The tough stem and leaves have been used, it is said, to make a kind of coarse paper; other economic purposes to which the plant is adapted and to which it has been put in humble homes along English and Euro-



DRIFTING SAND ON CAPE COD COVERING AND KILLING PINE TREES.

in England and Scotland. Laws for its protection have more than once been passed. In the time of William III, an act of Parliament was passed for its protection in Scotland; and local laws in some countries have made it a punishable offence to be in possession of a single stalk within eight miles of the coast.

Persons living along the seacoast are doubtless familiar with this common grass, though they may not be aware of its importance. As it is most

pean coasts are thatching, mat making, and rope making.

But it is the part of the plant underground that deserves the most attention. The stiff stems rise from a rootstock or rhizoma, which, as it creeps on, sends up other clusters of leaves, making in time new plants; and as the upright stems of the beach grass are buried by the drifting sand, new leaves start from each successive leaf axil. Thus it is quite possible that the tuft, which as one grasps it



HAULING BEACH GRASS TO PLANT AT CAPE COD.

at the surface of a lofty sand dune may seem insignificant, may nevertheless have its lowest roots thirty or even sixty feet below. As to height, therefore, beach grass can rank well even in comparison with forest trees. By these creeping rootstocks and by the bunches of tough, fibrous roots sent out at each buried leaf axil, the shifting sands are bound compactly together, woven through and through with living thread.

The Province Lands, the field of an interesting experiment in utilizing this beach grass, extend twelve to fifteen miles along the shores of Cape Cod, and contain some 3,200 acres. About 900 are covered with trees and shrubs, and present a diversified landscape—rolling hills with occasional steep cliffs interspersed with broad meadows and pools of fresh water covered with pond

lilies; acre after acre is clothed in American heather, and the bearberry and the cranberry add their tints to the decorative effect.

But it is not to these picturesque acres that the main interest attaches. The other 2,300 acres are more or less barren, and, indeed, much of the tract is pure sand. In this area the wild growth of beach grass has proved its value in the protection of the harbor and town of Provincetown from the invading sand; and here the

cultivation of the sand-binding grass was early begun.

It was seventy years ago that the United States government undertook this work at Cape Cod; and there were also, at various times, local laws, which called the people out in April of each year to plant beach grass, as in other regions they are summoned to mend the roads. These earlier attempts, however, were un-



BEACH GRASS ON THE PROVINCE LANDS NEAR PROVINCETOWN, CAPE COD.



A SAND DUNE ON THE FLORIDA COAST, BUILT UP BY GROWTH OF SEASIDE OATS.

systematic and have left no permanent results.

The real work of the Province Lands began with the year 1893, when the tract was placed under the control of the Board of Harbor and Land Commissioners of Massachusetts, which has ever since conducted the work in a scientific manner and with gratifying results.

The method employed in the United States is much simpler than that formerly used in Gascony, which involved the construction of an artificial barrier, termed *dune littorale*, formed of wattle fences, palisades of planks and cordons of fagots. On the Province Lands the sands are first held from shifting by systematic plantings of beach grass, after which such shrubs and trees as have been found best adapted to the purpose are planted among the grass.

A nursery has been established, in which thousands of young shrubs and trees are brought to a proper age and condition for transplanting among the beach grass. In the earlier years of the work this nursery

was of much value, but of late the practice prevails of sowing seeds of trees, particularly pine trees, among the beach grass.

Mr. F. Lamson-Scribner, in his valuable report on Sand-binding Grasses, describes the method of planting the beach grass as being not in regular rows, but in quincunx order, from one to two and a half feet apart; he also states that the cost of planting the beach grass has been from \$60 to \$65 per acre. It requires fifteen men and one horse about two days, working nine hours a day, to plant an acre of the grass. That used is the native growth on the Cape, which is transplanted where it is most needed. It may be raised from seed, but after thorough trial the method by transplanting has been found preferable.

After the beach grass has attained such growth as to check the shifting of the sand, the next step is further to fix the soil by shrubs and trees. The Scotch broom, the tamarisk, the silver poplar, the Scotch, the Austrian and the seaside pine have proved valuable for this purpose.



BEACH GRASS BEING USED AS SAND-BINDER ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

The landscape engineer, Mr. Leonard W. Ross, who assumed his position when the work was placed under the board, expresses himself in his published reports as confident that this area of over two thousand acres of sand can be made a valuable possession to the Commonwealth. He mentions as possible uses that of making it a public park or a game preserve or forming a forest reservation of it; or, if considerations of economy prevail, he suggests that some return for the expenses incurred might be secured by the cultivation of the osier for basket making. As a free breathing place for those shut out from the seashore by the gradual taking up for individual possession

of all accessible coasts, this public holding of the Province Lands by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts will doubtless be more and more valued as the years go by.

The work at Provincetown has from the first been under the able superintendence of Captain James A. Small, who has brought to the task



SAND DUNES ON THE PACIFIC COAST HELD IN PLACE  
CHIEFLY BY SEASIDE BLUE GRASS.

enthusiasm and ability which have been large factors in its success.

As to the use of beach grass on the Pacific coast, the experiment near San Francisco is successful as far as it has gone. The grass in this case was raised from seed imported from Australia—a curious instance of the way in which the value of an article is apparently enhanced by its being imported from a distance.

None of the other sand-binders have been so much used as beach grass;

these lines. Her need of efficient sand binders is certainly great. Not only along the coast is she subject to sand invasion, but also along the Columbia River. Some idea of the problem that confronts her may be gained from the illustration of a railroad obstructed by the drifting sands. A similar instance, showing the need of sand-binders away from the seacoast as a protection for railroads, exists in the new line across the desert of Bokhara in Asia. The shifting sands



DRIFTING SANDS AT ROWENA ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER. SAND COVERING RAILROAD  
IMPEDING TRAFFIC. COLUMBIA RIVER ON THE RIGHT.

but there are others of great value, a few of which must be mentioned here. Sea lyme grass (*Elymus arenarius*) is very similar to beach grass, and is sometimes used in connection with it. It does not, however, grow so far south, Maine being its limit on the Atlantic coast and Oregon on the Pacific. It is also a common and useful sand binder on the northern shores of Europe.

Among our western states Oregon is prominent in investigations along

were the most serious obstacle the engineers encountered. It will probably be necessary, in addition to the drift fences of laths, to encourage some sand-binder. In Oregon experiments are being made to determine whether sea lyme grass will grow away from the coast. It is being transplanted from Clatsop County on the Pacific to the sand dunes on the Columbia.

Seaside blue grass (*Poa macrantha*), another excellent sand binder, is



SAND DRIFTS ALONG THE COLUMBIA RIVER. THE DRIFTING SAND WHICH IS BEING HELD IN PLACE BY SEA LYME GRASS HAS PARTIALLY BURIED THE TREES.

a native of Oregon. This is doubly useful, as the grass can be grazed by cattle, for which purpose the other varieties mentioned are unfit. Oregon ought to be able to solve the problem of sand control by the aid of these two valuable grasses.

There is no lack of sand-binders for more southern coasts. They are numerous; but no extensive experiments have been made with them as yet. Seaside oats and St. Augustine grass are perhaps the most valuable among the number



SEASIDE BLUE GRASS. NATURAL GROWTH ON THE COAST OF OREGON.

gation and experiment have, indeed, only begun, and the importance of the subject is not generally recognized. Specialists, such as the agrostologists of the Department of Agriculture, are aware that the United States suffers annually a loss of millions of dollars

from the action of sand aided by wind and waves. That the greater part of this loss might be prevented by the use of such a simple agent as native grasses is a thought which lends dignity to the work of these neglected and unrecognized benefactors.



## A LULLABY.

*By Richard Burton.*

**A** WITHERED face with great brown eyes  
That gazed through unwept tears;  
A smile on the mouth in motherwise,  
And tender, full of years.

Stretched on the sand a man, not old,  
With features warped by sin,  
And bad, albeit now death-cold,  
All passion dead within.

But ever the mother sat above  
Her son and rocked and sang,  
As though deep stirred by baby-love.  
While thus her cracked voice rang:

“Sun-gold thy hair, darling,  
Sleep, thou art fair, darling,  
Shut down thy pretty eyes;  
Father is on the sea,  
Nobody’s by but me,  
Sleep, for the waters rise.”

So sang the fish-wife, bending o’er  
Her boy, just drowned and dead:  
Crazed in her mind, the days of yore  
Kept revel in her head.

“When thou art old, darling,  
Grown brave and bold, darling,  
Then thou shalt have a wife;  
Now thou art only mine,  
Little and fair and fine,  
Helpless in all thy life.”

The man lay still, and the sullen look  
 Was ever on his face;  
 His deeds read dark in the judgment book;  
 His lot had been disgrace.

But the mother hugged the body wet,  
 Gray-haired, and dazed in brain.  
 As I walked away she was singing yet,  
 Over and o'er again:

" 'Tis time to wake, darling,  
 See! light will break, darling,  
 Yonder across the quay;  
 Come, wee one, kiss me now  
 Soft on my cheek and brow;  
 Wake for the love of me,  
 My boy, my joy,—  
 For the love of me,—for me!"



## OLDEN TIME MUSIC IN THE CONNECTICUT VALLEY.

*By Collins G. Burnham.*

THE part of the Connecticut Valley with which this article deals is its Massachusetts section. The sources of information concerning church music are local—old records, sermons and other publications of the pastors, but chiefly old music books published in the Valley. It is difficult to obtain exact information

concerning the books that were used in a particular church. Psalm and tune book was not generally a subject of church record.

The music in the New England churches at the beginning of the eighteenth century was generally in a deplorable condition. Unsingable versions of the Psalms, loss of skill in

reading music, the deaconing of the Psalms and other causes made the service of song a doleful affair. There is abundant evidence of the sad neglect of psalmody till it became a debatable question whether to sing or not to sing. The desire for an improvement in this part of worship was awakened by the ministers, who began to preach and to publish on the "Reasonableness of Regular Singing." Those who preferred the irregular way of singing made "cases of conscience" of the matter and strenuously opposed the innovation. The period of improvement began near the close of the first quarter of the century.

Church music in the Valley felt the influence of Jonathan Edwards, the fervid preacher and profound thinker, who was pastor at Northampton from 1727 to 1750. The revivals in that town during his pastorate made a deep impression upon New England. The churches of the valley shared in the influences of this "awakening." Church music received an impetus at this time. A disposition "to abound" in the "divine exercise" of singing was manifest. Especially was this the case at Northampton. There the people sang

with greater fervor than formerly in the public worship. They sang in private houses when a few met; they sang on the streets on their way to or from the religious services. There was criticism of the singing in private houses. Edwards himself complained of its "mismanagement." Psalm singing was a serious affair with the people of those days, and the singing at private houses was not always attended with that reverence and decorum that were deemed fitting to such a "holy act." It was feared that "a mere nothing" would be made of the exercise if, while two or three were singing Psalms or hymns, others in the room continued their conversation or their work, paying no more regard to the sacred music than to "a common song for amusement and diversion." This was before William Billings produced the "Psalm Singer's Amusement." The New England fathers of this earlier period would have raised their hands in vigorous protest against the irreverence of connecting amusement with psalmody even in the title of a book that ventured to go to church to assist in the solemnities of singing. The singing in the streets received more serious criticism. The practice was putting



## MUSICA SACRA.



REVISED EDITION.

new wine into the old bottles of New England church customs; and some believed it should not be done.

Mr. Edwards found no valid objection to the innovation, but advised care in its introduction. "I suppose," he argued, "none will condemn singing merely because it is performed in the open air; and if it may be performed by a company in the open air, doubtless they may do it moving as well as standing still." In this, as in other matters pertaining to psalmody,

Mr. Edwards was both prudent and progressive. He thought it requisite, however, where the introduction of this practice was desired, to gain "the consent of the governing part of the worshipping societies." The custom had possibilities of strife; its introduction might disturb "the peace and union of such societies." The cautious handling of this subject by this eminent divine shows how reverently the fathers regarded sacred music and how strong were their convictions concerning its proper exercise.

In his "Faithful Narrative," Mr. Edwards bears testimony to the skill of his congregation in singing. "Our congregation excelled all that ever I knew in the external part of the duty before, the men generally carrying regularly, and well, three parts of music, and the women a part by themselves; but now they were evidently wont to sing with unusual elevation of heart and voice, which made the duty pleasant indeed." Two of the three parts which the men sang were the bass and the air; the third was probably the tenor, though some men may have coqueted with the counter, a part which generally was taken by the women.

Jonathan Edwards took an ad-

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vanced position in relation to the introduction of hymns in religious services. Psalms were sung at the commencement of the eighteenth century. Critics of the "Great Awakening" were disturbed at two innovations, the unusual use of singing in religious services and the introduction of "hymns of human composure." Hitherto in New England the churches had held that the only divinely authorized manual of praise was the inspired Psalter. They used English versions of the Psalms of David. Great was the contest between the Psalm books and hymn books. It was like the famous battle which Dean Swift reported between the ancient and modern books in Saint James's Library. In this conflict the Psalms were the "ancients," intrenched in the customs, beliefs and prejudices of a century of New England church life. Many sharp skirmishes and some pitched battles were fought before the "ancients" acknowledged the right of the "moderns" to a part in public worship and Psalms and hymns agreed to dwell together in harmony between the same leathern covers.

Mr. Edwards took the part of the "moderns" in this conflict. In his "Thoughts on the Revival" he wrote: "I am far from thinking that the book of Psalms should be thrown by in our

public worship, but that it should always be used in the Christian church to the end of the world; but I know of no obligation we are under to confine ourselves to it." He considered that it is "really needful that we should have some other songs than the Psalms of David." He discovered no command to limit Christians in their praises to the forms of words found in the Bible, and considered it unreasonable that the church should be confined to words of the Old Testament, which speaks "of the glorious things of the Gospel that are infinitely the greatest subjects of her praise," only under "a vail," and mentions the Redeemer's name only "in some dark figure."

In Mrs. Edwards's personal relation we have illustration of the use of hymns at this period; and the mention of names shows that other clergymen besides her distinguished husband appreciated their value. On one occasion, when people had gathered at the parsonage, she states that "a melting hymn" of Dr. Watts was read. The "truth and reality" of the things mentioned in it so strongly impressed her and stirred her religious emotions so deeply, that she leaped from her chair unconsciously. Two other hymns were read, whose influence continued the ecstatic condition of the good woman. Watts's hymns

China. C. M.

Why should we always departing friends, Oh think of death so deplorable alarmy, The last the voice which tells death, To tell them in their sleep.

"powerfully affected" her at other times. Thus we perceive that at the period of the "Great Awakening" ministers in the Valley used hymns to excite and deepen religious emotions, and that Christian people, as many times since, were expressing their religious experiences in terms of Watts's hymns.

The churches of the Valley owe a large debt to the Northampton pastor for the enrichment of their plain order of service by the use of hymns. How long the controversy over the introduction of hymns lasted, we cannot determine. There were straggling skirmishes in the Valley churches after the crisis of the battle. Dr. Joseph Lathrop, pastor of the First Church of West Springfield (1756-1820), argued in his day in favor of hymns. He used nearly the same arguments that Edwards employed. "In this Gospel age our psalmody ought not to be *confined* to the small portion of Scripture which is called 'the book of psalms.' If in the days of David it was thought necessary that on extraordinary occasions a new song should be sung, surely now we may sing some new songs on the glorious occasion of the Gospel." Dr. Lathrop's pastorate did not begin till after the great revivalist had moved from the Valley, and their publications are more than a half century apart.

The period of the "Awakening" marks also the beginning of the rule of Isaac Watts over the realm of the singing seats and pews. Edward

Chapin, a member of the First Church of Springfield, wrote in his diary under date of August 6, 1747: "This day ye inhabitants of ye 1st Parish assembled in ye New Meeting-House, the Revd Mr Breck discoursed on ye first v of ye 84 Ps. Sang ye same psalm in ye fore'n Dr Watts Version." A book of Watts's hymns was owned by another member of that parish. It was printed and bought the same year, 1742, and is one of the earliest American reprints. When Watts came, he came as unto his own. Nowhere has he been revered more than in the New England churches:

...age p.  
no . and joy, and  
His high commands obey.

#### HYMN 46...Dunstan. Truro.

*Invitations of the Gospel. Matth. 11, 28.*

- t. 1 HARK! tis a kind—alluring sound;  
"Tis Jesus' welcome voice I hear:  
In him the God of mercy calls;  
Let all the tribes of men give ear.
- t. 2 "Come unto me—ye sons of *toil*;  
"On me your heavy burdens cast:  
m. "Effectual aid—my arm shall give,  
"Till all your weary days are past."
- t. 3 "Children of *sorrow*—hither come,  
"Who pass the lonely night in tears:  
m. "My watchful eye shall guard you *well*,  
"And solace all your woes and fears."
- t. 4 "Hither ye sons of *want*—approach,  
"Ye hungry—thirsty—naked poor;  
c. "For you a rich repast is spread,  
"And every kind relief is sure."
- t. 5 "Sinners, with contrite spirits, come;  
"Forsake your wandering ways—and live:  
"Your keen remorse—my grace shall sooth  
a. "My hands immortal blessings give."

and the churches of the Valley early welcomed him. His Psalms were undoubtedly used first. Some editions had no hymns, others had a few hymns as an appendix. The same appendix is also found in some editions of Tate and Brady's Psalms. Finally his Psalms and his three books of hymns and spiritual songs became inseparable companions. Watts ruled over his New England subjects for long years. The sovereignty of the English king was overthrown, but the rule of the father of English hymnology continued. He is no longer sole ruler, but his name is still revered.

One hundred years ago Northampton was a centre for the publication of music books. An edition of Watts's Psalms and Hymns was printed there by William Butler in 1799. An important appendix to this book contains versifications of these Psalms which Dr. Watts had not "imitated in the language of the New Testament." There are thirteen selections from the pen of "the ingenious Mr. Joel Barlow of Connecticut," as an appendical sentence styles him. He was moved to this work by the call of the General Association of Connecticut, and published his corrections and enlargement of Watts's Psalms in 1785. Joel Barlow is an interesting figure, not only in New England psalmody, but in the life of his time. He was a man of many parts and lived a varied life. He was a chaplain in the Continental army, an editor, a lawyer, a politician, a friend of science, a patron of inventors, a land agent, an ambassador, a citizen of two republics, and in some measure what he wanted to be—a poet. The Connecticut ministers paid a high tribute to his talent and his character when they trusted to his care the sacred ark of their psalmody.

This Psalm book shows that the increasing sense of national life affected psalmody. There was no call to revise Watts in colonial days; but the vigorous Americanism of this

period called for changes in those Psalms which had been "locally appropriated,"—that is, contained references to Great Britain. "A Song for Great Britain" was the title of the 147th Psalm.

"O Britain, praise thy mighty God,  
And make his honors known abroad;  
He bade the ocean round thee flow;  
Not bars of brass could guard thee so."

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MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL.

"O, sing praises unto the Lord."

SECOND EDITION.

PUBLISHED BY THE COMPILER.

E. AND G. MERRIAM, PRINTERS, BROOKFIELD.  
1831.

The Northampton editor omits the offensive title, and this stanza is altered to read:

"Let Zion praise the mighty God,  
And make his honors known abroad;  
For sweet the joy our songs to raise,  
And glorious is the work of praise."

These changes do not satisfy the editor of the Brookfield (Mass.) Watts, who makes this "A Song for

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MANNING AND LORING, PRINTERS, BOSTON—NOV. 1813

America," and in the exuberance of his patriotism calls:

"COLUMBIA, praise thy mighty God."

There is a curious misprint in this book of a word in a stanza of the 48th Psalm:

"When *natives* tall and proud  
Attempt to spoil our peace,  
He sends his tempests roaring loud,  
And sinks them in the seas."

Though Watts must be amended to suit the patriotic saints and singers of the new nation, there was no occasion to change *navies*, the original reading, to natives. The same mistake occurs in the Worcester edition (1786), by Isaiah Thomas. This, with other coincidences, suggests the dependence of Northampton upon Worcester for copy. "Natives" is not an alteration by "the ingenius Mr. Joel Barlow."

A number of tune books were published at the Meadow City. One is the "Northampton Collection of Sacred Harmony," 1797, by Elias Mann. An old music book is interesting, if not profitable for instruction. Title-page, preface and introduction are features to be scanned. They shed

light upon the musical lore and taste and customs of the times, as well as upon the idiosyncrasies of the author or compiler. The title-page of this book is embellished according to custom with a poetic quotation. The Psalm book used Scripture, the tune book poetry, on the title-page. Elias Mann quotes from Milton:

"And ever against eating cares,  
Lap me in soft Lydian airs;  
In notes with many a winding bout,  
Of linked sweetness long drawn out;  
With wanton heed and giddy cunning,  
The melting voice through mazes running;  
Untwisting all the chains that tie  
The hidden soul of HARMONY."

A dissertation is sandwiched between the preface and introduction. The title is much more impressive than the subject matter of this high sounding but brief article. In it some ideas concerning expression are set forth. The author believed in harmony between "sense and sound" in singing. "Moreover, not only the voice but the whole demeanor should conform to the subject. The grave, the gay, the melancholy, the cheerful should be accompanied by their correspondent tones and deportment. A choir under Mr. Mann's leadership

acting the grave and the gay might have been worth seeing, even if it was not skilful in

"Untwisting all the chains that tie  
The hidden soul of harmony."

This book has the old nomenclature. The scale is the gamut; the syllables are four, *mi, fa, sol, la*; in relation to time, the notes, beginning with the whole note and decreasing regularly, are semibreves, minims, quavers, semiquavers and demisemiquavers; the staff is a stave. There are three staves, the counter being the unusual one with the letter *C* on the middle line. In reading by syllable the *mi* was the syllable to locate. When it was found the other syllables came in regular order above and below it—*fa, sol, la, fa, sol, la, mi, fa*. Rules for finding *mi* in the different keys are given in all old tune books, usually in prose, but occasionally in limping verse. Its natural place was on *B*. The sharps and flats led it a wandering life, as these lines from "The Continental Harmony" show:

"By flats the *mi* is driven round  
Till forced on *B* to stand its ground.  
By sharps the *mi's* led through the keys,  
Till brought home to its native place."

"It is always considered as in its native place on a pitchpipe," said William Billings; and there it was undisturbed till the leader "set the tune." The music in this book represents the taste of the times. It contains specimens of the compositions of American authors like Billings, Holyoke, Holden and Swan. Mr. Mann also inserted a number of his own pieces, chiefly antnems. Although Mr. Mann expressed later a distaste for the fugue, and even at the date of this book is reported to have called it "a jargon of words and syllables," this collection caters to the prevailing taste and has numerous specimens of "jargon." This is a typographically printed book, which fact shows the enterprise of Daniel Wright & Co. in following the new style introduced by

that enterprising and veteran printer, Isaiah Thomas of Worcester.

Elias Mann lived at Northampton. He is referred to in the "Worshipper's Assistant" as "a great Master of Music." He taught singing schools, and was known as Master Mann. He published music and composed it. "Marlborough's Ghost" and "Andre's Ghost" are the titles of two songs by him advertised in the *Massachusetts Magazine* in 1789. Whether or not he gave musical treatment to the ghosts of other historic characters does not appear. He also published the "Massachusetts Collection of Sacred Harmony."

The "Worshipper's Assistant" (Northampton, 1799) has the rudiments of some new features. It is "designed only as an introduction to plain and simple music adapted to children and beginners in the art." The author, Solomon Howe, shows signs of revolt against the dominance of fugues, because they "run the words into such a huddle." The book, of the usual oblong shape, is an approach to the tune and hymn book of later days. Its most noticeable feature is its hymns. They mark a crude beginning in hymnology in the Valley. Mr. Howe "put his own hymns" to the tunes of the book. There is no special value in these hymns; but it is worthy of note that, as Williams and Tansur had their imitators in the American Psalm tune writers, so the monosyllabic Watts had his imitators among American rhymesters. These old tune books were designed to serve in the singing school as well as in the choir. Mr. Howe gave this direction for the selection of a place for that important institution: "Choose a large, tight upper room, if possible, where a little fire will answer, for large fires are hurtful to the voice."

Two of the instrumental adjuncts of the olden-time choir, the flute and the bass viol, find recognition in "The Apollo Harmony," a Christian Psalm tune book that masquerades

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CANON. *For three voices. Har. Sac.*

O, Ab - sa - - lom, my son, my son,  
Would to God I had died for thee, my son!  
O, Ab - sa - - lom, my son, my son:  
Would to God I had died for thee, my son!

under a pagan title. Diagrams are used to illustrate the fingering of each of these instruments. Jonathan Huntington, the compiler of this book, may have played the flute, for he seems to have had a special tenderness for it and declared: "He that hath no music within his breast ought never to touch this instrument." This book attempts to solve the dilemma of divided taste in the singing community. In the first decade of the present century protests were heard with increasing frequency against the class of music which hitherto had prevailed. The public was no longer unanimous in preference of the fugue. This compiler found that some would be pleased with Old Hundred, Bath, Plymouth and Wantage, while others preferred "light and airy tunes;" so he presented "a general assortment." There are musical contrasts. Bath and Dover, the stately measures of Handel's hymn tune, and the "light and airy" ones of Swan's fugue face each other from opposite pages and meet in harmony whenever the book is closed. The divided taste in a parish often meant a divided choir. "The lovers

of crotchetts and quavers" and "the votaries of minims and semibreves" sometimes carried their differences of taste to the extent that they would not sing together.

It is not always easy to accept the wisdom of these old books seriously. Jonathan Huntington thus expounds accent: "A bar of music may be performed in comparison to the shape of an egg, full in the middle and small at each end." His safe conclusion on another point is "to pronounce words in singing as plain as possible."

Some former owner of the writer's copy of "The Apollo Harmony" also possessed two numbers of "The English Extracts, or Hampshire Musical Magazine," and bound them with it. The magazine consists of a few pages of music taken largely from the "Magdalen Chapel Collection of Hymns." Jonathan Huntington did the extracting. The magazine is of a later date (1809) than "The Apollo Harmony" (1807), and shows that the tide of preference was setting in so strongly in favor of better music that Mr. Huntington must needs publish a less "general assortment" of tunes.

It is only due to the patriotism of Northampton to note the existence of an "American Musical Magazine," published there for the Hampshire Musical Society in 1800. When, however, a higher standard of music was required, resort was had of necessity to the Old World. This is not to the discredit wholly of the New World. The early American teachers had limited resources. They came hardly at all into contact with the best music of the Old World, but in half a century

from the publication of the first American books of original music they led the singing public to demand music of a higher standard, which only the Old World could give. It is easier to criticise the crudities of these earlier composers and teachers than to appreciate the importance of their pioneer work.

A book of original music belonging to the Valley is "The New England Harmony," by Timothy Swan. It was published at Northampton in 1801. A peculiarity of the author is his disuse of the accidentals. Sharps and flats he regarded as useless characters in vocal music. He inserted them in this book as key signs to accommodate the weaker brethren, but did not use them elsewhere.

The early composers of the Valley are not always known to fame. It is rare to find mention of them in the old histories of music, like Hood's and Gould's. Both Gould and Ritter mention Timothy Swan, but their notices are brief, confused and unreliable. Timothy Swan was born at Worcester, Massachusetts, July 23, 1758. At the age of sixteen, while at Groton, Massachusetts, he attended a singing school for three weeks. This brief period comprised his only term of instruction. He came to Northfield, Massachusetts, about 1775. The early composers of music and teachers of singing in New England generally had a trade. Music was not a sure means of livelihood. Timothy Swan learned to make hats at Northfield, and while so doing began to practise the making of Psalm tunes. His first music was written in two parts. Montague was his first tune in four parts. He moved in 1782 to Suffield, Connecticut, where he lived over twenty-five years and composed most of his music. "The Songster's Assistant," a book of songs, the music of which is mostly by him, was published there by the firm of Swan and Ely. The man whose singing school career as a pupil ended in three weeks gave many

others longer periods of instruction in the many singing schools he taught.

The migrations of Timothy Swan have helped to confuse the brief notices of him which some have made. His last years were passed at Northfield, where he died, July 23, 1842. He is remembered as the author of *China*, the most famous of his tunes. Those who recall its weird strains will appreciate the remark of an old singing teacher: "His tunes were remarkable for originality as well as singularity—unlike any other melodies." The hymn,

"Why do we mourn departing saints,"

is joined to this tune. The compiler of "The American Vocalist" (1849) wrote: "Old Windham and *China* have acted as pallbearers for half a century." To-day saints and sinners are buried to other music, and the memory of *China* and its author is fading.

The old music book of Springfield is the "Springfield Collection," by Solomon Warriner. It was published in 1813, and was designed to furnish choirs and worshipping assemblies with "standard church music of the plainest kind." If Springfield seems less forward in producing musical publications than her sisters of the Valley, she can plead the higher quality of her collection. A glance at its pages shows the predominance of notes with white faces. The faces of the notes of these old books reveal, like the faces of men, much of their character. The "Massachusetts Collection of Church Music," Greenfield, 1823, defines a semibreve as "a round white note." "The minim is a white note with a stem; the crotchet is a black note with a stem; and the quaver is a black note with a stem and a hook." The music of American composers showed many "black notes" with stems and hooks. In the ancient and more regular music the "white notes" were in the majority. The Springfield and later the Deerfield collections made selections from

## OLDEN TIME MUSIC.

## EXPLANATION OF THE SCALES.



## PLAIN SCALE of NATURAL NOTES for the GERMAN FLUTE.

The black dots represent the holes which are to be stopped, and the vacancies are to be left open. The three upper fingers, represent the first, second and third fingers of the upper hand, and the four lower fingers represent the first, second, third and fourth fingers of the lower hand.

	D	E	F	G	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	A	B	C	D	E
Left Hand	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●
1	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●
2	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●
3	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●
Right Hand	●	●	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
1	●	●	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
2	●	●	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
3	●	●	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
4 Key	●	●	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○

"the most approved authors." This superlative term of commendation was applied with little discrimination to all the products of European composers which came into the hands of American compilers, and, like the present "made in Germany," the label was upon many inferior articles.

This book knows only the four old syllables, *fa, sol, la, mi*; but it discards the old counter clef, lowers the counter score, calls it the second treble, and gives the part to alto voices. Mr. Warriner insisted that the air should be sung by women, and adopted the present arrangement of parts. This made a very important improvement in the manner of singing, one of the most valuable that could be advocated at that time. Our singers go to Father Kemp's book for music for the old folks' concert

and sing the old tunes as there arranged, which is the modern, not the old arrangement of parts. The honor in this country of first giving the air to treble voices has been claimed for Solomon Warriner and the "Springfield Collection." An earlier advocate of the change was Andrew Law, the inventor of "patent notes," as may be seen by reference to his music books.

This collection was well received. Thomas Hastings expressed the opinion that its melodies would "continue in favor for many years, perhaps for centuries to come." The individual future of this daughter of psalmody was marred by an early marriage. The "Musica Sacra," jointly edited by Thomas Hastings and Solomon Warriner, is the Utica and Springfield collections united. This book was a successful one. In its earlier editions

appears a single survivor of a species of church music now extinct,—the canon, as it was commonly called. A footnote explains that it should be "more properly denominated a round." David's lament, "O, Absalom, my son, my son," becomes more doleful as it is waisted out in the minor tones of this sacred round. A queer specimen of this class of music to find a place in a Psalm tune book is "Scotland's Burning." It appears in another Northampton book, "The Massachusetts Compiler of Sacred Harmony." The harmony may be in this canon, but the sacredness is surely wanting.

Solomon Warriner is a conspicuous figure in the history of music in Western Massachusetts. He was born at Wilbraham, Massachusetts, in 1778, and died at Springfield, where most of the years of his long life were passed, in June, 1860. He was known as Colonel Warriner, for he drilled militiamen as well as choirs. For more than forty years he was the leader of the large choir of the First Church, Springfield. He was president of its musical society and head of the musical life of Springfield. On all public occasions when music graced the program, Colonel Warriner was in demand, with his trained singers. As teacher, leader and publisher, he had a wide influence. He also composed music. Two pieces ascribed to S. Warriner appear in "The Apollo Harmony." Gould mentions him as one of those "who taught with success and deserve and will have a place in the memory of the lovers of sacred music." An editorial notice at the time of his death says: "Colonel Warriner was the great authority and standard in all musical matters in all this region and did more than any other to elevate the style of sacred music in Western Massachusetts."

The Valley can point to several collections of hymns. The "Springfield Hymns" bring together two well-known names, Rev. William B. O.

Peabody, D. D., their compiler, and Samuel Bowles, their publisher. Dr. Peabody was the pastor of the Unitarian Church of Springfield from October, 1820, until his death, in May, 1847. This collection was produced to meet "the wants and feelings" of his own congregation. The selections are drawn from a wide field, though the hymns of Watts and Doddrige form the basis of the collection. This is an *edited* collection. The editor's object was to provide, "not a book of devotional poetry to be read, but hymns to be sung," so he abridged and altered hymns to suit his purpose, and in some instances restored hymns to their original forms.

Dr. Peabody followed the example of Watts, who wrote "Divine and Moral Songs" for children, and of Doddrige, who taught the principles of religion to children in "Plain and Easy Verse," by producing a catechism in verse for children. The first of the fourteen questions is, "Who made you?" and the brief answer is:

"The God in whom I ever trust  
Hath made my body from the dust;  
He gave me life, he gave me breath,  
And he preserves me still from death."

This catechism was published in 1823. It is not forgotten because it is in verse, but because catechisms in general are being forgotten. A number of hymns follow the catechetical portion of this little book, some of which appear in the "Springfield Hymns;" but the name of the author is modestly withheld. As a writer of hymns Dr. Peabody receives generous recognition in "Singers and Songs of the Liberal Faith" and in various hymnals. The following is his best known hymn:

"Behold the western evening light!  
It melts in deeper gloom;  
So calm the righteous sink away,  
Descending to the tomb."

"The winds breathe low—the yellow leaf  
Scarce whispers from the tree!  
So gently flows the parting breath  
When good men cease to be."

"How beautiful, on all the hills,  
The crimson light is shed!  
'Tis like the peace the dying gives  
To mourners round his bed.

"How mildly on the wandering cloud  
The sunset beam is cast!  
So sweet the memory left behind,  
When loved ones breathe their last.

"And lo! above the dews of night  
The vesper star appears!  
So faith lights up the mourner's heart,  
Whose eyes are dim with tears.

"Night falls, but soon the morning light  
Its glories shall restore;  
And thus the eyes that sleep in death  
Shall wake, to close no more."

Samuel Willard, D. D., was another minister interested in church music. From 1807 to 1829 he was pastor of the First Church of Deerfield. Dr. Willard sought the improvement of church music chiefly along three lines, simplicity in the style of music, pronunciation and adaptation of hymn and tune. In a lecture delivered at Greenfield, March 19, 1811, he affirmed that for about thirty years there had rarely been such a thing heard in a great part of the churches as a tune of "the ancient, regular, simple, moderate style." He found in the Deerfield church "the same profane kind of singing that prevails everywhere in the country," and immediately inaugurated a reform. Soon he could write: "A thorough change took place this day in the musical part of public worship. Instead of all light and frolicsome tunes, we had all grave and solemn, namely, Aylesbury, Windsor, Dalston, Wells and Old Hundred." The "Deerfield Collection" (1814), which he compiled, represents the reaction to a more simple style of music: This was a book for the "Old Hundred Singers," for the title of this ancient tune furnished a term of reproach by which the lovers of the "frolicsome tunes" designated the lovers of the "grave and solemn tunes." Dr. Willard, like other ministers interested in the improvement

of singing, preached from the text, "I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also." His rule in singing was to pronounce according to the best usages of common speech. Accordingly it was allowable to sing *um* for *am*, *un* for *an*, and *urgain* for *again*. "That is the way we speak, and if we would not appear awkward or affected, we must sing in the same manner." The rule for pronunciation on slurred notes is emphatic. "*Never without necessity repeat the same sound.*" He gives examples of the different sounds into which the vowels and diphthongs might be resolved and the necessity of repetition be avoided. Thus hate might be sung on slurs as *heh-ete*, pine as *pur-ene*, true as *tre-oo*, voice as *vaw-ece*, and found as *faw-oond*. In deference to the flocks on the Deerfield hills, or for some other reason, the caution is given to avoid "the bleating sound of a and oo (*faa-oond*), as it is too frequently pronounced." Singers were taught to pronounce the vowel sound at once in syllables ending in a consonant and dwell upon the consonant sound to fill out the time of the note; but if the consonant could not be sounded by itself they were directed to reduce the time to the natural length of the vowel rather than "drawl out the vowel to the full measure of the note." Dr. Willard delivered a lecture at Heath to a singing school. He complimented the singers on their good work in several particulars, but hoped they would "cultivate with persevering attention a clear, forcible and pathetic pronunciation." This good minister preferred the tunes which have "a pensive air." He objected to fugues, because "their apparent contrivance is extremely unfavorable to pathos."

The most distinctive feature of Dr. Willard's labors to improve psalmody appears in his two works, "Regular Hymns" (1824) and "Poetry and Music Reconciled" (1830). The first book consists of original hymns com-

posed by Dr. Willard to illustrate the harmony that he considered should invariably exist between the poetic and musical emphasis. The real difficulty was that tune and hymn were poorly mated. Milton's

"Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice  
and Verse,"

were discordant. The good doctor discovered perpetual contradictions between "sound and sense." The natural emphasis of music and of words did not coincide. He believed that music should "render emphatical words that were emphatical." It displeased him that the name of God, or heaven, or hell, was sometimes reduced in the musical performance to the lowest degree of insignificance, while an *a*, an *is*, a *to*, an *and*, or some "other insert word," is swelled into "bombastic and stupid importance." He believed that "the emphatic points of a hymn should be so arranged as to render it possible for the musical emphasis to act in union with them." In the first book he composed hymns according to this belief; in the second he "arranged" the hymns of other authors to conform to his unique theory, and made them like his own "regular." The following is one of the "arranged" hymns, taken from "Poetry and Music Reconciled:"

- t* 1 "Guide us, O thou great Jehovah,  
*t* Pilgrims through this barren land;  
*m* We are weak, but thou are mighty;
- m* All our hopes on thee depend;  
Bread from heaven grant us, till we want no more.
  
- t* 2 "Open, Lord, the crystal fountain,  
Whence reviving waters flow;  
*g* Let the fiery, cloudy pillar  
*m* Lead us all our journey through.  
Strong deliverer, still be thou our strength and shield.
  
- 3 "When we tread the verge of Jordan,  
*t* Bid our anxious fears subside;  
*g* Thou, whose arm is our salvation,  
*S* Land us safe on Canaan's side.  
*a* Songs of praises we will ever give to thee."

*A hymn composed by Dr. Willard.*

AGAINST UNREASONABLE FEARS.

"Cease my heart to dread the morrow;  
Hush thine anxious cares to rest;  
Let no unavailing sorrow  
Ever throb within thy breast.

"All that loving care confessing,  
Whence thy present comforts flow,  
Humbly wait each future blessing;  
Leave with Him each future woe.

"Under his all-wise direction,  
Guard against impending harm;  
Still with his divine protection,  
Cease from every vain alarm."

The first hymn shows some of the marks of musical expression that Dr. Willard employed in his books to assist the singers. These signs above words, between words, before lines and in the middle of lines sometimes gave a hymn a resemblance to an algebraic equation.

These books received favorable mention in the review columns of religious denominations. They evidently indicated a defect. The point at issue was the better adaptation of tune and hymn. In the old choirs, with their book of tunes and their book of hymns, this was the work of the leader, whose resources and taste were not equal to a task so delicate and important. Dr. Willard's remedy for the defect was to fit the words to the model of the tune. The remedy was too mechanical.

The author of these books was a man of varied interests. His zeal for a reform of church music led him to train his singers and sometimes to act as their leader in the service of song. His pastorate was at the time of the Trinitarian and Unitarian controversy, and a ministerial council that did not install him and another that did, naturally made him conspicuous as a leader of the latter forces in this section. He was an abolitionist, and he favored total abstinence. He prepared text-books for public schools, and like other ministers fitted boys for college. He also published pamphlets on educational, political

and musical subjects; and the town's historian records that "to his inspiration and aid Deerfield is largely indebted for her beautiful shade trees." Deerfield was his residence, with only a few years' exception, from the beginning of his pastoral work to his death. The historic house now called in his honor the Willard House, became his home. There he lived and worked. Failing sight caused him to abandon the pastoral office, but did not diminish his activities. Most of his literary work was done after he became blind.

There was another attempt in the Valley to remedy the want of adaptation of hymns and tunes. It is promulgated in a book of vest pocket size, entitled "Music Adapted to Language." This is a hymn and tune book in one, like Dr. Willard's. A "new and simple notation" is introduced. The music, by a "new and easy method of variation," is made to conform to language. The author was William Bull of Shelburne. Dr. Willard acknowledged some indebtedness to Mr. Bull. The two approached the same problem from different directions. One adapted hymns to the tunes, the other tunes to the hymns. In his new system of notation, Mr. Bull followed Andrew Law in discarding the staff, and the Rev. John Tufts, the first publisher of a tune book in New England, in using the initial letters of the syllables in place of notes. He used the common notes, however, for purposes of illustration. The date of this book is 1819; and it is a unique addition to the collection of the Valley.

There was a period of extemporeaneous hymn making in New England contemporaneous with the multiplication of sects. These hymns are crude in taste and often ungrammatical in construction, and the books into which they were gathered are sectarian in the most obnoxious form. This phase of religion and hymnology is illustrated in a book sent forth into the world from Green-

field, in 1818, under the innocent title of "Selection of Hymns from Best Authors, by Elders Paul Hines and Jonathan Wilson." It contains selections from the standard hymn writers and also numerous productions by unknown and unnamed rhymesters. The following stanzas of one hymn will indicate for whom this selection was made and also its character:

"Come all who are New Lights indeed,  
Who are from sin and bondage freed;  
From Egypt's land we've took our flight,  
For God has given us a New Light."

"Though by the world we are disdain'd  
And have our names cast out by men;  
Yet Christ our Captain for us fights,  
Nor death, nor hell, can hurt New lights."

"Come sinners with us New Lights join,  
And taste the joys that are divine;  
Bid all your carnal mirth adieu,  
Come join and be a New light, too."

The customs in singing prevailing in other parts of New England were observed in the Valley. The psalms and hymns were lined or deaconed. The minister read the psalm or hymn to be sung, then the deacon or leader named the tune, gave the pitch and read line by line for the congregation to sing after him. The advent of the singing school, which developed the choir, and the multiplication of music and hymn books were the chief causes for the passing of this unmusical practice. It must also be acknowledged that "the repeating tunes," as the fugues were sometimes called, aided this reform. When the choir was struggling with the entangled measures of "a repeating tune," the reading but added another voice to the confusion. The good deacon would have been required to practise vocal jugglery and speak parts of two or three lines at the same time. There is record at Northfield, in 1770, that "hereafter the singers shall sing altogether without the deacon's reading the psalm line by line, except at the Lord's table." Ten years later Brimfield omitted the reading at one of the two Sunday services. This

custom lingered in some churches longer than in others, as musical development was unequal then as now.

The singing school trained young men and maidens for the choir. Jonathan Edwards preached that "parents ought to be careful that their children are instructed in singing, that they may be capable of performing that part in divine worship." Others taught that it was the duty of parents to make sacred harmony a part of the religious education of their children; and Dr. Lathrop exhorted people who could not sing to contribute money for the support of psalmody. The singing school was recognized also as a social factor and valuable as a substitute for amusements that were morally obnoxious.

The bass viol, the violin, the flute and the clarionet were the common musical instruments taken into the singing seats.

The settlement of questions of church music by the town meeting may seem an unwarrantable interference of the town with the church, until we remember that the town performed the functions of the parish in those early days. It raised the salary of the minister, built the meeting-house, voted money for bass viols and for singing schools, chose the leader of the singing or delegated the privilege to the singers, and in some instances made minute regulations for the performance of singing. A Wilbraham town meeting, through a committee, made a list of tunes

which might be sung, and no others were to be sung in public worship without "consent." A custom that is illustrated in the Wilbraham records is the beating of time with the hands by the congregation. A committee of ten appointed by the town to consider "the Broken state of this town with regard to singing," recommended, "As the Beating with the hands in the congregation when singing is offensive to some, it be laid aside as quick as may be and confine the same to the school only." The manner of beating time for measures having four beats, as explained by Elias Mann, was: "Let the ends of the fingers fall, then the heel of the hand; thirdly, raise the heel of the hand, and fourthly throw up the ends of the fingers."

These old books take us back into another world of church music. The customs of that world have passed away. The bass viol and the old instruments are gone from the singing gallery; the choir, the fugue, the old psalm book, the old tune book, the deacon reading the psalm, the counter singer—all have gone. The old customs have given place to better ones. They represent a stage in the musical development of the Valley and of the country. From these beginnings has arisen a broader musical culture. The old music prepared the way for the new, and a fairer temple of praise is being erected on the foundations of the olden-time psalmody.



## A CURIOUS NEW HAMPSHIRE CHARACTER.

*By Clara Spalding Ellis.*

EVERY New England town has its odd character, furnishing amusement or wonder for his contemporaries, and forming a favorite topic for "grandpa" in later years, when pressed for reminiscences by a rising generation. The most interesting "character" in the writer's native town was the oft quoted "Doctor Jones." Frequently at the dinner table did our father repeat this rhyme for the pleasure of his children:

"Cursed be the owls  
That picked these fowls,  
And left the bones  
For Doctor Jones."

Many children of larger growth have queried, in the past hundred years, "Who was Doctor Jones?" for the allusions to him have been numerous in more than one township. Soon after the Revolution a stranger appeared in the village of Hollis, New Hampshire, who announced himself as John Jones, an Englishman, the only son of a British army officer, born early in the eighteenth century. He was eccentric in manner and dress, but was always gentlemanly, and ere long so endeared himself to the community that he was received with a cordial welcome whenever he chose to present himself at any door. Many times he partook thus informally of the family meal, when he could be depended on to offer grace in some impromptu but neat and appropriate manner.

He bought four acres in the northern part of the town, on what is called Mooar's Hill, and built a small house, which he named "Lone Cottage," and there he dwelt in solitude. He was the first person to introduce grafted fruit into Hollis. He set out an orchard of choice varieties, which he tended with great care. He also cul-

tivated many kinds of shrubs, flowers and herbs. He supported himself by preparing medicinal herbs, growing some in his garden and searching the woods for others. He mixed various nostrums, and peddled them in Hollis and neighboring towns, until he became known as "Doctor Jones." On these long walks from house to house he wore a broad-brimmed hat with a mourning weed around it and a long plaid dressing gown, and carried two baskets, one bearing the name of "Charity," the other that of "Pity." In these were his herbs and medicines, some "Liberty tea," juniper berries in their season, scions for grafting, etc., which he exchanged for other articles.

He also sold copies of verses of his own composition, particularly a ballad composed before his arrival in Hollis, which was entitled "The Major's Only Son and His True Love." It contained forty stanzas, and recited the story of his woes; for the erratic "Doctor" was the victim of an unfortunate love which clouded his whole life. After his story became known to the townspeople he was regarded with the peculiar interest and sympathy that the hero of a tender but hopeless attachment never fails to excite.

His father, it was learned, belonged to a good family and possessed independent means. The only son was educated for the ministry, and when but twenty years of age received and accepted a call to preach. He had a bright intellect, a poetical tendency, and much native wit and humor. A promising career seemed opening for the young man; but all was changed by the power of an ardent affection, which had been inspired by a girl to whom his family were opposed,

"Because she was of low degree,  
And came of a poor family."

The lovers were separated, and the mind of young Jones became unsettled, while the hapless maiden sank into an early grave. England had no further charm for her adorer, and he became a wanderer. After travelling extensively over the American colonies he sought a quiet place in which to pass his declining years; and there, close to the homestead of the writer's paternal grandfather, in Southern New Hampshire, he lived, devoted to the memory of his lost love. He was often heard singing the verses of "The Major's Only Son," as he pottered about his lonely home; and eighty years ago it was a favorite song with the young people of Hollis, who learned the lines by heart and questioned their parents, with interest and sympathy, about the strange character whose grave, uniquely marked by his own order, was that of an alien in a strange land. The ballad opens as follows:

"Come all young people far and near,  
A lamentation you shall hear,  
Of a young man and his True-Love,  
Whom he adored and prized above  
All riches."

The displeasure of his father and mother with the station of their only child's *inamorata* is next described, and then a new element of trouble—the anger of the girl's father when he learns that his daughter is scorned because of her lowly birth.

"My daughter is as good as you,"

the irate man declares when John is visiting his house one day; and then the ballad says,

"Turned this young man without his door,  
And told him to come there no more."

Soon after this unhappy scene the maiden's health failed; she was confined to her chamber and slowly pined away. Shortly before her death she sent her brother for her lover, and talked with him a long time, speaking mournfully of her sickness and broken heart. She gave him the en-

gagement ring and several trinkets, saying:

"Keep them for my sake,  
And always when these rings you see,  
Remember that I died for thee."

A few months ago the writer was shown these mementoes by the descendant of a young man to whom the "Doctor" became so attached that he bequeathed him the precious relics and other property, by a will dated January 1, 1791. There were two slender, broken gold bands, with inscriptions faintly discernible—the one which he had worn to bind the troth, and the one taken from the finger of the dying girl—a pair of sleeve links and an old-fashioned brooch, mutely telling the tale that never grows old and thrills the heart of all humanity.

The grief of the bereaved youth is thus described:

"Tears down his cheek as fountains run,  
He cried, alas! I am undone,  
No comfort ever shall I have,  
While I go mourning to my grave."

He attended the funeral, so the song tells us,

"Dressed in black from top to toe.  
And after that distracted run,  
And so forever was undone,  
And wandered up and down, alone."

Hollis people relate many anecdotes illustrating his oddity and humor. He was known to all the country roundabout, and his whimsical wit and quick repartee were so enjoyed that he was sometimes bantered simply for the purpose of provoking one of his characteristic answers. Particularly was this the case during the sessions of the courts at Amherst, the county seat, which it was his habit to attend, the lawyers finding much amusement in his company. Once, on the occasion of a dinner to the judges, he was placed at the second table. He regarded this as an indignity, and was not pleased with the viands remaining from the first table; so, instead of giving thanks in his usual manner at the end of the re-

past, he delivered the lines quoted in the beginning of this article, "Cursed be the owls," etc., as expressive of his feelings.

He would not tell his age, always evading the question with some whimsicality. A lady customer of uncertain years, when buying some tea of him, made an attempt to discover when he was born. In reply he told her that she might ask him as many questions on the subject as *she* was years old. The woman was so nettled that she called him "an old cracked fiddle of one doleful tune," and demanded that he take back his tea and return her money; whereupon the "Doctor" made use of his ready rhyming faculty

and, without a moment's hesitation, said:

"Phebe, my dear, my own sweet honey,  
You've got your tea and I've got my  
money."

Having been educated for the ministry, he enjoyed attending the meetings of the Hollis Association of Ministers, a noted organization in those days, and sometimes proposed questions for discussion. One of these is said to have been, "Was there ever a man that had a tongue which never told a lie, or a heart which never had an evil thought?" The question was decided unanimously in the negative, and the decision was backed up by quotations from Scripture. The "Doctor" declared that they were wrong and he could prove it. He went out for one of his baskets, uncovered it,

and showed them in triumph the head and heart of a *sheep*, exclaiming, "There is a tongue that never told a lie and a heart that never had an evil thought—and they are both mine."

He died on the fourteenth of July, 1796. His gravestone had been ready for some years, prepared by three young men whom he laughingly



THE OLD HOLLIS CHURCH AND CHURCHYARD.

called his adopted sons. They belonged to families residing in the part of town where he had settled, and he associated with them more intimately than with other persons, and remembered them in his will. The stone, a large slab of slate, was completed according to his directions, with the exception of a space left for the date of his demise. The epitaph was his own composition, and may still be seen in the old cemetery at the rear of the Hollis Congregational Church, in the centre of the town. Visitors stop and gaze in curiosity, and ask to hear the story of "Doctor Jones," while they read:

"In youth he was a scholar bright,  
In learning he took great delight,  
He was a Major's only son,  
It was for love he was undone."

# THE CITY OF ROCHESTER



•BY RAYMOND H. ARNOT.

BEFORE the white man had ever set foot upon the fair soil of the valley of the Genesee, the land upon which the city of Rochester now stands was part of the domain of the Iroquois Indians, the great tribe which had probably migrated from the western country beyond the Mississippi River, and which, having made a settlement on the banks of the River St. Lawrence, in the neighborhood of the present city of Montreal, struck out with restless energy to the inviting country which lay to the southward, there to establish themselves among fertile fields and primeval forests. Owing perhaps to continued increase in the population of this Indian tribe, but more probably to the migratory character of the race, a portion of the Iroquois moved eastward to occupy the beautiful valley through which the Mohawk River flows. An offshoot of the Mohawks were the Oneidas; the Onondagas were another branch from the parent stem; and the tribes remaining in the West were the Cayugas and the Senecas—all five, however, emanating from the original Iroquois tribe and forming together the celebrated Five Nations. The Senecas were more numerous than any one of the other nations composing the Iroquois tribe; and they had established four villages scattered through the territory that they occupied, one being within the limits of the present Monroe County, in which the city of Rochester lies. The disposition of the Senecas was cruel in the extreme,

and it was not long before they had completely crushed the other tribes of Indians between their settlements and the Niagara frontier, though the settlements of the Senecas never extended farther west than the Genesee. Perhaps the first white man who ever trod the soil of what is now Monroe County was a French emissary of Champlain, the founder of Canada. Champlain, to secure the coöperation of a tribe of Indians to assist him in his campaign against the Mohawks, dispatched for this purpose one Etienne Brûlé, who possibly crossed over Monroe County on his way to the South.

The heroic effort of the Jesuits to establish the Christian religion among the savage tribes and to explore the new world for the aggrandizement of France was not better illustrated than in the lives of Chaumonot and Frémén, among the earliest Jesuit fathers, to penetrate the domain of the Five Nations of central New York. Father Chaumonot went among the Senecas at the risk of his life, preaching and baptizing his converts and laying the foundation of the mission in which Frémén attained a fair measure of success. Frémén was soon recalled to Canada, but his work among the Senecas was carried on by a succession of Jesuit priests, who, though always in imminent peril of their lives, nevertheless risked all for the glory of the cross. Despite their heroism and self-sacrifice, the mission of the Jesuits left no permanent results; and attempts to convert

the Iroquois, who had ever been the irreconcilable foes of the French since Champlain's victory in 1609, came to naught with the permanent withdrawal of the fathers in 1708.

It is interesting to note that the intrepid explorer, La Salle, while on his way to the West, landed on the shores of the present Monroe County, and it is quite probable that he passed over the site of Rochester on his way southward. The great wars between France and England for the supremacy in North America affected the Monroe County region, but not to any great extent. The protracted struggles between these two contending nations impelled them to regard with the keenest jealousy any attempt to win the native tribes to one side or the other. However greatly France would have desired it otherwise, the Five Nations always proved to be loyal allies to England, and they were continually a thorn in the side of France.

With a view to the control of the Iroquois Indians, the French governor of Canada, the Marquis de Denonville, invaded the country of the Senecas in 1687. Denonville, with his band of Algonquin allies, landed at a little indenture in Lake Ontario called Irondequoit Bay, and, proceeding from there through Monroe County, possibly over the site of the city of Rochester, met a considerable number of Senecas who lay in ambush. The battle was short and furious, but the superior discipline of Denonville's forces won the day. The French governor then proclaimed the whole country a part of French North America, with as much effect, as it afterwards proved, as Balboa's annexation to the Spanish crown of all lands watered by the Pacific. Denonville soon returned to Quebec to contemplate the great achievement by which he had added the valley of the Genesee to the French domain. France, however, had to contend for the possession of the land of the Senecas with the hostile Iro-

quois and the English, a combination too strong for her to oppose with any success.

Though the French had established a fort and trading post at Irondequoit Bay about the year 1710, and had excited the jealousy of the English in doing so, the English government could never be persuaded to found any permanent outpost in the Genesee country, to add weight by its presence to her claim for its dominion. The Indians had made various grants of land to the British at different times; but these grants were never effectual in inducing pioneers to come to a land which was at best remote, dangerous and full of hardships.

During the Revolutionary War western New York was almost entirely free from any campaign movements on either side. General Sullivan, however, was sent by Washington to invade the land of the Senecas, who had espoused the cause of the British with energy and courage, and to punish them for their hostility to the Colonies. General Sullivan led his small punitive force through what is now Chemung County, in southern New York, and he penetrated as far north as Rochester, so some authorities are wont to believe, though this is very doubtful. Sullivan completely defeated the Indians, but his invasion accomplished little; it was surely not effective in breaking up the power of the Senecas, who continued their hostile attacks against the whites until one Ebenezer Allan, by a trick of state which would have done honor to a Machiavelli, purloined a wampum belt from the Senecas, which he sent as a peace token to the commanding officer of the nearest American fort. From that time there was unbroken peace between the Indians and the whites in the Genesee country.

When the Revolutionary War ended, a dispute arose between New York and Massachusetts as to the ownership of the lands of western



NATHANIEL ROCHESTER.

New York, a dispute which was happily settled at a joint meeting of commissioners from each of the two states held in Hartford, Connecticut. By the terms of the agreement there made, Massachusetts gave up everything claimed, upon being awarded a conditional right over a large tract of land lying in the southern and western part of the state of New York. The Commonwealth of Massachusetts soon came to see that it could derive but little benefit from this vast domain while the title of the Indians remained unextinguished, and the land was accordingly sold. Part of the tract was purchased at the ridiculously low price of about three cents an acre by two Connecticut Yankees of the shrewdest type, Oliver Phelps and Nathaniel Gorham, the first of whom was adroit, unscrupulous and mercenary. To extinguish the title of the Indians to this valuable grant was no easy matter; but Phelps, to whom plenary power had been given to effect a purchase from the redskins, by a certain amount of cajolery and stratagem, was entirely successful, and the conveyance known as the "Phelps and Gorham Purchase" was made to him and Nathaniel Gorham in 1788. There can be no doubt that the Senecas were grossly defrauded in this enormous land transaction; for of the

mere pittance in consideration of which they had agreed to surrender their valuable rights, only about one-half was ever paid. Subsequently Phelps and Gorham sold part of their purchase to Robert Morris, the financier of the Revolution, who in turn sold it to some Englishmen, one of whom was Sir William Pulteney, from whom it has always been known as the "Pulteney Estate." Phelps transferred another portion of his purchase to the same Ebenezer Allan whose strategy brought about the lasting peace between the Senecas and the white men. This tract consisted of one hundred acres, and is known historically as the "One Hundred Acre Tract," upon which part of the city of Rochester is now built. Allan cleared only enough of the land to permit his erecting a gristmill and a sawmill of the rudest kind, the first structures erected by the white man in Rochester. The "One Hundred Acre Tract" was owned by several persons in succession until it became a part of the Pulteney estate before mentioned.

In the year 1800 there came to the Genesee County three men who were destined to have a marked influence upon the subsequent development of the region. These men were Nathan-



FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

iel Rochester, William Fitzhugh and Charles Carroll, who had come all the way from their homes in Maryland to explore a land the advantages of which they had long heard. The first of the three newcomers, Nathaniel Rochester, from whom the city of Rochester takes its name, was a native of the state of Virginia, an officer in the Continental army, and a man of great force of character and energetic disposition. After the conclusion of the Revolutionary War, Colonel Rochester took up his residence at Hagerstown, in the state of Maryland, whence he

the "Tory" Walker, "Indian" Allan, and Mary Jemison, the "White woman of the Genesee," had settled in the Genesee country before the coming of Nathaniel Rochester and his associates, it may be truthfully said that the first determined move towards the establishment of the village which has since grown into the city of Rochester was made when

COURT STREET BRIDGE AND Y. M. C. A. BUILDING.



THE GENESEE RIVER AND AQUEDUCT OF THE ERIE CANAL.

migrated to western New York, chiefly because of his hatred to slavery and his desire to come to a country where slavery did not exist. Rochester, Fitzhugh and Carroll, after making several extensive purchases of land in the vicinity, bought, in 1803, of the Pulteney estate, the "One Hundred Acre Tract" which the land speculator, Oliver Phelps, had sold to Ebenezer Allan.

Though several persons, including

Rochester, Fitzhugh and Carroll purchased the "One Hundred Acre Tract" from the Pulteney estate. The owners of the tract divided it into lots, and the first dwelling house ever erected within the original limits of Rochester was a log cabin which was built in 1812 by one Hamlet Scranton of Durham, in the state of Connecticut, and which stood upon the present site of the Powers Building. Another very early settler was Abelard Reynolds, who came to Rochester

from Pittsfield, in the state of Massachusetts, in 1812, and built a house on the ground upon which he later erected the Reynolds Arcade, one of the old-time landmarks, still in use for commercial purposes, and at the time of its erection the finest building west of Albany. Upon this site was born in 1814 Mortimer F. Reynolds, the first white child born in Rochester.

The little village of Rochesterville, as it was known until 1822, when the simpler form was adopted, by gradual additions to the first few pioneers of the "One Hundred Acre Tract" outgrew the original bounds of that tract, until in 1818 the population of the village was considerably over a thousand souls.

In 1824 that master mind of politics, Thurlow Weed, after having founded two newspapers in other parts of the state, came to Rochester to take the editorial charge of the *Rochester Telegraph*. It was during Thurlow Weed's residence in Rochester that Joseph Smith came to Weed to have his golden tablets of the Book of Mormon printed by the press of the *Telegraph*. Weed, however, could not see his way clear to undertake this task; and therefore the Book of Mormon finally issued from Palmyra, the home of Smith's revelation.

In 1825 was completed a work which up to that time was one of the greatest achievements of man, the Erie Canal, which, having been under way since 1817, was finally completed from Albany to Buffalo. The vil-

THE GENESEE RIVER.





MARTIN B. ANDERSON.



RUSH RHEES.



LEWIS H. MORGAN.

laces on the line of the canal, however, profited very materially by the early completion of sections before entire connection was made between the terminal points. Rochester engaged in a considerable trade with Lockport before the canal was entirely opened, and it was upon the Rochester-Lockport section that Lafayette

canal, was present, with other distinguished visitors. The canal in the days before the railroad afforded a pleasant mode of transportation by

## ROCHESTER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.



WARNER OBSERVATORY.

travelled when in 1825 he was received as the guest of the village of Rochester. Later in 1825, upon the completion of the canal, a great celebration in honor of that event was held in Rochester, at which De Witt Clinton, the chief promoter of the



SIBLEY AND ANDERSON HALLS, UNIVERSITY OF ROCHESTER.



HIRAM SIBLEY.



MORTIMER F. REYNOLDS.

packet boats to New York and elsewhere, besides being the great commercial water way through which were carried nearly all the products from the rich fields of the Genesee country, as well as the flour and other articles, for which there was a market beyond the immediate vicinity.

The earliest industry for which Rochester became chiefly noted was the manufacture of flour. Everything in those early days tended to give the city precedence over other places in this line of industry. The wonderful water power of the Genesee River, which flows to Lake Ontario over three high falls within the limits of the city, the easy mode of transportation of grain over the canal, and the fertility of the Genesee valley, were a combination of advantages which gave to Rochester the largest flour milling industry in the country, until the growth of the West and the difficulty in obtaining raw material as cheaply as formerly transferred the headship of the milling industry to other places, which now enjoy the superior advantages that were once those of the city by the Genesee. Rochester, however, still has several large flouring mills, though the output, about a million and a half barrels of flour annually, is not so large comparatively as in the days when Rochester could be justly called

the "Flour City." To think that the mysterious disappearance of a man, who was said to have had in contemplation the publication of the secrets of a fraternal order to which he had sworn allegiance, would have incited the deepest hostility to that order, would have caused very many of its lodges to surrender their char-

ters, and would have created a new political party to withstand the future activity of the order, would seem almost beyond belief; yet the abduction of William Morgan in 1826 brought about this remarkable revulsion of popular feeling towards the Masonic order. Morgan was for a time a resident of Rochester, and was a member of a Rochester lodge of Masons. He removed to the neighboring village of Batavia, and while there communicated his plan to reveal the secrets of Masonry. Though strenuous efforts were made to compel him to desist from betraying his trust, those efforts were not effectual. Finally, and as a last resort, he was arrested on some slight pretence and carried to Canandaigua, then the county seat of the entire dis-



SUSAN B. ANTHONY.



UPPER FALLS OF THE GENESSEE.

trict. While in the jail at Canandaigua, Morgan was stealthily removed by night and taken away. His fate was never known, but it is usually supposed that he was drowned in the Niagara River. The abduction of Morgan produced the keenest excitement, not only in Rochester, but throughout the country. Meetings were held, protests were uttered, and a hostile feeling towards members of the Masonic order was everywhere apparent. The lodges in Rochester and throughout western New York surrendered their charters to the Grand Lodge to allay the clamor of the people, and it was nearly twenty years before Masonry was again at all active in Rochester.

The notorious Sam Patch, who has had some successful rivals at a later day, disturbed the orderly routine of this western village when, in 1829, with the self-assurance gained by a successful leap into the Niagara River from a dizzy height, he met his death in the foolhardy attempt to jump from the Genesee falls into the

river, a hundred feet below. Though his life was lacking in every element of greatness, yet by a bit of reckless folly he bounded into an unenviable fame which is destined to be enduring.

Rochester became a city in 1834, with a population of somewhat over twelve thousand. Its first mayor was Jonathan Child, a native of Lyme, in New Hampshire. Its first charter was drawn by a very eminent lawyer of the early days, John C. Spencer, who, with Benjamin F. Butler and John Duer, undertook with eminent success the revision of the statutes of New York. The present charter under which Rochester, as well as all the cities of the second class in the state of New York, is governed, is the result of two movements towards law and municipal reform, which have been prominent subjects of discussion among legislators and jurists: for uniformity as far as possible of laws affecting villages, towns, cities and counties, and for extension of the appointive power

in the mayor of a city. The present charter of the city of Rochester took effect at the beginning of the year 1900; and though it is somewhat early to venture upon a criticism of its workings, it nevertheless gives fair promise of efficient service as a practical municipal governing instrument. The mayor, under this charter, has the absolute power of appointment and removal of his heads of departments, as well as of some other city officials. A single chamber, known as the Common Council, transacts the legislative business of the city; but a committee of the heads of departments, called the Board of Estimate and Apportionment, is given a wide degree of control, especially in the matter of fixing the salaries of the city officials.

If there was ever a mystery which

ST. BERNARD'S SEMINARY.



MECHANICS INSTITUTE.

ALONG THE GENESEE.

absolutely baffles the uninitiated, that mystery is Spiritualism. To the esoteric, Spiritualism may be explainable; but to those who are compelled to look at spiritualistic phenomena from the ordinary point of view the difficulty in their explanation is exceedingly real. Such was the view of the various committees appointed in 1849 to investigate certain phenomena connected with two young women known as the Fox sisters. Their dwelling in the neighboring county of Wayne had been frequently the scene of repeated rappings in all parts of the house, arising from a cause which was not apparent, but which was believed to have emanated from these sisters. One of the sisters removed to Roch-





IRONDEQUOIT  
BAY.



IN RIVERSIDE CEMETERY.



IN GENESEE VALLEY PARK.

ester to live with a Mrs. Fish, who became in due time as successful a medium as the young Miss Fox herself. Meantime the "Rochester rappings" continued with unabated vigor; and though a searching and unbiased examination of Miss Fox and Mrs. Fish was several times made by various committees, the cause of these strange phenomena was never revealed. From the phenomena which the Fox sisters are said to have induced, modern Spiritualism took its rise, and it has become widely extended by a vigorous propaganda.

Myron Holley, who began the publication of the *Freeman* in Rochester in 1839, started a movement in a cause which was destined to give the city a considerable preëminence in the early attempt to arouse public sentiment against slavery. The abolition cause was always strong in Rochester; and when James G. Birney was named for President in 1840, as the candidate of the Liberty party, he found many active and earnest supporters in Rochester. The leader, however, in the fight for the negro was himself a negro, a man who was born a slave, who had little, if any, educational advantages, but who, by making the most of his meagre opportu-

nities, rose to be the greatest man of his race and one of the most eloquent and convincing speakers of any race. That man was Frederick Douglass, who spent many years of his useful and busy-life in Rochester, and who now lies buried in Mount Hope Cemetery. Douglass came to Rochester in 1847 and established an antislavery paper, which he published weekly, under the name of the *North Star*, but which he afterwards renamed *Frederick Douglass's Paper*. He found time during his residence in Rochester to make frequent trips to all parts of the North, where his burning eloquence in the cause of his oppressed people often quickened apathetic audiences to hearty sympathy in the condition of his race. Douglass died in 1895, after a life of varied activity and of great achievement.

The presence of Douglass in Rochester, together with the coöperation of many sympathizers in the anti-slavery movement, gave the city much prominence as one of the chief stations of the so-called "Underground Railroad," a means by which an escaping slave could find hiding and succor at various points on the way from the South to Canada. Many negroes every year found security and sympathy from kind friends in Rochester, who thereby gave practical illustration of their hatred of slavery.

Another of Rochester's reformers, who has illustrated by her life of strenuous endeavor in an unpopular cause the qualities of sterling worth and strong character, is Susan B. Anthony, a native of Adams, in the state of Massachusetts, but since 1845 a resident of Rochester. Miss Anthony comes of sturdy New England stock, and her life of great activity has amply borne witness to the strong qualities in her womanly character. Engaging before the war in the antislavery cause and in temperance reform, Miss Anthony has since the emancipation of the slave devoted her life almost exclusively to the advocacy of the rights of her sex,

not only for their equal privilege with men in the exercise of the suffrage, but in all ways in which the condition of woman can be improved. In 1872 Miss Anthony, deeming herself entitled to vote under the Fourteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution, courageously cast her ballot at the election of that year; but she was arrested, tried and fined. Miss Anthony has seen the cause of woman grow in ways that would have been past belief to those who fifty years ago were content with the barbarous rules of the common law, which denied to woman her most sacred rights. Under the efficient leadership of Miss Anthony woman has made great progress in obtaining not only her personal rights, but to a limited extent the right to influence in a practical way public affairs.

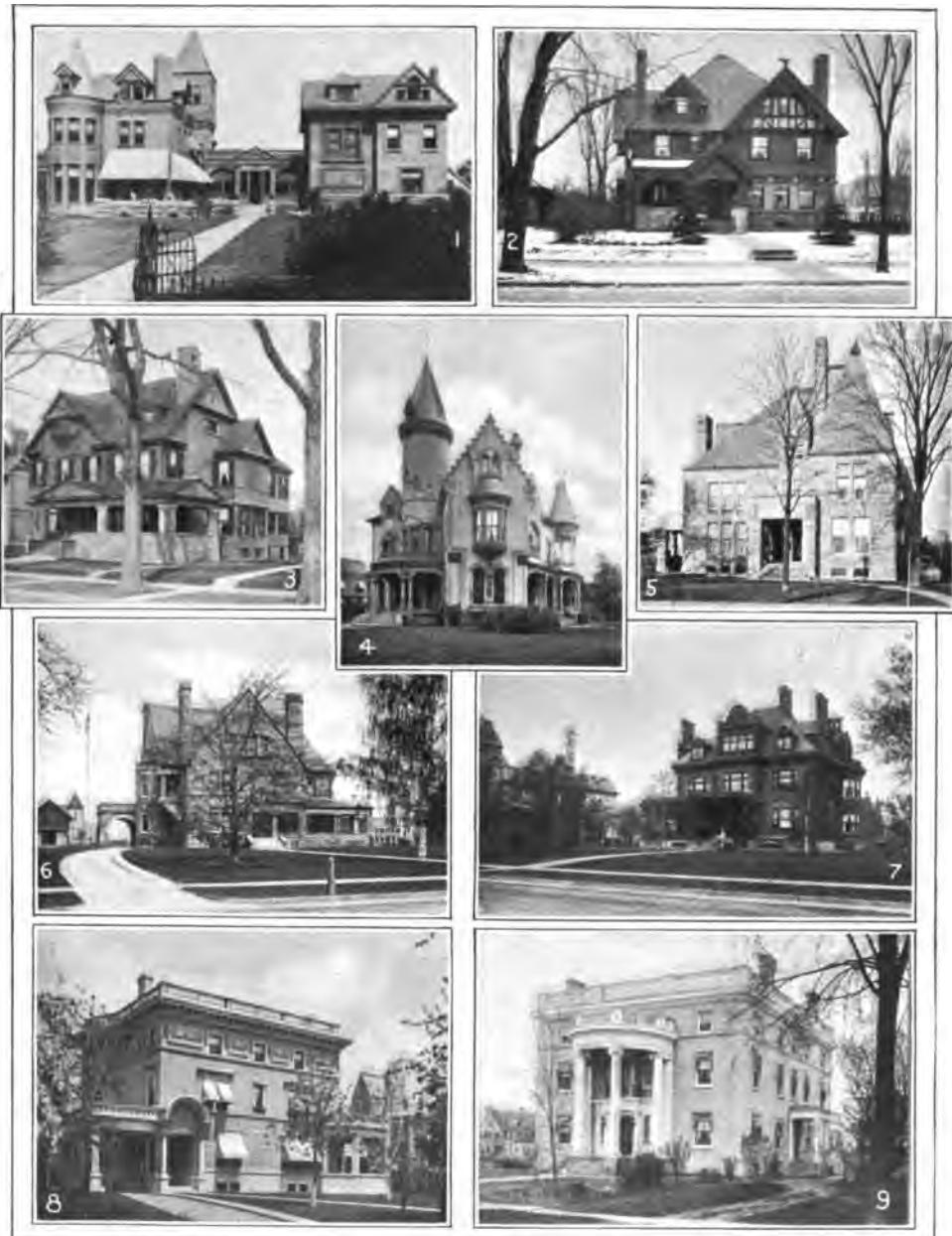
In 1858 William H. Seward deliv-



THE POWERS HOTEL.



THE POWERS BUILDING  
AND MAIN STREET.



- |                                                                                                |                      |                                                                                              |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1. Walter B. Duffy.<br>3. Lauriston L. Stone.<br>6. George Eastman.<br>8. William H. Gorsline. | 4. Louis Grusheimer. | 2. James G. Cutler.<br>5. Lewis P. Ross.<br>7. Joseph T. Cunningham.<br>9. Charles P. Barry. |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

**SOME ROCHESTER HOMES.**

ered in the old Corinthian Hall—a building still standing though in badly damaged condition—the memorable speech in which he spoke of the “irrepressible conflict between opposing and enduring forces”—of freedom and slavery. In this same hall were heard at an early day the impassioned eloquence of Wendell Phillips, the calm and thoughtful Emerson, the scholarly Everett, the indescribable voice of Jenny Lind, the scientific demonstrations of Benjamin Silliman, and the persuasive oratory of Henry Ward Beecher. Originally built for a lecture hall, it received within its walls for many years some of the greatest men of the time.

Perhaps the city of Rochester is best known to the country at large by its two chief institutions of learning, the University of Rochester and the Rochester Theological Seminary. Both institutions were established in the interests of the Baptist denomina-

Hamilton, in the central part of the state, a Baptist college, Madison University—since known as Colgate University—entirely for the education of young men who expected to enter the ministry. This rather unjustifiable exclusion of those who were desirous of entering upon other callings in life, together with the difficulty in reaching the village of Hamilton, made it evident to the Baptist denomination that the founding of another institution farther west in the valley of the Genesee would be an undertaking advantageous alike to the church and to the community. Then, too, the needs of higher education demanded a college at Rochester, the centre of a great farming district, practically without any easily accessible institution of the kind.

Though Ira Harris, chancellor of the Board of Regents, was the first temporary presiding officer, the first president of the university was Martin B. Anderson. President Anderson was a native of the state of Maine; he was graduated at Waterville College, now Colby University, and



COURT HOUSE AND CITY HALL.



THE POST OFFICE.

tion, though they have no organic connection with each other, and the university has had representatives of other denominations on its board of trustees and in its faculty of instruction from the beginning. The University of Rochester received its permanent charter from the Regents of the University of the State of New York in 1851. In 1820 there had been established at



DANIEL W. POWERS.



GEORGE F. DANFORTH.



AUGUSTUS H. STRONG.



SIMON L. BREWSTER.

entered upon the duties of the presidency in 1853, a position which he held until his resignation in 1888. Martin B. Anderson was a man to whom the city of Rochester and its university owe a deep debt of gratitude for



JUDGE WILLIAM E. WERNER.

his life of painstaking devotion to the interests intrusted to his charge.

The university is delightfully situated in a large campus in a beautiful part of the city. Though denominated a university, it has as yet developed no graduate departments, having made its aim to be simply a college of the liberal arts. Its material equipment is not large, but its buildings are imposing and architecturally becoming. Anderson Hall, the oldest building on the campus, is a massive structure of brownstone which contains the college chapel, and most of the lecture rooms, as well as administrative offices. In 1872 Hiram Sibley gave to the university a library building; and in

1886 Mortimer F.

Reynolds gave a chemical laboratory. There has been recently erected a completely equipped gymnasium, the gift of the alumni. These buildings constitute the University of Rochester in a material sense. At the opening of the college year in 1900 the university began to give instruction in all the regular courses to young women, a fund of \$50,000 having been raised by the women of Rochester for that purpose.

The University of Rochester has done a great and needed work in the cause of higher education in western New York. It has had among its instructors Asahel C. Kendrick, for many years professor of Greek, Chester Dewey, of natural sciences, and David J. Hill, of intellectual and moral philosophy. Among its graduates are found the names of Albion

W. Tourgee, Elwell S. Otis, Rossiter Johnson, Sereno E. Payne and Robert S. MacArthur. The present head of the university is the Rev. Rush Rhees, who was inaugurated in October last, and who resigned a chair at Newton Theological Seminary to accept his present position. President Rhees is a scholarly man, an able speaker, and is a worthy successor to the beloved Dr. Anderson and the brilliant David Jayne Hill.

The Theological Seminary, at the time of its foundation in 1850, was the only Baptist institution of its kind in the state, with the exception of the one at Hamilton. At first, of course,



ADDISON GARDINER.

inary are now housed in a fine new structure, which furnishes ample equipment for the prosecution of their work. Rockefeller Hall was given to the seminary in 1879 by Mr. John D. Rockefeller, for use as a library and lecture hall. The famous library of Neander is here deposited.

To President Ezekiel G. Robinson, afterwards president of Brown University in Providence, the Theological Seminary owes much of its present strength. During President Robinson's administration the seminary was firmly established. Augustus H. Strong, a Yale graduate of the class of 1857, succeeded President Robinson in 1872 and has since directed the work of the seminary with intelligent zeal and devotion.

Besides the university and the



ENTRANCE TO THE ELLWANGER AND BARRY NURSERIES.

its struggles for funds sadly handicapped the work of the institution; but generous friends like Trevor and Rockefeller came to its aid, and it was enabled to celebrate its semi-centennial with a considerable addition to an endowment now somewhat over \$800,000. In 1852 was established a German department, which in 1858 came under the direction of Professor Augustus Rauschenbusch, a pupil of the famous German ecclesiastical historian, Neander. The German students of the sem-



GEORGE ELLWANGER.

Theological Seminary, there are two other higher institutions of learning, the Wagner Memorial Lutheran College, for the education of young men for the ministry of the Lutheran Church, and St. Bernard's Seminary, a Roman Catholic institution for education for the priesthood.

The system of city schools has reached a fair standard of excellence, though the educational interests are suffering from the lack of a proper high school building, a need which will in due time be supplied. During recent years several new school edifices have been built in different parts of the city, and with the election of a new school board the outlook is bright for greater progress than ever before.

The Athenæum and Mechanics Institute, founded in 1885 by Mr. Henry Lomb, is doing a work somewhat similar to that of the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn and the Armour Institute in Chicago. Through the munificence of Mr. George Eastman, the Mechanics Institute will soon be installed in a new building of large proportions, to be fitted with all necessary equipment for the proper work of the institution. The erection of the Eastman Building is auspicious as portending a wide increase in the

IN THE BUSINESS SECTION.



influence of the Institute and its power for good in the community.

The most important library in Rochester owes its origin to the broad minded charity of Mr. Mor-



JAMES VICK.

timer F. Reynolds, who also erected the chemical laboratory for the university. Mr. Reynolds gave at his death his spacious house for a library building and a business block in the city for purposes of endowment. Besides the Reynolds Library and the libraries of the university and Theological Seminary, there are the Central Library and the large Law Library.

The streets of the residence district of the city are especially beautiful. Lined with trees and foliage and

tasteful dwelling houses, they give a charm and feeling of restful quiet which life in cities more densely populated too often lacks. It would be hard to find anywhere a more beautiful street than East Avenue, where many of the stately homes of Rochester are to be found. Some of the notable houses on this street are those of George Eastman, Joseph T. Cunningham, Henry C. Brewster, Lewis P. Ross and William H. Gorsline.

Other residence streets are numerous, among which are Plymouth and Lake Avenues, Strathallan Park, North Goodman Street and Portsmouth Terrace. It is said that there are more home owners in Rochester in proportion to the population than in any other city in the United States.

The religious spirit is well developed, and many of the churches are doing a praiseworthy work in the cause of practical Christianity. The Central Presbyterian Church, besides supporting two ministers for its work in the city, sends to other lands three missionary pastors. The Brick Church, long under the pastorate of the beloved Dr. James B. Shaw, maintains as an adjunct to its ordinary church work an institute where girls are taught practical details of cookery, sewing and general household management, and where boys are reclaimed from the evil influences of their environment. The Third Presbyterian Church supports a lecture course which has attracted to the city many men of distinction in various lines of intellectual activity.



WORKS AT KODAK PARK AND GENERAL  
OFFICES OF THE EASTMAN KODAK  
COMPANY.

GEORGE EASTMAN.



THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BUILDING.

The Baptists are very strong, owing in great measure to the two great

educational institutions of the denomination here located. St. Paul's Episcopal Church has one of the handsomest church edifices in western New York. The Episcopal churches of the city maintain a Church Home for the reception of those churchmen in need of an abode for their declining years. The Roman Catholic diocese of Rochester is presided over by Bishop Bernard J. McQuaid, who has gained considerable prominence by his earnest advocacy of the parochial school system. The Catholic churches are many, the chief of them being St. Patrick's Cathedral. A unique institution is Plymouth Congregational Church. Not bound by any creed, the present pastor aims to lead his hearers to the discovery of "that reasonable religion which Jesus taught and lived," and to find a solution for some of the grave social problems with which society is confronted. The Unitarians, with their single church, include, as is usual, some of



THIRD PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH AND PARISH HOUSE. CORN HILL M. E. CHURCH.

the most refined and intelligent persons in the city. Their pastor is the Rev. William Channing Gannett, whose father, the Rev. Ezra Stiles Gannett, was so well known as Dr. Channing's colleague in Boston.

The Young Men's Christian Association occupies a large building on a commanding site. The Association is finely equipped for the great work which it is doing among the young men of the city.



THE UNITARIAN CHURCH.  
PLYMOUTH CHURCH.

Its gymnasium is fitted with much of the best gymnastic apparatus obtainable, its social life is pure and wholesome, and its beneficial influence upon the community is universally recognized.

Club life finds expression in the Genesee Valley Club, the Eureka Club—with two of the best equipped club buildings in the western part of the state—the Rochester Club and several others of lesser importance. Many noteworthy social events are held in the rooms of the Genesee Valley Club, especially the entertainment of distinguished visitors to the city.

Institutions which give Rochester prominence as a centre of charity and correction are the Western New York Institution for Deaf-Mutes, whose principal was the first to teach the deaf and dumb to read the motion of the lips; the State Industrial School, where young offenders are confined and given instruction in the useful arts; the Old Ladies' Home; the Monroe County Penitentiary and County Almshouse; the State Hospital for the Insane; and the four city hospitals, two of which are homœopathic, besides several private hospitals.

An institution in Rochester which has shown great energy in advancing the business interests of the city is the Chamber of Commerce which recently built one of the finest office buildings in western New York. Through the agency of the Chamber many industries have been established in the city where favorable terms are always offered to manufacturers who seek Rochester as a place of business.

The Rochester Business Institute, one of the best of its kind in the state, attracts many persons who are desirous of preparing themselves under competent instruction for an active business career.

The Warner Observatory, of which Mr. Lewis Swift was for some years the chief astronomer, and to which the people of Rochester gave a costly telescope, is now no longer in use. Mr. Swift, who achieved fame as the discoverer of many comets, removed to California, where he established an observatory equipped with the telescope formerly used by him in Rochester.

Rochester is the birthplace of Charles Warren Stoddard—poet, traveller, and man of letters, now of the Catholic University in Washington. Here was the home of one of the most eminent lawyers of our time, John Norton Pomeroy, who later became a resident of San Francisco, where as an instructor at the Hastings College of the Law, and as



THE ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

a writer of legal text-books, he attained great distinction. Rochester was also the home of Lewis H. Morgan, a man whose researches in Indian life and customs were profound, and whose reputation as an ethnologist is world-wide.

Rochester has been represented on the bench and at the bar by some men of exceptional attainments. Of all the judges upon the distinguished Court of Appeals, none were better equipped by industry, integrity and all the elements that enter into the true judicial character than were Addison Gardiner, the Seldens, Samuel L. and Henry R. and George F. Danforth—all four natives of New England. These great judges were men of profound learning in the law and of the most scrupulous integrity. A Rochester judge now serving with honor on the Court of Appeals is William E. Werner, a man of ability, integrity and great industry, a man whose career shows the possibilities open to one deprived of almost every early advantage.

The bar of the city has furnished some men of very high professional standing, including Frederick Whittlesey, Addison Gardiner, the Seldens, George F. Danforth, Theodore Bacon, William F. Cogswell, and George F. Yeoman.

The new Court House, built of New Hampshire granite and completed in 1896, is one of the best buildings of its kind in the country. Its archi-

tecture and massive exterior give it the appearance of solidity; its interior is wainscoted with Italian and Tennessee marble, and is furnished throughout with all that betokens simplicity with elegance. The law library of the Appellate Division, for the use of the bar, is one of the most complete in the state, containing about 25,000 volumes. For at least nine months of the year the Court House is a scene of great activity, with numerous terms of the Surrogate's, County and Supreme courts in session, and at intervals a session of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court.

One of the institutions of the city which has succeeded in bringing together for many years men of rare minds, scholarly tastes and high thinking is "The Club," often called the "Pundit Club," founded in 1854 by the late Lewis H. Morgan, the ethnologist, and others. The club holds stated meetings, at which papers are read and discussed and a general interchange of high thought is had. The club has numbered among its members the following men of distinction: Lewis H. Morgan, John Norton Pomeroy, Ezekiel G. Robinson, Henry R. Selden, George F. Danforth and Theodore Bacon. Its present membership includes the men of the city most noted in all lines of intellectual activity, one of whom, James Breck Perkins, is a well-known authority on French history of the

seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

The history of Rochester is made up largely of the energetic endeavor of men of force and action. Such a man was Daniel W. Powers, a banker in the city for many years, who built the famous Powers Building, noted as the first commercial building west of New York City equipped with passenger elevators. Mr. Powers brought renown to the city also by establishing an art gallery, which by the gradual accretions of years became one of the finest private art galleries in the United States.

Hiram Sibley was another man of indomitable will and restless energy. A New England man by birth, he emigrated at an early day to the Genesee country, and while engaged in commercial pursuits became interested in the development of the telegraph. It was Hiram Sibley who consolidated into the Western Union Telegraph Company the various telegraph companies which were organized after Morse's invention had become assured. Mr. Sibley's generosity to the University of Rochester has been mentioned. His gift to Cornell of the Sibley College of Mechanic Arts is another evidence of his public spirit. Mr. Sibley's colleague in business and lifelong friend was Don Alonzo Watson, also a New England man, whose acumen and energy brought him great wealth.

Other men who by their sturdy qualities of industry and perseverance have in a marked degree impressed themselves upon the life and growth of the city are the pioneers, Henry O'Reilly, one of the chief promoters of the Erie Canal, projector of the O'Reilly telegraph lines and au-

thor of a history of Rochester, Everard Peck, Charles J. Hill, Warham Whitney and Aaron Erickson; of a later day, Freeman Clarke, banker, financier and member of Congress; Chauncey B. Woodworth, perfumer and street railroad magnate; Junius Judson, inventor of the steam governor; William S. Kimball, tobacco manufacturer; Charles J. Burke, dry goods merchant, and Simon L. Brewster.

Prominent among the men of Rochester who are now active in its varied business interests, who have attained more than ordinary success in building up their industries, and to whom the community owes much for their solid worth are Frederick Cook, a former Secretary of State, now president of several financial in-



THE GENESEE VALLEY CLUB.

stitutions and of the Rochester Railway Company; Rufus A. Sibley and Alexander M. Lindsay, owners of a large department store built up by their own prudence and perseverance; George Eastman, manufacturer of photographic outfits; James G. Cutler, manufacturer of mail chutes; Lewis P. Ross, large jobber of shoes; Rufus K. Dryer, carriage manufacturer; Henry A. Strong, president of the Eastman Kodak Company; Hobart F. Atkinson, Simeon G. Curtice and Samuel Wilder,—all men of force and ability.

Rochester has many pretty parks, the largest of which is the Genesee Valley Park, delightfully situated along the beautiful Genesee River. Perhaps Seneca Park, also along the Genesee River, in its most picturesque part, is the wildest and nearest to nature of any. Seneca Park contains a small zoölogical garden, which is especially interesting to the young. Though the parks of Rochester are of recent growth, they compare favorably with those of other cities for beauty and spacious surroundings.

Rochester is one of the chief manufacturing cities in the United States. A survey of its industries would make it apparent that manufacturing is of supreme importance in the commercial aspect of the city. Though Rochester has been supplanted as the head of the flouring industry, it is the chief city in the world in the manufacture of optical wares. One particular branch of the manufacture of optical wares, the manufacture of cameras, employs hundreds of workmen and has brought the city a wide reputation, though that industry is of comparatively recent origin. The manufacture of cameras for amateurs began with the early attempts of George Eastman to produce a camera which could be operated without the use of a wet plate. Mr. Eastman's production of the dry plate and the camera of small compass created a new industry, and was the beginning of the popularization of photography. In addition to the large output of the Eastman factories, Rochester produces many other varieties of cameras. Besides the manufacture of cameras, the manufacture of lenses, microscopes, field glasses and optical instruments in general is important. The great factory of Messrs. Bausch and Lomb employs hundreds of workmen in the manufacture of optical wares, and is the chief factory in the world in this line of industry.

Residents of the city take pride in



THE BLAIR CAMERA COMPANY'S BUILDING.

referring to the fact that Rochester with a population of about 170,000 produces manufactured goods to the value of \$310,250,000, and that the capital invested in manufacturing and the wholesale trade is \$52,500,000; that Rochester factories and workshops give employment to over 51,000 operatives, and that there are 37 factories in the clothing industry alone, giving Rochester third place in the United States in the manufacture of clothing. The area of the city is over 11,000 acres; its houses number 41,000, its churches, 118. The railroads which centre in the city are eleven, the chief of which is the New York Central. Rochester is also noted as having the largest preserving establishment in the world, the largest button factory, and the largest lubricating oil plant. Rochester is also the chief distributing centre for large outlying farming districts containing many important villages and towns. The water supply of the city is practically unlimited and its purity is exceptional. The total assessed valuation of property is about \$110,-500,000.

Other large industries are brewing, tobacco manufacture, shoes, perfumery and carriages. In the manufacture of shoes, Rochester, with sixty-four factories, ranks at least fourth among the cities of the United States. Rochester is also the chief nursery centre in the world. This important business owes its origin to two prudent pioneers, George Ell-

wanger and Patrick Barry, who in 1840 established the first nursery. There are now over forty nurseries, and fruit trees grown in Rochester are sent to all parts of the world.

With ample railroad facilities, with

abundant water power, with a situation in a valley of great fertility, with progressive institutions to expand the higher life of its residents, it is not at all wonderful that Rochester occupies a high position among the cities of the United States.

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## QUO VADO?

*By Mary Augusta Case.*

**W**HEN life is done,—or what is here called life,—  
When this poor flesh has fallen to decay,  
Shall there be still the ever wearying strife  
Which marks the pathway of this earthly day,  
'Twixt duty and o'ermastering desire,  
'Twixt love of earth and love of something higher?

When spirit struggles forth from out the robe  
Of mortal clay that holds it to the earth,  
And to some distant clime or heavenly globe  
Perchance is wafted to another birth,  
What vantage gained if on its earthy way  
The flesh had never o'er the soul held sway?

Does this one pilgrimage end ever more  
The struggles that now rack my heart and brain  
If fast to what is deemed immortal lore  
I hold, despite demands of earth? If I refrain  
From paying tribute to all mortal sense,  
What shall the guerdon be when I go hence?

Or does the spirit wake again to find  
New trials, still a higher path to tread;  
Or, this life passed, doth Ruling Power, most kind,  
Bestow eternal rest with naught to dread;  
Or doth some awful judge earth's history scan,  
And straight reward, or us to darkness ban?

These are the questions, O ye stars of Heaven,  
To which we seek an answer day by day;  
But finding none, some weary of the fight,  
And some fight on with courage as they may.  
Though friends each moment hasten from our sight,  
They come not back to lead us into light.

## A DANGEROUS DIVERSION.

By E. Carl Litsey.

A PLEASING picture was placed one afternoon, by chance, in a rugged valley of the Kentucky mountains. It was early autumn; some leaves had fallen; while those upon the trees were turning from green to brown and gold. The sun was sinking; one slope was in shadow, the other was sprinkled with yellow patches where the slanting rays stole between the boughs and boles of the beeches and oaks. Through the valley ran a small water course. A rain-storm that morning had made the little rivulet a muddy foaming torrent, which tore on its way with whirlpool and eddy. At one place the stream was spanned by the naked body of an old tree which had fallen years before. It was partly rotten now; the busy ants and larvæ were honey-combing its trunk, and one end of it had already decayed and was mingling with its original element.

Midway across the stream a girl was seated upon this log, dabbling her feet in the water, which almost lapped the under side of her support. She was clad in a blue calico gown; her sunbonnet had fallen from her head to the back of her neck, being secured by strings tied under her round chin. She sat swinging her feet and munching an apple, stopping now and again to take a seed from the core of the fruit and deposit it carefully in her lap. The last bite gone, she gave the core a fling, and as it fell upon the current she watched it bob up and down and finally disappear. Then she took the apple seeds, one at a time, and began counting.

"One, I love—two, I love—three, I love, I say;—four, I love with all my heart,—and five, I cast away. Six, he loves—seven, she loves—eight, both love"—but the seeds were exhausted. "Hank does love me, Ireck'n," she mused, holding the seeds

which had brought her such good fortune tightly in her hand. "I wish he wuz here now"—and she looked towards the left bank with a little smile, as though half expecting to see him.

What she did see caused her to utter a suppressed scream, and to draw her feet up quickly out of the water, to the shelter of her skirts. The man standing at the end of the log, with one foot resting upon it, laughed gently, as though amused.

"Why, my little wild rose, you aren't scared, are you?"

"Who—who are you?" she responded, dubiously, reaching for her bonnet and settling it on her dark hair, then peering out with distrustful eyes from under its rim.

"I? Oh, I'm a fellow just running around hunting wild turkey and wild cats; but I've found a wild rose instead." He smiled and took off his slouch hat with the bow of a Chesterfield. The girl flushed at the compliment.

"I'm not pretty," she answered; but there was a smile on her lips and a laugh in her eyes which told plainly she didn't believe what she said.

"Indeed you are," replied the man. "But aren't you afraid to sit there? The water is swift and deep, and that old log is not as sound as it might be."

"Let the ol' thing break! I can swim like—what you goin' to do?"

The man had leaned his Winchester against a tree, and had stepped with both feet upon the log.

"Coming for a kiss!" he answered gayly. "May I?"

"No, you sha'n't! Go back!"

But he came on, carefully, still laughing, and his face was handsome, though a trifle hard.

"If you come another step I'll jump off!" she warned him. Her face was serious now, and he knew that she

meant it. He stopped about six feet from her and stood with arms akimbo, regarding her with a quizzical smile.

"Do you know that you are the prettiest girl I have seen since I left Frankfort? And even there not one has a complexion like yours, although that's a big city, where rich people live."

"Did you see dad at Frankfort?" she asked innocently. "He said they wuz tryin' to git our Gov'nor out an' that he wuz needed to help keep 'im in,—an' him an' a lot of the men went away las' week, an' they haven't come back."

"No, I didn't see your dad when I was there—to know him. The place is full of armed men, militia and mountaineers. There's going to be trouble there."

"What made you run away? Are you a coward?"

"I hope not. But I was not needed there; and, besides, business sent me up here to the mountains; and I'm glad I came."

"What kind of business?" she asked, with undisguised suspicion.

"Oh!—hunting, I told you. You didn't take me for a government officer, did you?" The girl jumped, and some of the ruddy color fled away from her cheeks.

"N-no; you ain't one uv them mean men. Dad says they're mean, an' don't want people to make a livin'. We uns hates 'em!" Her black eyes snapped as she looked up at the figure before her.

"Yes, but few of us love those who persecute us. And now won't you tell me your name? You know tomorrow I will be gone, and I want your name to take with me—the name of the prettiest girl in the Kentucky mountains."

He had sat down, astride the log, as he was speaking, and now his eyes were on a level with hers, though separated from them by six feet of space. His face bore an earnest look, and her vain little heart was set to bounding.

"My name's Nancy Dale; I know that ain't pretty."

"Nancy! Why, that's my mother's name, and there is none prettier. We must be friends, now."

"I'm willin' to be frien's; but ef you're goin' away—"

"I'll stay if you want me to," he broke in. "I would hate to go away from my little wild rose just as soon as I found her."

"You kin stay—ef you want to; I'll be frien's," she replied demurely.

"Why do you hold your right hand shut up so tightly?" he asked, noting that the brown, doubled-up fingers had never relaxed. "Have you something you are afraid you'll lose?"

The blood rushed to her face and neck in a torrent, and like a child she thrust the hand in question behind her back and bowed her head till the bonnet hid her face.

"Tain't nothin'," she said.

"Don't tell me a story, Nancy, but look up and talk to me. I saw you eat the apple and count the seeds. You love somebody, Nancy."

"I don't!" She flung the telltale apple seeds from her into the water. But with the impetuous denial came a feeling of shame that she had been untrue to Hank. "But it's none of your business ef I do!" she added, thinking to ease her conscience.

"I should think it very strange if lots of men didn't love you," he said, keeping his eyes on her face. "Yet it would indeed be a lucky man whom you loved. You seem to me the spirit of the mountain light and sunshine. And do you indeed love him very, very much?"

"He loves me most, I s'pect," she replied with perfect candor. "But he's nice to me, an' I like 'im heaps."

"Does he look anything like me?" the man asked.

She gazed at him intently before replying, taking in the neat fitting corduroy suit, the leggings, the stout, but stylish shoes. When she came to his clean-cut face and white forehead, and her eyes met his, the richer color again swept up to her face.

"N-no; he ain't like you."

The man slid himself along the log till he sat by her side.

"Do you reckon you could love me better than you love him, Nancy, if I would give you time?" He took one of the little brown hands in his and held it tightly, and she was too frightened to try and draw it away.

"I—I—I must go home," she said, attempting to rise.

"In a moment, little girl," he answered, still keeping her hand. "Do you see how the shadows are growing down the hollow? Do you see how the hillsides are getting dark? If you would love me, Nancy, there would be no darkness or gloom anywhere—only light. Do you think you could, my wild rose?"

"I—I don't know. But it's gettin' dark, an' I mus' go home. Ma will scold me ef I stay out after dark. Please let me go!"

There was a genuine note of terror in her voice, and she looked at him appealingly. He arose and courteously helped her to her feet. Then, keeping her hand in his, he led her to that side of the bank from whence he had come.

"It is almost night," he said as he took up his Winchester and replaced his hat. "Shall I walk home with you?"

"No. Ma'd see you—an' she's spicious uv strangers, 'specially uv folks that come from the city. 'Tain't fur, an' I know the way."

"When shall I see you again?" he asked, bending forward and peering into the space beneath the sunbonnet. "Nancy, when?"

"To-morrow—here!" she answered hurriedly, and breaking from him she flitted away, a shadow among shadows. And James Gilmer, Deputy U. S. Marshal, laughed low and mirthlessly, as he turned on his heel and strode away in another direction.

Ten seconds later the spot where he had stood was occupied by a tall, angular, ill-clothed youth of eighteen or twenty, who had brushed some bushes aside and appeared almost as soon as the other man's back was

turned. He gazed after the retreating figure with an expression of the deepest malice, and once brought his long rifle to his shoulder, but he lowered it without firing.

"Damn him! He'd better go 'bout his business!" breathed the mountaineer fiercely, through his teeth. "He's after no good, an' ef he ain't gone to-morrow, somebody'll git hurt."

Then the gloom of night and silence fell over the hills.

The next afternoon, a little before twilight, a patch of pink moved up the bank of the water course. Nancy was keeping tryst with her new lover. She had put on her Sunday frock, and there was a bit of faded red ribbon in her hair. The same sunbonnet of yesterday and the same bare feet and ankles. Her heart was running high as she approached the scene of last afternoon's meeting. But when she reached the log and looked around upon all the familiar things of the woods—he was missing. Her heart sank, and her cheeks lost some of their crimson, and she stood for a moment digging her big toe into the soft loam at the end of the rotting log. Then the thought came to her that she was early; her impatience had brought her to the rendezvous ahead of time. So she tipped out upon the log, balancing herself with outstretched arms, and sat down just where she had sat twenty-four hours before and told the apple seeds.

Poor Hank! Another face occupied the place in her mind which his had held yesterday. He had come to her home that night—to the humble two-room log structure where he had always been welcome. She had heard him coming and had fled up the ladder to her cot in the loft beneath the low board roof. She didn't want to see him; she wouldn't see him; and so she told her mother that her head ached and she was going to sleep. Hank didn't stay long. She lay very quiet, and heard every word he said. He asked for her first, and his voice

sounded so strange that she hardly recognized it. Then he talked about the "business," and said it was getting harder every year to make a living, on account of the meddlesomeness of the revenue officers; and the girl in the loft had listened in breathless fear lest his next words should tell of a suspicious stranger abroad in the hills. But Hank left soon without confirming her fears, and she slept soundly, and dreamed of a great, strange house in a city, of which she was mistress and the man she had met in the woods was the master.

Then how the day had dragged; how slowly the sun had crept to the western side of the cabin; what a long time it had been before the shadow of the post to which one end of the clothes line was tied began to lengthen! Her mother had gone to a neighbor's about mid-afternoon, to see if she could learn any news from the capital. Nancy did not go with her; she said she was feeling "porely." But the mother was scarcely out of sight down the narrow path which led to the ravine on the right side of the cabin, when the daughter began to "fix up," combing her rich hair with a broken-toothed comb, tying her best piece of ribbon in it. Her Sunday frock she donned with care, running her hands down over her hips to spread out the wrinkles. Then she stood in front of the three-cornered bit of looking glass, held in place near the narrow window by bent nails, and looked at the face painted with Nature's cosmetics—fresh air and sunshine. She had resented the declaration from a stranger that she was pretty; but she knew that she was. There was life and strength and vigor and beauty in her young figure. Her face was sunburned, but there was a healthy, deeper under-color beneath the tan on her cheeks. Her eyes were bright as anemones and dewy as a violet just before sunrise. With a parting smile at the face looking at her from the mirror, she turned away, picked up her bonnet, and, bidding the numer-

ous array of younger sisters and brothers keep in or near home, she tripped over the leaves, down into the forest.

She sat on the log and waited, her heart momentarily increasing its speed, and her feet well drawn up—just one toe stuck out defiantly from under the edge of her pink skirt. The bed of the stream was almost dry now. The torrent which had swept it yesterday was transient, the result of a heavy rain further up in the hills. The water barely trickled over the little rock ledges now. A dry stick cracked, and a voice exclaimed cheerily:

"Hello, my little pink morning-glory! Waiting, are you?"

She started so that she almost lost her balance. He was there, standing just where he had stood the day before. He was smoking, for there was a pipe in his mouth, such a one as she had never seen before. It was white as snow, and there were gold mountings upon it. He stood and smoked and smiled at her, and she hung her head abashed.

"How long have you been here, Nancy?"

"I've just this minute come," she replied, instinctive pride dictating the falsehood. "Why don't you come to me?" she added an instant later. Her head was still down, and she plucked at a ravelling on the wristband of her dress. For answer, he leaned his Winchester against a tree and walked steady-footed along the log to her side. This time she yielded her hand to his as he sat beside her.

"Have you thought of me since yesterday?" he asked in low tones, taking his left hand and lifting her chin up so that he could get a view of her face.

"A little," she answered with a kind of frightened sigh, and she darted several quick glances at him in rapid succession. Her face was as red as the maple leaves lying around her, and she was trembling a bit.

"Were you glad when the time came when you could see me again?"

he went on, and as he waited for her reply he knocked the ashes from his pipe and put it in the pocket of his coat.

"Y-yes, I s'pose so. Why didn't you come sooner?"

"But you told me you had only been here a minute!"

Her face fairly took fire as she saw that she was caught, self-convicted, and she pushed him angrily with her hand, as she stammered out:

"O-o-o-oh, you mean thing! I hate you!"

His loud, deep-chested laughter rang through the quiet hollow; and then, still laughing, he threw one arm around her, drawing her head forcibly, yet gently, to his shoulder. Then his left hand again found her chin. He tilted her head back, her bonnet fell off, and he bent and kissed her firmly on the lips. She closed her eyes and lay still, but the color had left her face. It was the first time a man's lips had touched hers, and she was frightened. The mirth died out of the man, and for a moment there was deep silence, while the ghost of compassion dwelt for an instant in his eyes.

Just then a new sound grated through the sylvan stillness—the metallic, menacing click of a trigger. Gilmer turned with a choked oath, Nancy with a quick scream. A different enough man stood on the bank from the one who sat on the log—a tall, large jointed, ill built youth of near twenty, with baggy, soiled and torn clothes, a shock head crowned with a greasy slouch hat, a face expressionless from anger. In his hands was a long, brown squirrel rifle, with its muzzle pointed towards the ground, but held in such a way that it could be used in an instant.

"I reck'n ye ain't glad to see me," said the man on the bank, and the words came from out the scrubby beard about his lips like the rasping of a file. "I know ye," he went on, addressing the man on the log. "Ye're a damned revenuer, that's what ye air! An' I'm here to tell ye

that that's my gel ye're settin' so close to an' tryin' to make a fool uv. An' d'ye know what's to hinder me frum puttin' this bullet through yer mis'able body an' leavin' ye here to rot? It's jist because we uns ain't ez bad ez you city folks make out. But ye're got to say a few things, Mr. Spy, er else yer folks won't see ye ag'in."

Trapped as completely as any fox, Gilmer said nothing, but glared his resentment, sullen eyed.

"Ye needn't look so sour, damn ye!" hissed the man with the gun. "Now, both uv ye come over here an' I'll talk to ye." Shifting his rifle to his right hand, and holding it half poised, the speaker deliberately possessed himself of the handsome Winchester repeater which leaned against a tree by his side, and backed down the stream about fifteen feet. The twain on the log obeyed him, for there was nothing else to do. The girl was sobbing, for she was scared; the man was sullen and calm.

"Nancy, that man is a gov'ment officer, come here to work you an' all uv us harm. Do you love him—er me?" The question was solemnly put.

"I—I—love you!" came from between convulsive sobs.

"Then come here, Nancy." An instant later she stood by his side, in all the brave finery she had donned for an enemy of herself and her household.

"Now, stranger, I mean business." His voice had grown hard and merciless again. "We may be bad people here, an' make our livin' not a'cordin' to the laws you repersent; but when one uv us fellers takes a oath he sticks to it er dies. Is there sich a custom ez that where you come from?"

"An oath is always binding and is respected," answered Gilmer.

"Hev ye got a mother, stranger?" was the next query.

"I have," was the brief reply.

"Then hol' yer right han' above yer head an' swear before God an' the love ye have fur yer mother that ye'll

leave here at once an' never set foot here ag'in. Ef ye don't I'll kill ye, so help me, God!"

The long rifle came up now, and Gilmer could see the tiny black hole in its muzzle just opposite his breast. There was nothing of boasting or indecision in the face which lay against the stock of the weapon. He must do as he was bidden or die, and he knew it. He took the oath, speaking

clearly, with hand upraised. The sun was behind the western hill, and the shadows had merged into one mass of shade.

"Now, go!"

The gaunt figure watched the form of the revenue officer till it blended with the gloom. Then, as the stars came out, a little pink frock and a gray shadow moved down the hollow together.

## SOJOURNER TRUTH.

*By Lillie B. Chace Wyman.*

**S**OJOURNER TRUTH was the name assumed late in life by one Isabella, a negro woman, born a slave in New York state. Her mother's parents were brought from Africa. Her father was the child of a negro and a Mohawk Indian woman. The date of Isabella's birth is not known. There is evidence to show that she was emancipated in 1817 under a law which freed all slaves in New York who had attained the age of forty years; but this evidence is not conclusive, and it is possible that she was not then forty, and did not receive her liberty until 1827.

Isabella's first owners were Dutch people named Ardenburgh; and Low Dutch was the language in which her mother, Mau-mau Bett, told her, when she was a child, that there was a God in the sky, and bade her kneel and pray to Him after she had been beaten. She also taught her to obey her master and not to lie nor steal. Poor Mau-mau Bett had had many children sold away from her, and she used often to groan aloud; but if any one asked her what was the matter, she would answer only, "Oh, a good deal ails me!" She would point at night to the stars and moon and tell Isabella that her lost children, wherever they were in the world, could also look up and see those lights in the sky. In spite, however, of the yearning tenderness with which the

mother mourned for these sons and daughters who had been torn from her, the family was so little removed from the savage condition that Isabella, in after years, did not know how many children her mother had borne and yielded to the slave market.

The father's name was Bomefree and when he and Mau-mau Bett were quite aged their owners let them go free, on the condition that they would take care of themselves. Thus it happened that after a long life of unpaid toil, when the wife was dead, the old man starved and froze to death.

Isabella's recollections of slavery in New York do not testify to much humanity on the part of the masters in that state, and the rudeness of the climate added its peculiar hardship to the lot of the slave. When a child, she had to sleep in a cellar where men and women were huddled together in one room. They had a little straw to rest on, but between the loose boards of the floor they could see the mud and water on the ground beneath. Her feet were badly frozen. She was often whipped. One Sunday morning she was beaten with rods bound together by cords, and the scars produced by this punishment remained on her flesh to the end of her long life.

As the years passed, she was sold several times. For some of her owners she did housework, but for one she hoed corn and carried fish, did

errands and brought roots and herbs from the woods to make beer.

Womanhood brought its natural experiences. She fell in love with a boy named Robert, whose master forbade their union. The lad came surreptitiously to see her, and his master, accompanied by his son, followed him. The white men seized the negro, beat him with heavy canes, and drove him home at the end of a rope, the blood streaming from his wounds, and with this sight the girlish dream of love and joy faded for Isabella.

During this period of her life, she had a sort of religion. She looked upon her master as a god, and thought he knew everything that she did, even when he was not present. Sometimes she confessed her errors to him, because she believed that he already knew them and would be more likely to pardon her if she performed the ceremony of confession. She thought he had a right to hold her as a slave; but this belief seems to have worn away in time, for, having had her freedom promised her a year before the date at which it legally must be bestowed upon her, she ran away when she found that her owner did not intend to fulfil his promise.

She believed in God and in His power to see her; but she had no idea that He could read her thoughts, and supposed it necessary to speak aloud when she prayed to Him. Her prayers were very familiar talks with God; and if she was whipped, she thought it would not have happened had she known beforehand what her master intended, and had the chance to ask God audibly to save her from the chastisement. She would begin her prayers by saying in Low Dutch, "Our Father in heaven," and then go on telling Him all her troubles and inquiring as she related her grievances: "Do you think that's right, God?" Sometimes her petitions to God were perilously like commands. She felt that God was under much more obligation to her than she was to Him. She thought He ought to do

her bidding, and she endeavored to bribe Him by promising to be very good if He would. She looked upon goodness as a remunerative service to God, not as a thing beneficial to herself or her fellow creatures.

She married a man named Thomas, and became the mother of five children. One of her sons, a little boy named Peter, was sold to a Mr. Fowler, who took him to Alabama. This was an illegal transaction, as the law then forbade the sale of any slave out of New York state. The mother of Fowler's wife was a Mrs. Gedney, who lived in New York; and after Isabella herself became free, she went to her and indignantly complained of the loss of her boy. Mrs. Gedney laughed inhumanly at the distress of the negro mother, and said that Isabella had no more reason to grieve than she had, for her daughter had also gone to Alabama with Fowler.

"Yes," answered Isabella, "your child has gone there, but she is married, and my boy has gone as a slave, and he is too little to go so far from his mother."

Mrs. Gedney, unmoved by this plea, continued to scream with laughter; so Isabella left her and began to tell her story to the people she met, till the matter was actually brought before the courts, and Fowler was forced to return the little Peter. The judge gave him at once into his mother's custody, releasing him forever from slavery. He had been terribly abused. His whole body was covered with ridges in the flesh and with scars. He told Isabella that Fowler used to kick and beat him till the blood ran, and that when at last he got away from his tormentor, he would creep under the stoop of the house in Alabama, and there hide himself, a tiny black morsel of human misery.

After this recital, the mother cried: "Oh, Lord, render unto them double." But when, a little later, word came that Fowler had killed his wife, the daughter of the woman who had been

so merry over another's anguish, Isabella's heart softened, and she said: "Oh, Lord, I didn't mean all that. You took me up too quick."

Isabella had a peculiar religious experience about the time she became free, after which her spiritual life grew more intense and assumed a mystical character. She thought she met God face to face one day, and she said to Him: "Oh, God, I didn't know as you was so big." The consciousness of God's presence became like a fire around her, and she was afraid, till she began to feel that somebody stood between her and this burning terror; and after a while she knew that this somebody loved her. At first, she thought it must be Cato, a preacher whom she knew, or Deencia or Sally, people who had been her friends. We are not told whether these persons were then living or dead, or whether she thought they had come in the flesh or in the spirit to her relief. However this may be, she soon perceived that their images looked vile and black and could not be the beautiful presence that shielded her from the fires of God. She began to experiment with her inner vision, and found that when she said to the presence, "I know you, I know you," she perceived a light; but when she said, "I don't know you, I don't know you!" the light went out. At last she became aware that it was Jesus who was shielding and loving her, and the world grew bright, her troubled thoughts were banished, and her heart was filled with praise and with love for all creatures. "Lord, Lord," she cried, "I can love *even de white folks.*"

Before this time she had not associated the name or idea of Jesus with religion. She had heard of Him, but she had supposed, she said, that He was like General Lafayette or some similar character. Now she began to wonder about Jesus, and one day she heard something read aloud which led her to ask if Jesus were married. She was told that Jesus was God; but she

could not accept that idea of His nature, because she had seen Him standing between her and God. In later years she worked out for herself the belief that Christ was in some mysterious sense the spirit that was in Adam and Eve till they sinned, when it fled to heaven and was afterwards reincarnated in Jesus. She held, moreover, that men were purely animal in their nature until united to the spirit of Christ.

Even in the darkest hours of her early religious experience she appears to have had no fear of a material hell; and as her mind developed she was afraid only of the anguish in her own heart, the consciousness of sin and of separateness from God. Her views of prayer, after the clearer spiritual vision and the deeper religious feeling came to her, still remained for some time essentially the same as when she had thought she must talk aloud to God to make Him know that she wanted Him to save her from being whipped. While she was trying to get her child back from Alabama, she would say: "Now, God, help me get my son. If you were in trouble as I am, and I could help you as you can help me, think I wouldn't do it? Yes, God, you *know* I would do it. I will never give you peace till you do, God."

Isabella's husband died a few years after his emancipation. He was older than she, and she could not earn enough to take care of him and their children too; so he passed his last days in a poorhouse.

She worked as a domestic servant in New York City, and there became associated with two men named Pierson and Matthias, who claimed, the one to have a mission like that of John the Baptist, and the other to be God himself on this earth. They had a few followers, but their efforts to propagate their notions resulted finally in scandal and the suspicion of crime. Isabella happily kept clear of all that was degrading or immoral in the little community of fanatics, but

for a time she inclined to share in its religious vagaries. Her strong common sense, however, quickly asserted itself. She tried abstaining from food because Mr. Pierson fasted, and said that the practice "gave him great light in the things of God." After abstaining from food for three days, Isabella became satisfied that all the "lightness" she could obtain in that manner was lightness of body and not of mind.

After she ceased to work for Pierson and Matthias, she continued her humble labors in New York City for some time; but a trouble came to her spirit. In some vague way her untutored intellect conceived the idea that there was essential evil in the social systems of the day, and especially in the great city where she lived. "The rich rob the poor," she said, "and the poor rob one another." She had not taken money unless she earned it; but she grew to feel that in doing work for which she received pay she prevented some one else from doing it and obtaining money. Occurrences like the following incident disturbed her. A gentleman gave her half a dollar to hire some man to clear the snow from the sidewalk. She rose early, did the work herself and kept the money, and then was unable to convince herself that she had not defrauded some poor man who needed the job in order to provide for his family, although she knew that she also was poor and needed the money. She came to feel that it was selfish in her to seek for work when so many other people were suffering because they had no work, and a horror of the whole situation took possession of her. She felt that she had not obeyed the Golden Rule in her dealings with her fellow men; and at last her soul submitted itself to a new vision of duty, and she cried: "Lord, I will give all back that I have ever taken away. Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"

The inward answer came, "Go out of the city."

She replied: "I will go—just go. Lord, whither shall I go?"

Then a voice said, "Go East."

On the first day of June, 1843, she fled from the city, taking the rising sun for her guide. She carried a few clothes rolled up in a pillowcase, a basket of food, and in her pocket the sum of two shillings. The morning that she started she told a woman that her name was no longer Isabella, but Sojourner. A Quaker lady whom she met early on her pilgrimage inquired what was her second name, and Sojourner was obliged to admit that she had not thought of the necessity of a new surname. She had been called by the name of her last master in slavery. She seems to have supposed that God had called her Sojourner, and whereas she had been pleased with it, she now felt very dissatisfied, because it did not prove sufficient for the requirements of earthly customs. She plodded on her road, praying: "Oh, God, give me a name with a handle to it!" At last she thought that Truth was God's name, and God was in deep verity her last master, so she must call herself Sojourner Truth. "Why, thank you, God," she cried joyously, "that is a very good name."

She went into New England, singing, preaching and praying, in religious or reform meetings or to gatherings of people assembled especially to hear her. She wrote back to her children, whom she had left in New York, without first divulging her plans to them. She kept her moral balance, and was as ready to work with her hands as to pray and preach. She lodged where she could. Sometimes she paid for her entertainment in work, sometimes in money given her for services elsewhere performed; but she never allowed herself to take more than two or three shillings at any one time for any labor she had done.

Her notions of God constantly clarified. Once she had thought of Him as a being who got tired and who

could not see by night; but at last she worked out for herself the belief that He was a spirit above all physical limitations; and then she decided that the Sabbath might be necessary for the benefit of man, but that it could not have been instituted to commemorate God's rest, because God could not have got tired in any work. As this idea indicates, she came to hold the opinion that the scriptural writers mixed their own notions up with the spiritual truths revealed to them.

Soon after her pilgrimage began she attended meetings held by the Second Adventists, and was repelled by their noisy and excited ways. She told them that "the Lord might come, move all through the camp and go away again, and they never know it," they were in such a state of unspiritual agitation. Once she exclaimed in disgust: "Here you are talking about being changed in the twinkling of an eye. If the Lord should come, He'd change you to *nothing*, for there is *nothing* to you!" She declared also that if the world was going to be burned up, as they prophesied, she did not mean to be translated, as they desired to be; she meant to stay "and stand the fire." The Second Advent preachers received her opposition kindly, and after some discussion with her decided that, though she was ignorant of their doctrine, "she had learned much that man had never taught her."

She resided for a while in a community in Northampton, and was a servant in that town about the year 1850. She had hoped to find her ideal of life realized there, but after the community broke up she seems to have resigned the expectation or effort to live according to socialistic ideals, and bent some of her energy towards getting a home for her old age.

- She gradually became known to the Abolitionists, and as a speaker against slavery displayed a quaint oratory, and was powerful in sudden attacks upon an error or an opponent. She sang effectively; and an interesting

story is told of her quieting a mob of rioters who were violently disturbing a camp meeting, one moonlight night, by going a little way outside the assembly and singing:

"It was early in the morning,—it was early  
in the morning,  
Just at the break of day—  
When he rose—when he rose—when he  
rose,  
And went to heaven on a cloud."

She never learned to read, but Wendell Phillips wrote of her: "I once heard her describe the captain of a slave ship going up to judgment, followed by his victims as they gathered from the depth of the sea, in a strain that reminded me of Clarence's dream in Shakespeare, and equalled it. The anecdotes of her ready wit and quick, striking replies are numberless. But the whole together give little idea of the rich, quaint, poetic and often profound speech of a most remarkable person, who used to say to us: 'You read books; God Himself talks to me.'"

Mr. Phillips spoke to Mrs. Stowe of the power possessed by the French actress, Rachel, to overwhelm with emotion a whole audience by uttering a few simple words, and said that the only other person who could do it as she could was Sojourner Truth.

On one occasion Frederick Douglass was addressing an audience in Salem and drawing a very gloomy picture of the condition of the country, declaring that slavery could only go down in blood, and that church and state were too deeply steeped in sin to escape. Probably something pessimistic in his tone or words stirred the negro woman's religious nature, for suddenly Sojourner rose in the back of the hall and startled speaker and audience by crying out these words: "*Frederick, is God dead?*"

"We were all," wrote Mr. Douglass of the scene, "for a moment brought to a standstill; just as we should have been if some one had thrown a brick through the window."

Her religious faith was unfaltering, for she believed, as she once said to a friend, "I tell you, dear lamb, dat when a thing is done in de right spirit, God takes it up and spreads it all over de country."

The veteran Abolitionist, Parker Pillsbury, in a letter to the writer, describes a scene in an antislavery convention held about the year 1855, in Ashtabula County, Ohio. The audience was mostly in sympathy with the Abolitionists, Joshua R. Giddings and his family being present at the meetings. On Sunday afternoon Mr. Pillsbury made a speech denouncing "the church and clergy of the country as accomplices in the guilt of slave breeding and slave holding." A young law student arose to defend both church and clergy. He said that the negroes were fit only to be slaves, and if any of them showed intelligence it was because they had some white blood, for as a race they were but the connecting link between man and animals. While he spoke a violent thunderstorm came up.

"The house," writes Mr. Pillsbury, "was almost as dark as night, except when illumined by flashes of lightning. Quite ingeniously the young man spoke of the thunder and lightning as the voice of God and flash of His eye in indignation at our holding such meetings and preaching such doctrines, especially on the holy Sabbath day; and he said he was 'almost afraid' to be there."

All the time that he spoke, Sojourner Truth sat and looked at him; and when he ended she came forward to answer him. "She seemed," says Mr. Pillsbury, "almost to come up out of the deep darkness or out of the ground. There she stood before us as a vision. Her tall, erect form, dressed in dark green, a white handkerchief crossed over her breast, a white turban on her head, with white teeth and still whiter eyes, she stood, a spectacle weird, fearful as an avenger—doubtless to the young man

more dreadful than the thunder-storm, the clouds of which had not yet cleared away. . . . She spoke but a few minutes. To report her would have been impossible. As well attempt to report the seven apocalyptic thunders. I have heard many voices of men and women, in a vast variety of circumstances, on land and sea, but never a voice like hers then and there. She spoke not loud, nor in rage. She was singularly calm, subdued and serene. In her peculiar dialect and tone she began:

"'When I was a slave away down there in New York, and there was any particularly bad work to be done, some colored woman was sure to be called on to do it. And when I heard that man talking away there as he did, almost a whole hour, I said to myself, Here's one spot of work sure that's just fit for colored folks to clean up after.'

"She referred to the young lawyer's comparison of negroes to the brutes, and cried out: 'Now, I am the pure African. You can all see that plain enough.' She straightened herself up proudly and repeated: 'I am the pure African; none of your white blood runs in my veins.' And then she uttered a fierce scoff at the greedy passions of the white race, which had made it almost a marvel that any negro should be of unmixed blood. She passed on to speak of the youth's terror lest God had sent the storm in wrath at the opinions expressed at that meeting. 'He better be afraid,' she cried contemptuously, '*if the Lord has ever heard tell of him yet.*'

"The convention was a success," adds Mr. Pillsbury, "from that hour—would have been a success with that scene alone."

Mrs. Stowe wrote an article about Sojourner, which was published in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1863. She says: "I do not recollect ever to have been conversant with any one who had more of that silent and subtle power which we call personal presence than this woman. In the modern spirit-

realistic phraseology she would be described as having a strong sphere."

Mrs. Stowe related Sojourner's history to the sculptor, Mr. Story, in Rome. A few days afterwards he told her he wanted to make a statue to be called the Libyan Sibyl. Two years later he asked Mrs. Stowe to repeat the account of Sojourner and describe again her manner and appearance; and in a day or two more he showed the clay model of his statue, in which he typified the mysterious African nature of which this negro woman was such a notable impersonation.

When the civil war came, Sojourner, aged as she was, travelled all over the North, speaking for the Union and freedom. She composed a battle song for the first Michigan regiment of colored soldiers, and sang it herself in Detroit and Washington.

"We hear the proclamation, massa, hush it as you will;  
The birds will sing it to us, hopping on the cotton hill;  
The possum up the gum tree couldn't keep it still,  
As he went climbing on."

During the war a Democrat once asked her what business she was then following. She answered: "Years ago, when I lived in de city of New York, my occupation was scouring brass door knobs; but now I go about scouring copperheads."

In October, 1864, she had an interview with Abraham Lincoln from whom she sought authority for work



SOJOURNER TRUTH.

among the freedmen. He treated her with much consideration, and when she told him she had never heard of him till he was a candidate for the presidency, he smiled and answered: "I had heard of you many times before that." He wrote in her autograph book, which she called her "Book of Life," and showed her a Bible which had been given him by the colored people of Baltimore.

A month later she was commissioned by the National Freedmen's Relief Association, and spent a year at Arlington Heights, devoting herself especially to teaching the freed women good household and personal habits.



The negroes there then held their freedom by such an insecure tenure, that Marylanders often came over and kidnapped the children; and if the bereaved mothers disturbed the peace in consequence, they were sometimes put in the guardhouse by irresponsible officials. Sojourner took up the cause of these outraged women so energetically that some angry Marylanders threatened to get her also put into the guardhouse. She dared them to try to imprison her, saying that she "would make the United States rock like a cradle."

She visited and nursed in the Freedmen's Hospital. While she was thus engaged a law was passed giving colored people a right to ride in all the street cars. Sojourner was speedily seen on the street holding up her old black hand as a signal to a car to stop and take her on. Conductors and drivers paid no attention to her. Two cars passed, and when the third came in sight she "gave three tremendous yelps: 'I want to ride! *I want to ride!* I WANT TO RIDE!'"

A crowd collected, and the car was blocked. Sojourner jumped on board. A great shout arose from the men in the street. The infuriated conductor told her twice to go forward where the horses were or he would throw her out. She sat down among the passengers and told him that she did not fear him, for she knew the laws as well as he did. She rode farther than she needed to, and finally left the car and said: "Bless God! I have had a ride."

Another day a conductor kept her running a long way after a car, till the other passengers complained aloud that it was a shame. When she entered the car at last he came towards her with a threatening gesture to put her off. She said to him that if he touched her "it would cost him more than his car and horses were worth." A man in the uniform of a general interfered on her behalf, and the conductor let her alone.

Finally, a conductor, unmindful of her great age, pushed her against the door so roughly that a bone in her shoulder was displaced. She had him arrested. The Freedmen's Bureau furnished her with a lawyer, and the man lost his situation. Soon after a conductor was known to stop his car unasked and say to some colored women standing timidly upon the street: "Walk in, *ladies!*"

Thousands of homeless negroes were swarming in that troubled period in the vicinity of Washington. Sojourner realized that idleness was ruining both adults and children. She found places for many in the North, and the government sent them where she directed. She advocated the establishment of industrial schools and an industrial colony in the West. She tried to get Congress to institute such an undertaking. She went through many northern states advocating this plan in public meetings, and for a number of years continued to try to get it adopted. In these journeys she was received almost everywhere with courtesy and honor. The Abolitionists delighted to open their homes to her. In her wanderings she was often accompanied by a favorite grandson; but she was destined to live long after he died. As she grew older what people cared most to hear from her lips was the marvellous story of her own varied experiences.

Her home in these last years was in Battle Creek, Michigan, where she owned a house. There, in 1883, she died, her age being probably a little over or under a hundred years. A few days before her death, as she lay on her couch with closed eyes, a friend bent over her and said: "Sojourner, can you look at me?" Slowly the dying woman opened her wonderful eyes. They seemed filled with spiritual and prophetic light; and earnestly they gazed upon the tender face above her. Then they closed, never to open again on earth.



## NOCTURNE.

*By M. T. Maltby.*

THE ebbing tide sinks softly to its sleep—  
A tired child upon its mother's breast;  
Across the land the tender shadows creep;  
The pine-clothed Point lies dark against the west;  
The emerald marshes stretch along the shore,  
And all the earth attends the twilight hour.

To north and south spread wings of snow and rose  
Blending in gold above the vanished sun;  
The great Day Angel's glorious pinions those,  
Bearing him back to heaven—his earth work done.  
The purple pines breathie to his rushing wings  
And thrilling to his joy a wood-bird sings.

The blended breaths of pines and marsh and sea  
Ascend as incense. Through the fading light  
A faint, still radiance steals mysteriously,  
And they who read Earth's messages aright  
See in the stars which stud the deepening blue  
The golden floor of heaven shining through.

## WHAT IRELAND HAS DONE FOR AMERICA.

*By F. Spencer Baldwin.*

IRELAND has contributed more to the making of America than has any other single nation, with the exception of the mother land, England. In point of numbers and in point of influence in every department of the national life, economic, social and political, the Irish stand second only to the English. To be sure, such statistics of foreign immigration as are available show that Germany has sent us more immigrants than has Ireland. But these figures go back only to the year 1820, previously to which no returns were kept. If a complete record of immigration from the time of the first settlements were to be had, it would probably show that more people had come to America from Ireland than from any other part of the world. It is only in comparatively recent years, moreover, that the Germans have come to us in large numbers. However that may be, it can hardly be doubted that the actual influence of the Irish element in the national life has been more potent than that of the Germans or of any other people save the English alone.

To tell what Ireland has done for America involves more than a mere narrative account of Irish settlement and immigration. It is necessary, in order to understand the part played by the Irish in American life, to know something about the origin, the race characteristics, and the home history of this remarkable people. Then we shall have a point of view from which to survey the history of the Irish in America.

The native Irish are a part of the Celtic race that once covered all Britain, as well as Gaul, and probably Spain. Three different bands of Celtic immigrants successively took

possession of Ireland in very early times. The original inhabitants of the island, probably non-Celtic, were pretty effectually wiped out by the Celtic invaders and have left no visible trace in the final make-up of the Irish character. The Irish were thus almost purely Celtic in origin, and so they have remained to the present day. There has been no later admixture of Saxon, Danish or Norman stock, as in the case of the English; nor of Roman, as in the case of the French. In Ireland, therefore, the racial characteristics of the Celt may be observed in their most native form.

What are the peculiar characteristics of the Celtic race? The typical Celt is a person of poetical temperament, often lacking in persistent devotion to a single aim and prone to dissension, frank, impulsive, easily impressed by new ideas, and of extreme sociability. As contrasted with the Saxon, the Celt is peculiarly susceptible to emotion. The Celt, if one may draw a rough line, is dominated by sentiment, the Saxon by reason. By this somewhat sweeping generalization, it is not meant that the Saxon has no feelings and the Celt no intel-



COMMODORE JOHN BARRY.

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lect. On the contrary, the typical Celt has a very wonderful intellectual alertness. But the emotions of the Celt are the controlling forces of his actions; the emotions of the Saxon are less strong and are pretty well in subjection to cold reason. Matthew Arnold has remarked that, if we were to characterize Celtic literature by a single word, "sentimental" is the word that we should choose.

The superior emotional susceptibility of the Celt constitutes at once the strength and the weakness of the race character. It has developed in the Celtic people the attractive qualities of frankness, generosity and loyalty, which are the peculiar charms of Celtic character; but it has made them impetuous and changeful, incapable too generally of long sustained effort and permanent political organization. This is not the harsh judgment of a hostile critic. It is the opinion of the Irish historian, Mr. A. G. Richey, as expressed in his scholarly "Lectures on Irish History." "The chief political characteristic of Celtic nations," declares Mr. Richey, "is a want of perseverance in exertion to attain a given end, and inability permanently to unite for any definite object." This is the secret of the failure of the Celtic race wherever it has come into conflict with the German or Saxon. The Saxon is strong in the



GENERAL RICHARD MONTGOMERY.



ANTHONY WAYNE.

solid elements of judgment, perseverance, love of order and discipline, in which the Celt is weak. "Yet it may fairly be contended," as Mr. Richey points out, "that the failure of the Celtic race is not so much attributable to the inferiority of their organization to other races as to the fact of their possessing, to a certain degree, a higher organization." Matthew Arnold acknowledges "the greater delicacy and spirituality of the Celtic peoples." But these finer emotional gifts are not the qualities that fit a people for successful competition in war or in business. The Celt may be a more highly organized type than the Saxon; he may be a more genial personality; but he lacks the sterner virtues that enable a race to survive.

The misfortunes of the Irish people began with the Norman conquest of England. Here was the beginning of all the later troubles between England and Ireland. The source of trouble was this: the conquest of England by the Normans was complete, while the conquest of Ireland was attempted, but never completed. The Norman conquest of England brought lasting benefits to the nation.



GENERAL JOHN SULLIVAN.

The Normans established order throughout the country, introduced a higher civilization, "gave spirit and purpose to a somewhat dull and aimless race, and in course of time melted down into the mass of the English people." In Ireland, however, the Normans failed to complete the work of conquest, partly because of the difficulty of carrying on military operations in the fastnesses of the native tribes, partly because of the fact that their energies were drawn away by the Crusades and the French wars. The result of this partial conquest of Ireland was a scattered settlement of a number of Norman adventurers, attracted by large grants of land. "They formed," says Mr. Goldwin Smith, "only a military colony, or rather a garrison, holding its ground against the natives with difficulty, and living in a state of border war. Thus at the commencement of the connec-

tion between England and Ireland, the foundation was inevitably laid for the fatal system of ascendancy, a system under which the dominant party were paid for their services in keeping down rebels by a monopoly of power and emolument, and thereby strongly tempted to take care that there should always be rebels to keep down."\* Thus instead of establishing unity and order, as in England, the Norman conquest introduced into Ireland an element of discord and disorder. The natives were filled with implacable hatred of the invaders from across the channel.

This was the first historical step in the estrangement of Ireland and England. For four centuries after the first partial conquest of Ireland, no systematic attempt was made by the English kings to reduce the island to more complete

subjugation. But when the house of Tudor came to the throne, at the end

\*Goldwin Smith, "Irish History and Irish Character," p. 56.



GENERAL JOHN STARK.

of the fifteenth century, a new period in Irish history began. The Tudors were determined to make the royal power absolute in every part of the realm. They set themselves, therefore, to the task of conquering Ireland and bringing the island under English law. The reign of Elizabeth was in Ireland one of incessant war—war of the most atrociously barbarous character. “The natives,” we are told, “fought like savages, as they still were, and the English emulated their savagery.” The struggle ended in the complete overthrow of the Irish chiefs, but it left the island a waste of blood and ashes.

The Tudor wars were embittered, furthermore, by a new cause of enmity between the English and the Irish—one destined to play thereafter a great part in the struggles of the two races. This was the religious difference, brought about by the acceptance of Protestantism by England, while Ireland remained Catholic. Under Elizabeth, Protestantism was finally established in England as the state religion, and efforts were made to effect a similar reformation in Ireland. But the Papacy and the great Catholic power of the Continent, Spain, interfered to prevent this. Ireland was lost to Protestantism. The church of the Irish people became stanchly Roman Catholic. Thus a religious division was added to the racial and political differences between the two countries. The failure of the Protestant reformation in Ireland left her allied to the Papacy and committed to lasting opposition to the Protestant church of England.

The Tudors had pacified Ireland. To guard against further rebellious



GENERAL GEORGE CLINTON.

outbreaks, James I undertook to colonize the island with loyal English subjects. The territories in



GENERAL HENRY KNOX.

Ulster, which had been forfeited by the rebel chiefs, were parcelled out among a lot of Scotch and English colonists, who settled among the natives to introduce English civilization. “They diffused civilization among the natives,” we are told, “much as an American settler would diffuse it among red Indians, by improving them, as far as they could, from off the face of the earth.” Many Irish proprietors were deprived of their lands

with no show of justice, in order to make grants to these “pioneers of civilization.” The confiscation of estate was carried on by a system. Persons called “Discoverers” made a living by spying out flaws in the titles of estates, so that they might be seized by the crown. It is hardly to be wondered at that the victims of this rascality gradually lost their respect for the “sacred rights” of property.

The colonization scheme failed to work the beneficent results in the way of regenerating and civilizing Ireland

which had been expected. The Irish Catholics seized the first opportunity to wreak vengeance on the Protestant settlers in Ulster. When the contest between Charles I and Parliament in England was approaching a crisis, the Irish Catholics rose in wild rebellion. A wholesale massacre of Protestants followed; a contemporary writer estimated the number of persons killed at forty or fifty thousand. Unspeakable atrocities were committed by both sides in the war that ensued. It was a "period of weltering confusion." Then came Cromwell and restored order by fire and sword, subduing the



CHARLES CARROLL.



JOHN HANCOCK.

country with terrible severity and slaughter. But the quiet was not long enduring. When James II, the last of the Stuarts, was driven from the English throne, the Irish naturally rallied to his support against the Protestant William of Orange. The short but fierce civil war that followed ended in the triumph of William.

Now, at last, Ireland was crushed, and remained prostrate for a century. The victorious Protestants, secure in their ascendancy, imposed on the Irish Catholics that series of odious laws known as the Penal or Persecuting Code. No Papist might possess a horse of the value of over five pounds sterling; no Papist might carry arms;

no Papist might dispose as he chose of his own property; no Papist might acquire any landed freehold; no Papist might practise any of the liberal professions; no Papist might educate his sons at home, neither might he send them to be educated abroad. Still worse than all this, the Persecuting Code aimed to set father against son, and brother against brother, by enacting that any member of a Catholic family, by turning Protestant, might dispossess the other members of their rights in the family estate. The object of these laws was to make life intolerable for the Catholics, and thus to force them to forsake their faith. But religion always thrives on persecution; and so it was in this case. The only lasting result of this unjust code was still further to embitter Catholic Ireland against Protestant England; still further to weaken the respect for English law among the people for whom it meant not protection but proscription.

To religious persecution was added, in the eighteenth century, another sort of oppression still more grievous to bear. This was the brutal tyranny of the landlords. Many of the landowners were Puritan settlers who had received their grants from Cromwell. But their Puritanism had not survived the first generation. A remark of one of these Cromwellian landowners about the native Irish is suggestive.

"I have eaten with them," said he, "drunk with them, played with them, fought with them; but I never prayed with them." The sufferings of the Roman Catholic peasantry under the tyranny of their landlords have been described by Arthur Young in his "Tour in Ireland." "A landlord in Ireland," he says, "can scarcely invent an order which a servant, laborer or cottar dares to refuse to execute. Nothing satisfies him but unlimited submission. Disrespect, or anything tending toward sauciness, he may punish with his cane or his horse whip, with the most perfect security. A poor man would have his bones broken, if he offered to lift his hand in his own defence. Knocking down is spoken of in the country in a manner that makes an Englishman stare."

The successful rebellion of the American colonies against England incited the Irish to strike for inde-

pendence. A company of volunteers was put into the field. England was in no position to quell the insurrection, and acceded to the demand for legislative independence. This was the Irish Revolution of 1782. Save for allegiance to the British crown, Ireland was now an independent nation. The Irish parliament was free; but it bartered its freedom for money. The English government controlled its votes by intrigue and bribery. The independence of Ireland was only nominal.

COMMODORE O. H. PERRY.

The sham independence achieved in 1782 lasted less than a score of years. The people were no better off than before; the country was in a state of unrest; it needed but little to start another popular rising. The great French revolution furnished the spark that kindled again the flames of rebellion. To dwell upon the atrocities of the Irish Reign of Terror that followed would be only revolting. It is sufficient to say that the rising of 1798 was the most sanguinary in the whole history of Ireland. After the rebellion had been put down, the great minister, William Pitt, resolved to make an end of the farcical Irish parliament and unite Ireland to England. The Act of Union was carried through the Irish parliament by liberal use of bribes, and went into effect in January, 1801.



COMMODORE MATTHEW C. PERRY.





JAMES BUCHANAN.



ANDREW JACKSON.

It is needless to say that this union with England is unsatisfactory to the masses of the Irish people. The political history of Ireland during the present century is a record of successive fruitless attempts to annul the union and establish a home government in Ireland. The English administration in Ireland has been marked since the union by greater moderation and wisdom than had characterized it during preceding centuries. The Catholics have been relieved of the political and social disabilities imposed on them by the Penal Code, and of the burden of an established Protestant church. But no English administration, however beneficent, will ever satisfy the Irish people. They demand a free government. English government in Ireland may be better than a home government would be—or it may not. But it is not a free government. A free government is one that is voluntarily chosen by the people who are subject to it. Until Ireland obtains such a government, England will still have an Irish question. No sane man would accuse the English nation of a deliberate intention to oppress or exterminate the Irish people. The purpose of England has been to establish order and promote civilization in Ireland. But her policy has been none the less fearfully mistaken. It has been marked

throughout by harshness and intolerance, at times by cruelty and violence.

Irish history throws a flood of light on Irish character. If the Irish people, as is charged against them, are in many cases idle and turbulent, their history furnishes an explanation. It is hardly to be expected that a people with such a history should possess all the virtues. An industrious, contented, deferential and law-abiding people is not produced by such a calamitous schooling as the Irish have received at English hands.

Little need be said, after the foregoing sketch of Irish history, about the reasons for Irish emigration. Political, social and economic causes have combined to drive the Irish in immense numbers to seek homes in other lands. The political quarrel with England, the persecution of the



JOHN C. CALHOUN.



ROBERT FULTON.

Catholics, and the poverty of the people, with the inevitable accompanying phenomenon of over-population, have brought about a wholesale emigration. When one considers the disastrous course of Irish history, the wonder is, not that so many people have left Ireland, but that so many have remained.

When did the Irish begin to come to America? The notion prevails pretty generally that the Irish took little part in the settlement of this country, that the original American stock was comparatively free from Celtic elements. This is quite mistaken. Large numbers of Irish came to America in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. In the year 1623, only three years after the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock, a company of five hundred and fifty Irish men and women were transported to New England by some British merchants. These early Irish colonists were delivered to the merchants who transported them by the governors of Cromwell's garrisons and by masters of workhouses in Ireland, upon orders from the English government. An Irish writer states that in four years 6,400 men and women were shipped to America by English merchants.

No complete account can be given of the Irish immigration during the colonial period, because the data are not obtainable. But a few scattered facts will indicate its extent. The first settlement known definitely to have been founded by the Irish was at Logan, Pennsylvania, in 1699. Londonderry, N. H., was settled in 1719. Pennsylvania received a very large proportion of the Irish immigration during the eighteenth century. During the year 1729, the immigrants into Pennsylvania were divided into different nationalities as follows: English and Welsh, 267; Scotch, 43; German, 243; Irish, 5,655. The Irish thus outnumbered all others ten to one. The Irish had become so numerous by this time, that the Protestant colonists began to feel uneasy. There was common fear, we are told, that the Irish would make themselves proprietors of the province,—and this in 1729. Mary-



SAMUEL F. B. MORSE.

land, too, evidently received large numbers of Irish emigrants at a very early date, for in 1708 an act was passed by the Protestant inhabitants imposing a "fine of 20 shillings per poll on Irish servants, to prevent the importing of too great a number of Irish Papists into the province." Two things may be said about this pre-revolutionary Irish immigration. It



GENERAL CHARLES FRANCIS MEAGHER.

was very extensive, and it was not localized. It poured into all the colonies from Massachusetts to Georgia. Thus, at the very outset, the American stock received a copious infusion of Celtic blood.

In what numbers have the Irish come to America? From 1820 to 1897,—previously to 1820 no official statistics were kept,—there came to this country, in round numbers, a grand total of eighteen and a half million immigrants. Of this number, 3,800,000 came from Ireland. This is rather more than three-fourths of the present population of Ireland, which in 1891 was only 4,700,000. Of the total number of immigrants more than one-fifth have come from Ireland. Other nationalities were represented as follows: Germany more than 25 per cent; England, 15 per cent; Norway and Sweden, 6 per cent; Italy, less than 4 per cent; France, less than 3 per cent.

Some comparison between the volume of Irish immigration and that of German immigration will be interesting, as Germany is the only nation that during this period outstripped

GENERAL PHILIP H.  
SHERIDAN.

Ireland in making contributions to America. In the first half of this century, Ireland sent us many more immigrants than Germany. Indeed, in the decade 1821-1830, the Irish immigrants outnumbered those of all other nationalities put together. But during the forties, the tide began to set in strongly from Germany, owing largely to the political disturbances in that country. The Irish immigration, too, was enormous during those years, for this was the time of the great potato famine in that country; consequently Ireland still kept the lead during this decade, 1841-1850, with a total of 780,000, against 435,000 for Germany. But in the next decade Germany for the first time forged ahead, with a total of 952,000 against 914,000 for Ireland; and Germany has held the lead ever since. In the decade 1881-1890, Germany sent us the enormous number of 1,453,000 immigrants, while the figure for Ireland was less than half as large—655,000. The falling off in the Irish immigration, as compared with the German, is strikingly



GENERAL GEORGE GORDON MEADE.



CARDINAL GIBBONS.

shown by the census returns of the foreign-born population in this country. In 1850 the Irish constituted over 42 per cent of the entire foreign-born population; in 1890, only 20 per cent. The German percentage increased meanwhile from 26 per cent to 30 per cent plus. The census of 1890 shows that the foreign born population in the United States represents about 15 per cent of the total population. Persons born in Ireland constitute only about 3 per cent; in Germany, 4½ per cent. That is, about fifteen persons in every hundred in this country are of foreign birth; of these, three are Irish born, and four or five German born. These statistics of the strictly foreign born, however, hardly give an adequate notion of the real size of the foreign population in the United States. The figures showing the percentage of persons of foreign parentage are more satisfactory for this purpose. In 1890 33 per cent of the population were found to be of foreign parentage—that is, either one parent or both parents having been born abroad; nearly 8 per cent were of

Irish, and nearly 11 per cent of German parentage.

Where do the Irish immigrants settle? This question can be answered easily. The great majority of the Irish settle in the cities, especially in the cities of the Atlantic seaboard. Over one-fourth of the total Irish population is found in the four cities, New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Chicago. The states of Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania contain the bulk of all the Irish in the United States, for these states have the great coast cities and manufacturing centres. That the Irish population should be found concentrated in the cities is not surprising. The explanation is simple enough. In the first place, the early comers stopped on the seaboard because they were without the means to get further into the country. They had neither money, skill nor knowledge. The government gave them no aid. Only here and there a voice was raised against the let-alone policy which allowed the stream of immigration to stagnate in the coast towns. The Irish were fitted by their home training for little besides agricultural work. They

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DR. JOHN HALL.

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LAWRENCE BARRETT.



DION BOUCICAULT.

should have been assisted, therefore, to make their way further west and take up land. Such a policy would have prevented the undesirable concentration of the Irish in the cities. In the next place, the Irish remained in the cities because unskilled labor was in demand there. In manufacturing, in building, in street paving, in teaming, and in many other lines of employment there was plenty of work for even the least skilled immigrant. If a man was strong enough to carry a hod, he was in demand. Again, when the Irish had once settled in the cities in large

numbers, it was natural for the later immigrants to take the same course. They stopped in the cities because their countrymen were already there. The tide having once set toward the cities, it thus went on increasing. The tendency to colonize in one locality, noticeable in the case of all immigrants, appears particularly strong in the Irish. The clannishness of the Celtic race is proverbial. Other race traits also, such as sociability and love of excitement, are doubtless partly responsible for the Irish preference for city life. This habit of city life having once become established has persisted even when the Irish have moved westward. The Irish who go West settle in the cities, not in the country. Pittsburg, Chicago, Omaha and San Francisco have all become great Irish centres.

It may be noted in passing that the influence of city life on the Irish may be traced in the statistics of pauperism and crime. The average of pauperism and crime among the Irish exceeds that of all the other nationalities.\* In 1890, out of a total of 3,333 paupers in the United States, having both parents of foreign birth and of the same nationality, 1,806 were

\* See H. C. Merwin, "The Irish in American Life," *Atlantic Monthly*, Vol. 77, p. 289.



PATRICK A. COLLINS.



JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.



LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

Irish; only 916 were German. Out of 11,327 white prisoners of foreign parentage, the Irish had 7,935; the Germans 1,709. Unquestionably the influence of a bad city environment—over-crowding, filth, immorality and drunkenness—has much to do with these high averages. Of course there are other factors at work also. Such, for example, are the impetuosity of the Celtic temperament, the lack of respect for law resulting from centuries of injustice and oppression, and the low economic condition of the mass of the Irish people, supporting themselves, as many of them do, precariously by unskilled labor. But city environment is a chief factor here.

What occupations have the Irish immigrants preferred? The census for 1890 shows that the Irish population is distributed among the various occupations as follows: Agriculture, fisheries and mining, 15½ per cent; professional service, 1.6 per cent; domestic and personal service, 42 per cent; trade and transportation, 15 per cent; manufactures, 25 per cent. The proportion of the Irish engaged in domestic and personal service is strikingly large; not far from one-half are

in agriculture; and more than one-third in manufactures.



JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

in this occupation. The percentage for agriculture on the other hand is exceedingly small; less than one-sixth of the Irish are on the land. In manufactures they are pretty well represented with one-fourth. Comparing the Germans with the Irish at these points, we find that only about one-fifth of the former are engaged in domestic and personal service; more than one-fourth

The small proportion of Irish engaged in agriculture and the large proportion in domestic service are the natural results of concentration in the cities. When it is borne in mind further that these figures for occupations include women as well as men, the reason for the preponderance of Irish in domestic service is quite clear. The personnel of



JOHN D. CRIMMINS.

President of the American-Irish Historical Society.



THE MONUMENT TO COLONEL THOMAS CASS, BOSTON.

the kitchen, at least in the East, is overwhelmingly Celtic.

In an article on "The Irish in American Life," published in *The Atlantic Monthly* a few years ago, Mr. Henry Childs Merwin has brought together, among other things, some suggestive facts and ingenious observations regarding the occupations of the American Irish. Mr. Merwin is of the opinion that it is the Irishman's extreme sociability which above all influences his choice of occupation. He asserts that the Irish prefer and succeed best in occupations where a man can be lively and move about—especially where he can have to do with horses. Blacksmiths, stable keepers and hack drivers, he asserts, are pretty generally Irish. The large number of Irish in the retail liquor

business is explained by this writer as the result of Celtic sociability. The Irishman becomes a saloon keeper because this gives his social instincts rare opportunities for satisfaction. Of 526 names of persons who sell liquor at retail, as published in the Boston directory, 317 are unmistakably Irish, according to Mr. Merwin's count. I wonder that it did not occur to Mr. Merwin to cite the preponderance of the Irish in the baseball profession as further illustration of his "be social and move about" theory. Of 110 names of players, as published in the national league scores one day recently, 53 were unmistakably Irish.

Doubtless race characteristics have much to do with an Irishman's choice of occupation. His fondness for service in the fire and police departments

is very likely the result of the love of excitement and danger that has always characterized the Celt. But necessity has had more to do with shaping the industrial career of the Irish than sociability or any other trait of race. The Irish immigrant is not, as a rule, fitted for the skilled trades; so he has to turn to odd occupations —to hack driving, saloon keeping, and what not. Here he has the advantage over other foreigners, that he knows the language. So it has come about that he has been able well-nigh to monopolize many of the miscellaneous callings that are created by city life.

This country has received a great addition to its labor force through Irish immigration; and it is a labor force that has been pretty industriously applied. Whatever they may be at home, the Irish are not idle in this country. They have done sturdy service in developing the material resources of the continent. They have performed the severest manual labor, not merely in the towns, but all over the land. They have built roads, laid rails, worked mines and run factories. They have been the hewers of wood, the drawers of water, and the carriers of brick. They have toiled hard, but, what is best, they have toiled cheerfully, making light of heavy tasks. One thinks of the Irishman who was employed by a contractor as hod carrier. Meeting a countryman on the street the next day, he announced that he had found a job where he earned a dollar a day and had nothing at all to do. "I carry a load of brick up five stories to the top of the building," he explained, "and there's a fellow up there who does all the work."

In the military history of America the Irish have borne a prominent and honorable part. The belligerency of the Celt has stood this country in good stead. Indeed, Irish exiles have fought with distinguished bravery in the armies of many nations. France, Austria, Russia and Spain have had the services of Irish officers and Irish

soldiers. The Irish entered upon the struggle for American independence with peculiar ardor, for the enemy was England. In an interesting work on "The American Irish," Mr. P. H. Baggenal writes: "As to the actual number of Irishmen who fought in American ranks we find remarkable independent historical evidence in a curious volume published in London in 1785, the title-page of which professes to be 'The Evidence as given before a Committee of the House of Commons on the Detail and Conduct of the American War.' . . . No less important a personage than Edmund Burke sat on the committee; and this celebrated Irishman, in examining a



W. W. CORCORAN.

Major-General Robertson, who had served in the army in America for twenty-four years, elicited a curious and interesting fact. 'How,' asked Burke, 'are the provincial (American) corps composed: are they mostly American or emigrants from various nations of Europe?' The answer was, 'General Lee informed me that half the rebel Continental Army were from Ireland!'"

The roll of Irish names among the officers of the Revolutionary Army is a long one. The Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, a famous Irish society of

Philadelphia, alone furnished a half dozen generals, among the number "Mad Anthony" Wayne of Stony Point fame; John Barry, the first commodore of the American navy, was also one of the Friendly Sons. This patriotic society not only gave men, but also subscribed money liberally for the support of the American cause. Other Irishmen prominent in the Revolutionary Army were General Richard Montgomery, who fell at Quebec; General John Sullivan, who in 1774 seized the military stores in Portsmouth Harbor, and rendered brilliant service afterwards; General George Clinton of New York, General Henry Knox of Massachusetts, and General John Stark, the hero of Bennington. Ireland furnished also, besides officers and men for the army, some of the statesmen of this period. Nine of the signers of the Declaration of Independence were of Irish birth or parentage. The great "first signer," John Hancock, was of Irish descent, his ancestors having come from Down County, Ireland.

In the war of 1812, Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry, who "met the enemy" on Lake Erie, came of North of Ireland stock. Zachary Taylor, the hero of the Mexican War, was probably of Irish origin.\* In the civil war large numbers of Irish enlisted on both sides. Many northern regiments were overwhelmingly Irish in composition. The Ninth Massachusetts Volunteers and the Twenty-eighth Massachusetts were so distinctly Irish that they were permitted by the state to carry the Irish flag beside the stars and stripes. The most picturesque force, in many respects,

that served during the war was the Irish Brigade of New York, organized and led by General Charles Francis Meagher. The most brilliant leader of troops that the war produced, General Philip Henry Sheridan, was a pure-blooded Irishman. General George Gordon Meade was also of Irish descent; his grandfather was one of the original members of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick of Philadelphia.

Reference should be made in this connection to the men of Irish stock who have been prominent in other fields. Several presidents of the United States have come of Irish ancestry. Andrew Jackson was the son of a North of Ireland farmer, who came over in 1765. James Buchanan also was the son of an Irish emigrant. The grandparents of James K. Polk were born in Ireland. Claims of Irish descent have been made in the cases of Taylor, Johnson, Arthur and Cleveland.\* The great champion of states rights, John C. Calhoun, was Irish on both sides of the family line; his grandfather came over from Donegal, Ireland, in 1733. In Massachusetts, Governor James Sullivan, brother of General John Sullivan of New Hampshire, was of pure Irish lineage.

Among the many names of persons of Irish origin who have achieved national prominence in various fields of activity should be mentioned those of the distinguished journalist, Horace Greeley; the great inventors, Robert Fulton, Cyrus H. McCormick and Samuel F. B. Morse; the celebrated surgeon, D. Haynes Agnew; and the eminent botanist, Asa Gray. The late Dr. John Hall, pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York City, was born in Ireland. Archbishop Ireland, who has done noble work in the cause of charity and of temperance, is of Irish birth. Cardinal Gibbons, whose sympathetic and tolerant character

\* See Samuel Swett Green, "The Scotch-Irish in America," a paper read before the American Antiquarian Society, April 24, 1895. I have preferred, however, not to use the somewhat dubious term, Scotch-Irish. The published volumes of Proceedings and Addresses of the Congresses of the Scotch-Irish Society contain much material relating to the history of the Irish in America. The publications of the new American-Irish Historical Society will doubtless prove valuable in this connection. This society was founded in January, 1897. It is organized "for the special study of the Irish element in the composition of the American people; to investigate and record the influence of this element in the upbuilding of the nation; and to collect and publish facts relating to and illustrating that influence."

\* Douglas Campbell, "The Puritan in Holland, England and America," vol. II, p. 493.

has won him a large place in the affections of the American people, is of Irish parentage, but was born in this country. In the field of literature the Irish are represented by Louise Imogen Guiney, James Whitcomb Riley, Finley P. Dunne and James Jeffrey Roche. The great actors, Dion Boucicault and Lawrence Barrett, were of Irish descent. This list of notable Irishmen—a few names merely representative of many—may fitly close with that of the poet-journalist, John Boyle O'Reilly. As a journalist, Mr. O'Reilly was brilliant and courageous; he conducted the *Boston Pilot* for many years with eminent success. As a poet, he was gifted with the rare emotional susceptibility and spiritual delicacy of the Celt. As a man, he was distinguished for his independence, his chivalry, his humanity, his interest in all that makes for strong manhood and good citizenship. This splendid man was the best gift of Ireland to America.

What, now, of the political influence of the Irish? It is notorious that the Irish have long played a leading rôle in American politics. The Celt has an untrammelled nature, in which is implanted a vehement love of freedom. He has been deprived of political independence at home; he therefore seizes all the more eagerly the privileges of American citizenship. That the political power of the Irish in America is enormous is a fact too well known to require demonstration or illustration. Their influence in politics is out of all proportion to their actual number. Why is this? In the first place, they are concentrated in the cities; their vote is not scattered. Moreover, the vote of the entire foreign population in the cities is, as a rule, under Irish control. To control the foreign vote is to control the city; and in a close election this may mean to control the vote of the state or of the nation. Again, the Irish nearly all go to the polls; their vote is always cast to its full strength. This is not true of the native vote.

Then, too, the proportion of adults is greater among the Irish and the rest of the immigrant population than among the native born; their voting quota is larger. Finally, the Irish vote is always cast solid. The Irish have been in the main adherents of a single political party, the Democratic, from the beginning of the century down to the present time. The reason for this steadfast allegiance is that the Democratic party, as well as its predecessor, the old Jeffersonian Republican party, has stood for a liberal immigration and naturalization policy, while the Republican party, as well as the Whig and Federalist parties, from which it is lineally descended, has favored a more stringent policy toward foreigners. The lines were drawn on this question as early as 1799, when the alien laws were passed by the Federalists. These laws raised the term of residence required for naturalization from five to fourteen years, and empowered the president to arrest and send out of the country any foreigner whom he might regard as dangerous. The Jefferson Republicans declared opposition to these foolish laws, and won the presidential election of 1800 largely on this issue. This action won for the party the allegiance of the foreign element. The Irish have stood fast to this party ever since. "One of the Celtic characteristics," an Irish writer remarks, "is extraordinary fidelity to what he believes to be his party. 'Spend me, but defend me,' was of old his motto. And the Democratic party took him at his word."\*

It is in municipal politics, as one would naturally expect, that the Irish exercise the greatest influence. In state and national politics they play a far less conspicuous rôle. This is strikingly illustrated by the proportion of Irish representatives in the legislative bodies of the city, the state and the nation. These are the figures: In the City Council and Board of Aldermen of the city of Boston in

\* P. H. Bagenal, "The American Irish," p. 46.

1897, out of 87 names, 40 are Irish; in the Massachusetts Senate and House, out of 280 names, 57 are Irish; in the national Congress, out of 446 names, 55 are Irish. That is, in the city legislature of Boston, more than 40 per cent of the members are Irish; in the state legislature 20 per cent, and in the national legislature 12 per cent.

As to the character of the Irish influence in American politics, it has been pronounced bad by every impartial and competent critic whose opinion has come to my notice. The general verdict is that Irish ascendancy has not, as a rule, meant honest and efficient administration. Why should this be so? Chiefly because the average Irish politician has a viciously mistaken idea of the nature of public office. There are two false notions which have wrought vast evil in American politics. The first is the notion of public office as a sort of business opening to be exploited for private gain, not an opportunity for useful social service. A position in the public service is spoken of variously as "a fat plum," "an easy berth," "a soft snap." It brings a salary, but imposes no responsibilities. The second notion is a false conception of equality, which proclaims one man as good as another and as fit to administer any trust in the gift of the people; therefore rotation in office should be the rule in a democracy. It is these two evil forces that have debauched the public service in America. These vicious notions are the tap-root of Irish misgovernment in American cities. This conclusion is practically the same as that stated by Mr. Merwin in the article to which I have already referred. He attributes the political laxity of the Irish to "the fact that for centuries the Irish in Ireland have been educated to a false conception of government. The government has commonly stood to them in place of an oppressor, or at least as something out of which as much as possible

should be got, and to which nothing was due. The Irish have not yet realized the American ideas that the people are themselves the government, and that he who holds office is administering a trust for the whole people, of whom he himself is part." In indorsing this statement, I do not need to be reminded of the many noble exceptions to it; but the true friends of America and of Irish-Americans will not seek to weaken its salutary force. Better conditions are to come through its frank recognition.

There have been two organized movements during the last fifty years in opposition to the political influence of the foreign-born population. The first was led by the "Know-Nothing" party in the middle of the century; the second by the American Protective Association of the present day. In each case the assault has been directed against the Roman Catholic Irish. Professor J. B. McMaster has well said of such parties: "They are wholly foreign. They belong to the days of the Inquisition, the Star Chamber, the Bastile, and the poisoned flower—not to the end of the nineteenth century in America."\* Such methods will not solve the political difficulties connected with our foreign population. The solution must be sought along the way of political education, not along that of disfranchisement and persecution.

When, finally, the question is raised, What then has Ireland contributed to American civilization? the answer will read about as follows: On the one hand, the political influence of the Irish has not been fortunate for the common weal; but in the future the danger from this source may be expected to diminish rather than to increase. Immigration will doubtless continue to fall off; those who are here will become politically acclimated; a higher standard of civic honesty and civic duty will be set and

\* J. B. McMaster, *The Riotous Career of the Know-Nothings*, *Forum*, July, 1894.

enforced by an educated public opinion; the cure will work itself out here in time. The contributions of the Irish to the higher arts of civilization in this country, it must be frankly stated, have been comparatively few and small. For American literature, music, painting and architecture Ireland has done very little. On the other hand, the Irish have done important service in aiding the economic development of the country. They have performed the heavy work in laying the material foundations for national greatness. But above all, the coming of the Irish has enriched and enlivened the national character by a liberal infusion of the warm

blood of the Celt. The mixture of Saxon and Celtic elements in the American stock has developed a new race, stronger by far than either of the component races. It has been well said by Mr. Goldwin Smith that "the endowments of the Celt supplement those of the Saxon." "What the Saxon wants in liveliness, grace and warmth, the Celt can supply; what the Celt lacks in firmness, judgment, perseverance and the more solid elements of character, the Saxon can afford. The two races blended together may well be expected to produce a great and gifted nation."\*

\* Goldwin Smith, "Irish History," etc., p. 14.



## THE FIRST NEWS.

*By Frank Walcott Hutt.*

THE willows whispered to the maplewood  
In secrecy a hint of health and hue;  
And in a night the glens and all their crew,  
Roused by a rumor, smiled and understood.

The swamp-folk nodded each to each; the brooks  
Prattled incessantly their bit of news;  
The bracken roots beneath the frozen dews  
Stirred with a knowledge never found in books.

Unknown to all the legions of the cold,  
The silent chiefs of clans in knoll and dell  
Sped the brave tidings on through wood and fell,  
And freed the tiny people of the wold.

There was an unseen going to and fro,  
An unconsidered rising far and near,  
Hid by the friendly leaves of yesteryear,  
Deep down beneath the sleeping hosts of snow.

## THE HEART OF A RED MAN.

*By Esther Talbot Kingsmill.*

**J**OSS-A-KEED was the only son of Big Chief Keneu of a tribe of the southern Algonquin Indians whose wigwams were dotted along the north shore of the St. Lawrence River between Montreal and Quebec. It was in the early days of the century and the influx of white men from the land beyond the sea had driven the North American native into the west country, Keneu and his tribe being the last red men to remain on the old camping ground.

Joss-a-keed was a tall straight young warrior, fleet of foot and strong of courage, and when it came to the matter of a bow of ash-wood and an arrow with jasper head, you could not have found a red man's son from Huron's blue waters to Labrador who could match him.

Wenohan, his mother, had borne the Big Chief six black-haired daughters before the advent of Joss-a-keed. That was why, on that sacred birth morning, the chief's heart was glad and he whispered into the ear of the Jesuit missionary, "The God of your country is also the God of the red man. The great Mother of the pale-face is also the great Mother of the red man, for together they have blessed Keneu in sending him a son. He is the son of his father, Keneu the Algonquin, even though the cursed blood of the Iroquois of Onondaga be in his mother's veins—and we shall give him for name Joss-a-keed (Prophet) because he shall be the greatest of his father's blood. The God of the white man be praised!" and he threw his hands up wildly, his great frame quivered and the bright waving plumes in his head swayed to and fro as though tossed by a heavy gale; then he uttered a loud cry of thanksgiving which was taken up by a score of red men along the river

bank. The flames of the camp fire shot up into the darkness and cast an even redder glow over the thickly painted faces. A great pow-wow followed when the fire grew brighter and the voices louder, the whoop of the Algonquin ringing out through the pine-scented air to be answered only by the moan of the wind in the hemlocks and the good-night cry of the whip-poor-will.

But all this was many years ago, and Joss-a-keed the young Indian prophet was now a stalwart boy of some sixteen years. "He was the youngest papoose ever to shoot the rapids," said Wenohan proudly. "The skins of the bears that fell by his hand are many," cried the old chief. "He is the bravest in the woods," continued Wenohan.

"The very fish fear him," said the chief.  
"He shall be the mightiest red man—the leader of all the forests," continued Wenohan.

"Not so," cried Keneu angrily, "he must be more. Is he not Joss-a-keed—Joss-a-keed, the prophet? I will give him book learning as Father Damien has. He shall be the first Indian of America." Then the old squaw's eyes fired. "Would you have him as the paleface, as the weakling? The white priest has been hissing into your ear;" and the old woman's expression was one to make the strongest tremble. Keneu turned and looked at her kindly. Was she not the mother of Joss-a-keed and had she not been his little menemoo-sha in the old days?

"I would have him as the paleface," he answered, "I would have him as they who sail from distant lands in their great flying white-winged canoe. They must see that Joss-a-keed can do more than ford

rivers and kill the great bear. Father Damien has told me how this can be done."

Wenohan turned on him fiercely. "May the spirit of 'Gitche-Manito' haunt you," she cried. "Joss-a-keed is the son of Wenohan; I will have him as the red man or slay him!" Then for the first time an angry light came into the great chief's eyes and he uttered some strange words into the woman's ear and subdued her.

Joss-a-keed was a bright boy and absorbed knowledge rapidly. His mental brilliancy was equal to his physical strength and he grasped ideas even more quickly than Father Damien could put them forth. The little white-haired priest gave him instruction each day in the language of the great white people. Sometimes it was in the boy's birch canoe, sometimes outside the wigwam on the summer evenings, and again while the arrows flew thick and fast into the clear air; for the good little Jesuit possessed the insight of the generations which were to follow, that of imparting knowledge through sense impression.

"Joss-a-keed is a great creature," the old chief would cry fondly; "soon he will go to the wigwams of the white man and return to us as a great spirit."

"Jee-bi protect us!" cried the old squaw, shaking her black head. "May he not go to the wigwams of the pale-face and forget Keneu, his red father, and Wenohan, his red mother. May he not forget the wigwams of his sisters, or may the great Naked Bear destroy his offspring. May he not forget the forest of his youth, the ahdeek and the thunder and the ewa-yea that Wenohan, his mother, sang to him in his papoose days." The old squaw turned away to hide her emotion.

"Osseo!" cried the chief, and again he shook his head so that the scarlet plumes waved mightily. "Osseo! Was he not born in the Moon of Falling Leaves, and did not Shawonda, the south wind, bless him? Fear not,

Wenohan, he will be a mighty man." And as the old chief spoke the south wind swept gently past and the whip-poor-will cried aloud and the rapids seemed to take up the cry, all for Joss-a-keed, the young prophet, who appeared shortly with a red bear slung over his shoulder as though it were a rabbit, so strong of muscle and large of bone was he.

It was in the autumn, creeping on towards the Moon of Snow Shoes, that Joss-a-keed, under the priest's protection, started for the little college town. The night before a great pow-wow had been held in his honor. The friendly tribes from the south and east assembled around the fire and unburdened themselves of their gifts of freshly killed animals, laying them before the chief whose son was going to the white city to become as a great spirit and return to the wigwams of his birth to banish the Destroyer. Kwasind, the strong man, danced a weird war dance, accompanied by unearthly yells of delight, while the firelight grew brighter and brighter and revealed good feeling on every face.

The following morning at daybreak Father Damien and the boy slipped into their birch canoe, while a row of young Indians on the shore drew their bows and simultaneously a score of arrows flew up into the morning air as the small craft shot over the shallow water. Such was the salute of the Algonquin. At the turn of the river a dark-eyed young squaw appeared, sitting erect in her canoe; she paddled across Joss-a-keed's bow and dropped her eyes in the purest modesty. "Good by," she said softly, "do not forget little Ome-me; do not forget the shaw-shah, long ago, when we played with the kee-go and listened for the Owaissa in the Moon of Bright Nights." She drifted away and then, dipping her paddle, gave one mighty stroke which carried her to the shore.

"I shall not forget little Ome-me," cried Joss-a-keed sadly, and he glanced back, but they had turned a

curve in the river and the girl was lost to view.

Now Father Damien, who had very greatly influenced the chief to bring about this state of affairs, had some months back negotiated with a trader for the purchase of skins from Keneu, for the good little priest well knew that even in those pioneer days one could not live while absorbing knowledge without some small capital. And so as they glided noiselessly over the water, the little Jesuit turned things over in his mind and decided how best to spin out his small funds to the best advantage for his beloved *protégé*. It was the following morning that they reached their destination, and having drawn up their canoe, Father Damien turned to the boy.

"To the raiment-makers we go," he said, smiling.

"But I have raiment," answered Joss-a-keed glancing down at his doe-skin leggings with their fringed sides.

"But you must dress as the white man," said the priest.

"I am not ashamed," answered Joss-a-keed quickly; "why dress as the paleface when I cannot be as the paleface?" The little priest did not answer for a moment; he was thinking of the innate sincerity of the savage and he repeated in his heart the lad's words: "I cannot be as the paleface, so why dress as the paleface?" Oh, might the Holy Father of all forgive him if he did wrong in bringing this child of nature from surroundings of truth and beauty into the foul air of civilization and hypocrisy! But surely, surely the end in view was holy—heaven-inspired. Would not the boy carry the truth of the Gospel into the hunting ground of his forefathers?

"Yes, Joss-a-keed," he said presently, "you must dress as the white man while you are with them. You will understand later; do so now to please me;" and he led the boy into Marquette's, the trading shop.

The years of training which the priest had given his *protégé* now be-

gan to bear fruit. The young Indian evinced great interest in his studies and gradually acquired the customs of his college to such a degree as to bring delight to the heart of the little Jesuit. For some weeks they lived together, and then, seeing that the Indian's self-confidence was well established, the priest took a step further.

"I must now leave you for a time, Joss-a-keed," he said one morning; "I must return to your people. I must tell Chief Keneu of his son's safety. I must take up my work with renewed vigor and thankfulness of heart."

"And I?" asked the boy, open-eyed.

"I have found a quiet home for you close to the college. You have learned something of the ways and customs of my people, and, Joss-a-keed, you must try to understand, you must be to them as I have tried to be to your people." The boy placed his hands on the priest's shoulders and looked down at him from his great height. "I understand, Father. Go back to my people. I will remember that you are with Keneu, my father, and Wenohan, my mother. I will be as you say, and come soon again to see if a red man can keep his word."

The home which Father Damien had selected for Joss-a-keed was the rose-covered cottage of Madame Natouche, a widow. The cottage stood in the midst of the fairest garden of hollyhocks and sweet-william. A row of purple hills was beyond the corn fields, and in the tall trees the little priest knew that the boy could hear again the "wawonaissa" of his childhood, and its voice in the twilight would spur him on to greater things.

It was after much labor that the priest had persuaded Madame Natouche to receive the young Indian. She had a vague dread that the blood of his ancestors would rise up within him and perchance, on some lonely night, he would slaughter them all.

"But can you not trust me?" Father Damien had said.

"I trust you, *mon père*, but never-

theless I shall, each night, say the prayers for the dead. I trust you, but, *oh mon Dieu*, can you speak for the savage heart?" she cried quickly.

"No, my child, but I can speak for the great, good heart such as Joss-a-keed has. I can speak for the sincere and honest hearts of his tribe. Would to God I could say the same for my civilized children. My one prayer night and day is that Joss-a-keed may always preserve his manly uprightness. Ah, madame, it is sad to say, but I fear lest he learn the trickeries of the people among whom I have thrust him. If he does, the guilt will be mine, *mon Dieu*, the guilt will be mine;" and he bowed his white head on his breast.

"I shall do my share to protect him," said the French woman quickly, and there was a tremor in her voice. "Send him to me. Afterwards we must leave him to the Holy Mother."

"He shall have our prayers night and day," said the little priest; "and think of the power for good he will be when he returns to his own people with the truth of God in his heart and on his lips. Ah, madame, he will do more than many scores of missionaries, for it is one's blood that influences most, though we may not know it."

"God helping me, I shall do as you wish, Father," said the woman. "Gustave and Marie can help him with his studies."

"Gustave can help him," said the priest gravely, "but Marie would only hinder him. Keep them apart."

And so it came to pass that Joss-a-keed, the Indian, he who could slay the fiercest animals in the North American woods; he of whom every beast and red man stood in awe; he whose eye was sharpest, whose arm was strongest and whose arrows shot the highest and pierced the deadliest; he, Joss-a-keed, son of the great red chief of the Algonquins, entered the widow's cottage with trembling heart and a strange sense of fear at the thought of facing two weak women

and one slim lad, all of whom he could have crushed in the hollow of his hand.

For the first week they left him entirely to himself; and had you listened each night, you might have heard great bolts moving in the neighborhood of two small rooms and later, as the night advanced, lumbering furniture barricaded across the doors. Foolish people, had they but known the uselessness of such precaution,—for had the young Indian desired to slay them, what could have resisted Joss-a-keed's iron arms? Such, however, is the natural suspicion and distrustfulness of the enlightened! Joss-a-keed lay sleeping as an infant, oblivious of everything, trusting every one; even his few copper coins, which he valued as gold, lying carelessly spread over his small table. For did not his good, kind friends, with smiles upon their faces, occupy the adjoining rooms; so why fear? Such is the trustfulness of the savage. Well might Father Damien have fears of the pure heart of Joss-a-keed becoming contaminated by intercourse with civilization!

\* \* \* \*

"Is it not queer to see no stars above your head at night—in bed?" said Marie as they all sat together in the cottage sitting room. Joss-a-keed was leaning over a small table trying to read by the light of two tallow candles. He flashed his eyes resentfully at the girl.

"We are not as the beasts. We sleep in wigwams."

"Oh, yes, I forgot,"—and the girl laughed softly.

"She is foolish," said the mother, looking up from her knitting. "Do not heed her. To me it would be much more pleasant to sleep in a tent these warm autumn evenings; walls are so thick." Joss-a-keed did not answer, but gave the woman a grateful look.

"You must be very tall," went on Marie presently. "You stoop every time you go through our doors."

The Indian smiled. "There is a notch on a birch tree at the wigwam door where I stood the night before I left home. Ome-me herself climbed up and marked it. I was the tallest man in the camp."

"Who is Ome-me?" said Marie quickly.

She is the daughter of Iagoo. Her mother was a Huron from Manitoulin, and long ago they were going to scalp her because our people were at war with her people. But they did not kill her, and I am glad."

"Does Ome-me live near you now?" said Marie softly.

"Not far; on the banks of the upper Ottawa."

"That must be more than a mile," said Marie innocently.

"More than a hundred miles," said Joss-a-keed; "but that is not far. One could run halfway in the summer time and in the winter there are the snow shoes."

\* \* \* \*

As a student the young Indian accomplished more than even the most sanguine dreams of his Jesuit teachers, and at the close of the first year it was unanimously urged that at the expiration of his present college course he should be sent over the great sea water, even to old France itself, and become a learned medicine man.

When the college closed for the summer months, Joss-a-keed hurried at once to his cottage home, changed his wearing apparel and appeared shortly in his beloved doeskins. He brought madame's heart into her mouth as he rushed into the garden, took both her hands in his and shook them warmly, and then with an unearthly shout of delight ran to the river, slipped into his canoe and paddled away to the wigwams of his forefathers.

And so the seasons slipped away from Moon of Nights to Moon of Snow Shoes and Peboam. And each spring the bluebird sang aloud as

Joss-a-keed floated home to his people and Ome-me, the beautiful daughter of the Huron mother, waited for him at the river bend and led him with shining eyes to the old chief.

It was on the morning before his last trip to the college town. The heart of Wenohan, his mother, was very sad, for she was growing old and the long winter to come was sad to think of without Joss-a-keed, her only son; for the heart of the Indian mother is filled with the purest love. "Soon I will have no son," she said sadly. "Soon I will go away to the great hereafter, to the land of Pomenal, and Joss-a-keed will forget his red mother and the eaw-wea she sang to him in his papoose days. Oh, Jee-bi, it is hard!"

"Not so," cried Joss-a-keed aloud. "Soon I will be with you always. Soon I will come and tell you of the great Meda who lives in the Pomenal and His Holy Mother who bore Him and nursed Him when he was a papoose as your Joss-a-keed once was. He whom Father Damien tells us of—I will tell you still more. You will wait for me, Wenohan, mother?" He embraced her lovingly, and the old squaw's heart grew happy again as she saw him spring into his birch canoe and then smile back at her from mid-river. Below the rapids Ome-me awaited him as of old, but this time her bright eyes were filled with sadness and there was a curve of sorrow playing about her full red lips.

"Good by, Ome-me, little playmate," he cried, waving his paddle.

"Good by, Joss-a-keed," she answered plaintively, allowing her canoe to glide beside his. "Once," she continued, "when you left us, you would draw your canoe up on the sands and sit beside Ome-me. Now you glide by and call to her across the waters."

"I grow older; I must hurry more," said Joss-a-keed gravely.

"Ah, it is more," said the girl sadly. "There is some paleface in yonder city, and you have forgotten little Ome-me." Then without another

word, she turned her canoe and drifted away from him.

The Great Spirit had whispered aright into Ome-me's ear. Joss-a-keed had indeed forgotten the little Indian girl who had loved him since childhood, who had waited with beating heart at the river bend during the years which had transformed her from a wild child into a beautiful clear-eyed young squaw. It was Marie who filled the young Algonquin's heart; the little pale faced, coy, playful Marie, the little cunning, thoughtless, heartless Marie! Had ever such beauty existed before? Was ever maiden so bewilderingly sweet? He compared her to the glory of a summer morning when the birds are awakening, and again to the summer evening when the sun is red behind the pine trees and the whip-poor-will is singing a good night hymn, and yet again to the owaissa and the playful antelope. So he mused and dreamed of her by night, seeing visions of that future which she should make for him. He whispered of her beauty to Father Damien, but the good little priest only shook his head and spoke of his studies and, very guardedly, of the unworthiness of Marie.

The little French girl was waiting for Joss-a-keed at the garden gate on the very evening of the day he had waved farewell to the broken-hearted Ome-me. She wore her trimmest frock of white, a string of corals for necklace, and a showy ring, knowing well the Indian inborn love of gewgaws. Joss-a-keed trembled as he approached her. Could anything be more beautiful than the picture she made, standing there in the Indian summer twilight with the golden glow from the west shining on her face and twinkling in her laughing eyes? So he asked himself. Ah, yes, Joss-a-keed, a picture far more beautiful was that of a slim young girl sitting erect in her birch canoe, her black locks falling in nature's freedom over her straight back, her two bright eyes pure as God's stars above and a smile of in-

nocent love upon her face. A far more beautiful picture, Joss-a-keed, with the rippling waters about her and the swaying hemlocks behind her, and the owaissa singing above her head.

Marie stretched out a little hand as he drew near.

"Back again! I am so glad to see my Algonquin."

"And why?" he asked, still trembling.

"Because it is so good to see you. You are so tall and straight and brave looking."

"That you might say about the animals of my forests; is it all, Marie?" She laughed softly, this daughter of New France with all the old France coyness about her.

"It is all, except Paul and Gustave and Pierre are so small and weak, they cannot surely be men if—if you are a man." He smiled as she led him through the garden, chattering by the way.

"They tease me about the 'warrior,' as they call you; and do you know what I tell them?"

"I could not think."

"I say, yes, you call him warrior because you are afraid of him. You know he could take you all in one hand and break your bones like macaroni."

Joss-a-keed laughed as Father Damien joined them. "Yes," said the little priest with a twinkle in his eye, "and figuratively speaking, break their bones like macaroni about examination time. Ah, Joss-a-keed, what a good *protégé* God has made of you—or rather helped you to make of yourself."

"I am glad you think so," the young Indian answered; "and I hope I may not disappoint you this time."

"I am not afraid," said the priest with a tone of assurance.

"Who is afraid?" cried Marie laughing, "I shall tell you who is afraid. All those little animals who tremble when Joss-a-keed comes near."

"I suspect Marie is a little diplomat," said the priest meaningly.

"She would say the same to Pierre or any one; what do you think, Marie?" She only blushed and ran on ahead of them.

One of the delights of the girl's life was to skim over the water in Joss-a-keed's birch canoe, with Father Damien in the bow and the young Indian behind sending the strange little craft along like a flying bird. But the hazy autumns were always too short and the winters crept in and sealed up the river, and Marie did not find in tramps abroad on snow shoes half the pleasure that there was in sitting listlessly in the canoe and gliding like a spirit across the still waters.

The spring came, and with it the examinations. As every one had predicted, Joss-a-keed, the Indian, carried everything before him and decided the question of his being sent to France the following year. The young Algonquin had not been very confident himself as to the results of his winter's work. His mind had been so much taken up with Marie that he scarcely dared to think of the mischief that these thoughts might work with the closing of the term. The girl had given him a solemn promise that on the day following the close of college she would steal away and go for a sail with him in his fairy canoe.

They met at the river side, and she stepped nimbly in, while Joss-a-keed pushed the bark out and sprang lightly after it.

"We must sail in the shadow of the bank," she said. "If the good *mère* or Father Damien should see us, I should be punished."

He did not answer, but sent the little craft along silently with great swift strokes.

"No one can paddle like my Algonquin," she said softly. "The canoe seems to obey you; it seems almost part of you."

"And so it is," he said smiling. "The canoe is part of the red man's life. I made this, my cheemaun, several years ago. I made it with my

own hands. It is cut from nature's forests and with nothing but nature's tools, so is it not truly alive?"

"Indeed it is so. You are so clever, Joss-a-keed."

"Do you think so truly, Marie?"

"You know I do."

"And I think you are so beautiful." He dropped his paddle before him and crept up beside her, looking earnestly into her face.

"Oh, Marie, mememoosha, how can I tell you what my heart would say? Oh, Marie, little Opechee, do you not love me?"

She dropped her eyes and smiled. "What a question, Joss-a-keed! I love every one."

His face fell and then suddenly brightened again, as on a breezy day a cloud darts before the sun and then hurries on.

"That is right, Marie. Father Damien says we should love all the world. But oh, little mememoosha, your heart's love, tell me, let me hear it from your lips, even though I know it in my own heart."

The earnestness of his face alarmed her. She suppressed the laugh which was about to break through her lips and turning from him looked away over the quiet hills. The bell in the steeple of St. Anne's rang out through the warm air calling the faithful to vespers.

"There is the bell; Father Damien will miss us,"—and she turned to him quickly.

"But you have not answered my question," he said eagerly.

"What can I say, Joss-a-keed?" demurely.

"By the great Wahnowin! Do you mean that? Does your heart not tell your lips what to say?"

"But perhaps the little Marie has no heart."

"All maidens have hearts. Oh, Marie, little sweetheart, can you not see? I would die for you. I will do what you say; I will leave my people and be as the white man. So few would know when—when I am in

these clothes," he added almost piteously.

"Every one knows an Indian," she said carelessly; and her voice wounded him as no poisoned arrow could have.

"Even so, is it harm to be an Indian? I have lived amongst you for years. I have learned your ways; I have tried to learn, for your sake. Having learned, am I not now what you would call civilized?" He paused for a moment and looked far over the still water. "Well, then, you are French; you would not think it harm to marry civilized English or German,—so why Indian? I have done fairly well at college. The good priest to whom I owe all is pleased, for which I thank the Holy Mother. Soon I will go across the great sea water and learn to be a medicine man. Afterwards I will be all else you wish." He spoke softly and with a sweeter voice than she had ever heard before; his handsome face was full of feeling and his dark eyes said what reticence withheld from his lips. But this daughter of New France had no power to see nor appreciate all that is best in manhood; nevertheless she had found power to win his pure heart and then cast it from her, and she had also found power to acquaint him with his first knowledge of the hypocrisy of life.

"What a silly *garçon* you must be," she began presently, with very wide open eyes. "I could never love an Indian; why, I only let you kiss me sometimes because—well because your face is so handsome and your voice is so sweet. Then I let Pierre kiss me because Pierre is so thoughtful and—and brings me sugar candy sometimes; and then Louis because—"

Without raising his eyes he slipped back to his former place and grasping his paddle nervously, he thrust it deep in the water and paddled quickly to the shore. Again his face alarmed her, and she cried out some excuse,

and prayed to be forgiven; but he answered nothing, and when he sprang to the shore it was only to help her to alight; then like a flash he was in the canoe again and shooting far out into the misty river, having neither glanced back nor answered her good-by cry.

"Cursed be the paleface! Cursed be the fate that sent me here! Cursed be the world!" So he cried as he paddled down the stream. All night he sped along, and with the early morning turned the bend of the river where Ome-me always awaited him. There floating close to the shore she sat, fresh and sweet as the morning.

"How did you know I was coming?" he said smiling sadly.

"The Great Spirit told Ome-me so last night at sunset, and also that Joss-a-keed was in trouble. I have been watching for you since dawn." His heart stood still with wonderment as he approached her, for she addressed him in the language of the white man, even in the strange French language.

"How—why—oh, how did you learn it, Ome-me?" he cried quickly.

She smiled, and drawing her canoe close to his, said softly: "Father Damien taught me. I tried so hard to learn, and he, holy soul, worked so hard to teach me. We did it for your sake, Joss-a-keed, so—so," and she dropped her head shyly, "so that you would think me clever like the paleface." Then she raised her eyes to his, and as he looked into their clear depths a strange sense of repulsion for the woman of the evening before filled him.

"Come and let us sit under the maples and talk," he said, guiding her canoe.

"No," she answered quickly. "Wenohan, your mother, is waiting for you, you must see her first; and Kenue, your father. Afterwards we will come and sit under the maples and talk."

## FANNY FERN AT THE HARTFORD FEMALE SEMINARY.

*By Ethel Parton.*

HERE is now lying on my desk a dingy leather album, still preserving traces of elegance in the wide band of gilt tracery bordering its scratched and frayed square covers and in the half obliterated name of the owner stamped in corresponding gilt in the centre, *Sarah Payson Willis*, in Old English lettering. Within, on the fly leaf, the name is repeated in delicate, slim handwriting. It is repeated more than once, being inscribed haphazard on the margin, the corner, and here and there in several places, upside down and right side up, after the manner of schoolgirls; and on the other side of the fly leaf, facing a prim little engraved frontispiece, representing a youth in knee breeches and a cape escorting a maiden in a straight, tight muslin gown and a crown of roses through a stone arch into a graveyard, it occurs again, followed by "Hartford Female Seminary." It is the album in which Sarah Willis, afterwards more widely known as Fanny Fern, collected the autographs of her school friends and cherished copies of favorite verses made by them or herself while she was attending the famous boarding school once kept by Miss Catharine Beecher.

It is an entertaining little book to glance through, though much reading of the fine slanting hand which most of the girls wrote is trying to the eyes and patience. Miss Beecher's school was in its day extremely advanced, and in Latin, mathematics and literature gave the "seminary young ladies" instruction of a thoroughness and extent then almost unheard of for girls; but it cannot be claimed that these extracts speak very highly for their taste. The favorite known au-

thors represented are Byron, Moore, Southey, L. E. L., and Felicia Hemans; but many of the dolefully pious verses, breathing of worms and the tomb, the lovelorn stanzas and the stilted prose sentiments are quoted from writers happily now forgotten. Sarah Willis and her friends were far from being lachrymose in real life; but on paper they fairly revelled in woe. To most of the extracts—all plentifully besprinkled with italics and extra capitals—the copyists appended either their initials only, or initials followed by dots to indicate the remaining letters, or fanciful names like Clarissa, Lauretta, Dovey and Katrine. Katrine's cheerful quotation—presumably from a Great Unknown—reads in form like a toast; but what a toast!

"MEMORY—that mirror which *Affliction* dashes to the ground, and, looking down upon the *Fragments*, only beholds the *Reflections multiplied!*"

Even "Miss Harriet," younger sister of the principal, lovely and beloved, the gentle, intellectual, dreamy, yet humor-loving pupil-teacher, caught the prevailing fancy for desolation, and contributed upon the last leaf of the volume a translation from the German, of which the last lines run thus:

" Since then I have not seen the flowers  
Nor heard the birds' sweet song,  
My joys have all too briefly past,  
My griefs been all too long!"

This she signed H..... only; but the signature has been completed by another hand in pencil, probably after "Miss Harriet" had won her worldwide fame as Harriet Beecher Stowe. But, after all, pathos and poetics

were mere unimportant diversions at the seminary, and life there progressed as happily and sometimes as hilariously as life at a great girls' boarding school is wont to do. There were weekly levees, there were horseback rides, there was the constant companionship of youth with youth in the full round of study and fun. Years after "Miss Harriet" and her former pupil were both married and mothers, and the latter a grandmother, Mrs. Stowe wrote to James Parton a charming letter which while it was partly to thank him for her pleasure in his recent Life of Franklin, and also for his champion-ship of the rights of American authors, and especially of her own, in the international copyright controversy, was yet more an overture of acquaintance with him and his wife.

"Furthermore," she wrote, after expressing herself on these matters, "I believe you have a claim on a certain naughty girl once called Sarah Willis, in whom I still retain an interest, and who, I grieve to say, one night stole a pie at Mrs. Strong's and did feloniously excite to sedition and rebellion some five or six other girls—eating said pie between eleven and twelve o'clock in defiance of the laws of the school and in breach of the peace—ask *her* if it isn't so? and if she remembers curling her hair with leaves from her geometry?—perhaps she has long been penitent—*perhaps*—but, ah me! when I read Fanny Fern's articles I detect sparks of the old witchcraft and say, as poor Mrs. Strong [the matron] used to when any new mischief turned up, '*That's Sarah Willis, I know!*'"

And Sarah Willis it usually was. Audacious, numerous and various, but never discreditable, were the scrapes into which she was continually getting herself. The pie episode was one of several gallant midnight forays upon the larder—forays which their leader boldly defended to Miss Beecher's own august face as justifiable, since she did not have enough to

eat at meals. She did not, indeed, nor did many others of the hearty growing girls, who dared not attempt to set matters right in quite so high-handed a fashion. Miss Beecher was an advanced woman of her day; but her day was a good many years ago, when rules of health were not well understood. She held emphatic views upon hygiene, and was especially firm in her faith in Graham things; but no abundance of Graham bread or gems could make up to her hungry scholars for a scant amount of meat and an atmosphere of disapproval if their plates were passed too often. Miss Beecher really believed that hearty eating was an evil; tending toward bodily grossness, and obscured mental faculties; and her housekeeper at that time, who was economically minded, entirely approved her opinions and, besides, was not always careful that the food provided should be of the best. Thence resulted the occasional mysterious disappearance of provisions at midnight and occasional solemn sessions of Miss Willis and Miss Beecher in the privacy of the latter's room. The pie raid, as far as plunder was concerned, was one of the successful expeditions of the lawless crew; but the difficulty of disposing of the pie plate after disposing (easily enough) of the pie, brought their ringleader to grief. After much debate and the suggestion of many plans, it had been resolved to throw the plate out of the window. Accordingly, out it went—narrowly missing, as it spun through space, the protruded bald head and upturned countenance of the matron's venerable husband, who was enjoying the moonlight at his window below, and who glanced up at the whispering conspirators just as Miss Willis, leaning far out over the sill, was in the very act of hurling the unhallowed disc. Naturally, he reported his adventure.

Two other raids were unfortunate. A rice pudding was dropped on the stairs at a sudden alarm, and the cul-

prits, racing on through it barefoot, were easily discovered next morning by the grains of rice which they had tracked into their rooms. Also, a supposedly rich prize of pickles, captured with infinite daring and difficulty, proved, when the expectant raiders retired to their rooms to feast, to have but recently been put into brine, and to be quite uneatable—a woful disappointment.

But all attempts at getting properly fed were not of a clandestine kind. Teachers and pupils sat at one long table together, and the housekeeper had adopted the plan of putting food of like kind, but better quality, at the teachers' end; that given the pupils being by no means as good as they had a right to expect. One day Sarah Willis slipped in just before dinner and changed the dishes of butter at the two ends of the table. At dinner Miss Beecher helped herself to butter, spread a bit of bread, and tasted it. She paused, sniffed daintily at the dubious morsel, and tasted again. Then she laid it down beside her plate and, turning to the housekeeper, remarked that the butter was not the same as usual; there was something the matter with it. Before a reply could be made, up jumped Sarah and, calmly walking down the length of the long table with the teachers' dish of butter in her hand, changed them back again, sweetly explaining: "Oh, no, Miss Beecher, it is just as usual, only there has been a mistake; we have your dish, and you have ours." After that there was no more discrimination, for Miss Beecher had never been aware of the little meanness, and at once put a stop to it.

Other tales of the same merry scholar, whose school nicknames were Yellowbird, from her mass of yellow hair, and Sal Volatile, from her high spirits, could be told by the dozen and the score. She was always gayly circumventing Miss Beecher, and Miss Beecher was always finding her out; for she was as honest as daylight, never stooped to fib her way

out of the most desperate scrape, and confessed her sins as soon as she was accused of them. For that reason, troublesome as she was, she never lost either Miss Beecher's respect or her liking. But so whimsical, so unexpected, and often so wildly funny were the excuses she would offer, and the defences she could make for conduct apparently indefensible, that more than once reproof was lost in laughter, and an interview that was intended to be impressive ended in mirth and a full pardon.

Little wonder that when, so many years after the old school days of Miss Harriet and the Yellowbird, correspondence between the two friends was resumed, Mrs. Stowe wrote:

"MY DEAR SARAH WILLIS:

"I don't believe I've seen you since I was 'Miss Harriet' and you Sarah Willis. You don't know how sorry I am that you didn't come, as Mr. Parton says you almost did, when he came here. But I have made the most of my opportunity, finding out all about you, your daughter and the 'little Blessing,' as he calls her. I wish I were a grandmother too. *You* a grandmother, Sarah? Can I conceive it! The girl with a head of light crêpe curls, with a jaunty little bonnet tipped on one side, and laughing light blue eyes—writing always good compositions and fighting off your arithmetic lessons?"

Again in a message she sends her love to her old pupil and friend, declaring her "heart is just as warm to her as when she was a bright laughing witch of half-saint, half-sinner, in our school here in Hartford." They soon fell into a correspondence in which the old tone of mentor and comrade on Miss Harriet's part was often pleasantly resumed.

"No, no, dear little Sary," she remonstrated, after an impetuous outburst of her correspondent against a rascally newspaper man of some kind, "no, no, dear little Sary! Mustn't hate anybody—so say the spirits of mothers and grandmothers made perfect, who are always about us advising us for our good." And again, when inviting her to visit: "I mean to have

you all come to see me in mine own house, and then I will hector and lecture you as I used to in the old times, and perhaps get Sister Catharine, who is as good as gold, to add her mite. At sixty-eight she has not so many gray hairs as I—she looks just exactly, for aught I see, as she used to when she kept the Hartford Female Seminary, of which you are a shining light."

The arithmetic lessons which Mrs. Stowe recalled her as "fighting off" were indeed a hopeless horror to the otherwise brilliant pupil, during all her school days; for she was the victim of an unconquerable natural deficiency which made mathematics an impossible science to her all her life. She could not learn to calculate, and she could not estimate values; not even geometrical curl papers could introduce mathematical principles into her curly pate. Her very earliest literary success was a composition, read at the annual exhibition in 1829, dealing with her difficulties in a vein of rollicking burlesque. It made a lively local sensation and was for a while the talk of the town. Her old schoolmates never forgot it, and forty-four years after she left the seminary, when she was already in the grip of mortal sickness, the daughter of one of them sent her a copy of her girlish effort, which she was yet able to read with smiling recollection of the old days. It is crude, of course, but it is genuinely funny, and the conclusion, delivered before a friendly audience, with a dash of dramatic power, by a pretty and popular girl they all knew, must certainly have been effective and a welcome relief from the usual thing in school essays. She described herself as having become, in the course of her daily battles with mathematics, so entirely absorbed that she was no longer able to attend to anything else, but moved through existence in, as it were, an arithmetical progression. A young gentleman of her acquaintance joined her in her daily walk.

"Of his many speeches, one in

which he protested his warm interest brought only one word that chimed with my train of thought. 'Interest,' exclaimed I, starting from my reverie. 'What per cent, sir?' 'Ma'am?' exclaimed my attendant in the greatest possible amazement. 'How much per cent, sir?' said I, repeating my question. His reply was lost on my ear, save, 'Madam, at any rate do not trifle with my feelings.' 'At any rate, did you say? Then take six per cent; that is the easiest to calculate.' Suddenly I found myself deserted—why or wherefore I was too busy to conjecture. I reached the schoolroom without further adventure, and took my seat in the class to recite; but just as the question was put to me, and while a thousand eyes were levelled at me from all parts of Study Hall, expecting my reply, the whole drift of my friend's conversation at once flashed upon my mind; amazement seized me and, covered with confusion, never a syllable could I for the life of me utter."

There was another side to her arithmetical lack, however, and she could not always turn it to such convenient account. A letter from Catharine Beecher to "dear Mr. and Mrs. Willis," enclosing a school bill, deplored Sarah's carelessness in money matters.

"In the first place," wrote Miss Beecher distressfully, "I have *tried* to make her as economical as possible, but have not succeeded as I could wish. She never would do anything she *knew certainly* I would disapprove, but is withal very *thoughtless*, as you well know. So she sometimes borrows money of the girls, which I of course could not refuse to return, and in vacation brought in some bills to me which I knew nothing about. She is very *thoughtless* about her expenses. I have done as well as I could do for her, and yet her bills are larger than either you or I expected, probably."

A girl of to-day at college or boarding school would not think them

large: "Board, \$55; fuel and lights, \$10; tuition and French, \$22"—those, of course, were not the expenses complained of—"spring bonnet, \$3.50; gloves, 75 cents"—cheap in our day for even bargain sale prices—"shoes, \$2.77"—certainly not extravagant—"advanced for presents to companions, \$2"—not a necessary expenditure, probably, but scarcely very reprehensible—"rides, \$1.50"—only a little out-of-door recreation—"corsettes, \$7.75." Yes, that oddly spelled word in faded ink is corsets, something held by Fanny Fern in scorn and detestation, and an extravagance which she must almost immediately have discarded, since she did not in later life remember having ever submitted her vigorous and perfect form to such restraint. Seven dollars and seventy-five cents squandered on corsets; there was an item to dismay and astonish "dear Mr. and Mrs. Willis," indeed; and it is probable that they also shook their heads over another smaller one of a dollar and a half for "injury to furniture"—an injury caused by the irrepressible Miss Willis having carved her initials thereupon with a jackknife.

Yet Miss Beecher, wise woman, was not discouraged about her provoking, perplexing, thoughtless, but honest and affectionate pupil. In the same letter she wrote:

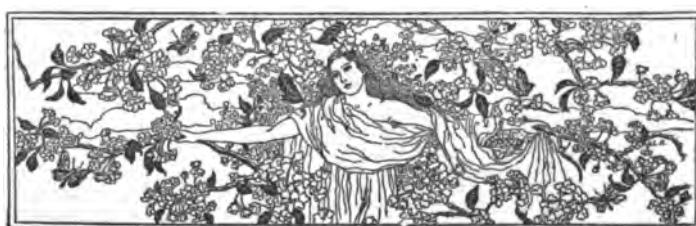
"Respecting Sarah, I should be glad to add much. I do not feel much confidence in Sarah's piety, but I do think that religious influence has greatly improved her character. She is very lovely, and tho' her faults

are not all eradicated, and tho' I fear the World still has the *first* place, yet I think religion occupies much of her thoughts. She now rooms alone and has much time for reading and reflection."

Apparently, since she went on to promise further personal care for her spiritual welfare, Sarah was under Miss Beecher's direct charge; for it was the custom of the school for each teacher to have assigned to her particular care a certain number of the pupils, with the understanding that she should make the training of their character, the development of their minds and the winning of their confidence and affection as distinctly her aim as any routine work of class instruction.

Of the relations between the mistress of this famous school for the higher education of women sixty years and more ago, and her brilliant pupil, let Catharine Beecher herself say the last word, which is to the honor of both. Their first meeting after the girl left school was when, several years having elapsed, the pupil, a matron, but still young, met her old preceptress in a crowded shop. She ran up to her impulsively, crying out: "Why, Miss Beecher!" and then, checking herself, added, "but you had so many girls, you could not remember them all; I suppose you don't know me."

"Know you, Sarah Willis," was the quick reply; "you were the worst behaved girl in my school!"—an impressive and severe pause—"and I loved you the best."



## SEALED ORDERS.

*By Leigh Gordon Giltner.*

**I**T was generally conceded by his friends, by the more impartial of his enemies, and—as was more to the purpose—by manager and critic as well, that Beresford was the most capable legitimate lead on the American stage.

There was about his acting a strength and vigor, a force and virility, and a certain magnetic quality which held his auditors from the moment he spoke the first of his lines until the fall of the curtain. Such a fine, stalwart specimen of humanity he was, with the classic face which made him a victim for feminine matinee frequenters, who bought his photographs by the dozen; and the splendid physique which had endeared him to coach and captain of the Harvard crew, before he had decided to “cut” college—where in truth his chief distinction had been won in theatricals and athletics—for the stage.

He was perhaps a trifle massive for society drama, but he was superb in classic or tragedy, where his magnificent size showed to excellent advantage, and where he revelled in the sonorous lines to which his voice was so admirably adapted. An enterprising manager had long had it in mind to star him in “Spartacus” and other heroic rôles, but Beresford was severely sensible and adhered to the course he had marked out for himself, working his way up from a minor position in a mediocre organization to the lead in one of the best stock companies in New York, and later to the support of a noted American tragedienne.

No one realized so keenly as Beresford himself his lack of versatility—of intelligence, his enemies said—and no one knew the struggle he had in committing his lines—he was a

wretched study—or in subduing his voice in tender or descriptive passages. But the lines once learned, every hint and suggestion of the stage manager, not one of which Beresford ever disregarded, put into execution, the result was usually something of which he might be proud and of which the critics spoke with respect.

Realizing his limitations, Beresford achieved more than others more ambitious; and now, at thirty-five, he was perhaps as widely known as any actor of his day. His long apprenticeship had been of the utmost value to him; he had learned to make the most and best of his natural advantages; he was a gentleman by birth and training; and he had not failed to win social recognition in New York and elsewhere. He was singularly free from vice, and his indifference, due to absorption in his work rather than to temperament, was proverbial among his fellow-actors. He was, of course, beset with messages, missives, photographs and flowers, all of which he habitually ignored; and he seldom vouchsafed a second glance at the eager faces of the romantic girls who gazed at him on the avenue or thronged about the stage entrance to see him come out.

Perhaps if he had known when he met Elinor Schuyler, whose name had been prominent in every event of the social season and whose family deserved wealth and position, that she had admired him as intemperately as any one of the despised schoolgirls whose adulation bored him, she might not have interested him so keenly. He could scarcely have believed as he looked at her fair, impassive face, with its expression of purely conventional interest, that the girl was ea-

gerly scanning every feature, every line of the figure she was more accustomed to see clad in the garb of ancient Rome than the evening dress of modern civilization; and that she scarcely heard what he was saying as she listened to the tones of his voice—the consummate stage voice, trained to the perfection of modulation and control.

Her beauty had a subtle fascination for him. It was of the dainty, fragile, delicate type that appealed to him the more by reason of his own size and strength. There was about her no violence of coloring, no harshness of outline. She might have sat for a study of Repose, so utterly calm and controlled was she, so entirely devoid she seemed of any human passion or feeling. Yet those who knew Elinor best knew that her will was indomitable and that her anger was a thing to be remembered. She could say, without the slightest change in her fair, still face, words that seemed the more intense because uttered in a voice so wonderfully calm and even.

Beresford could not have believed that the woman who listened to what he was saying with rather a perfunctory air of polite interest had sat night after night in her box at the theatre, during the long New York run, studying intently every detail of his face and figure, of his manner and expression; that she had said after seeing for the first time his strong impersonation of the Sardou *Marc Antony*:

"I think I could forgive death itself at the hands of that man, if first he had loved me a little."

Beresford only knew that she swayed him as no other woman had done; and, as the days went by and he met her at some social function, or upon the avenue, then in her own home, he began to realize that the love which he portrayed upon the stage with rather uncertain skill was becoming a reality to him. Oddly enough he was wholly devoid of personal vanity and it did not occur to

him that Miss Schuyler had done him the honor to consider him in the light of a possible lover. There was certainly nothing in her manner to warrant the assumption that she felt more than a passing interest in him. She talked with him usually of his stage work, and he found her a capable and discerning critic; indeed he had modified the reading of certain of his lines in accordance with her suggestion, and the result justified the accuracy of her judgment. He felt that her thought of him was purely impersonal, and that any slight interest she might have manifested was for his art's rather than his own sake.

He did not know that her seeming hauteur rose not from pride, but from the absence of it; that she was imbued with a passionate humility and distrust of self. She had had excellent advantages and she possessed a sufficient knowledge of each of the arts to have acquired standards and ideals in the light of which her own accomplishments—those of the society girl—seemed trivial. She played a little, sang fairly, and possessed a very considerable artistic gift which she had not valued sufficiently to cultivate. She had the artist's eye for the beautiful,—indeed she confessed to a pagan worship of beauty in any form, and it was undeniably Beresford's physical perfection which first attracted her before the strength and sincerity of his acting appealed to her critical sense. She was not as a rule impressionable, but she became gradually aware that she was investing Beresford with something of the inevitable glamour of the stage, and that despite her efforts, she could not quite disassociate him from the heroic rôles he habitually portrayed. Unconsciously she retained something of the old puritanical prejudice against the stage and she hoped for disillusionment in meeting him, but the event proved the fatuity of the expedient.

Beresford, on his part, never for an instant dreamed that Elinor cared for

him, though he realized that he was beginning to love her with all the ardor of a nature whose emotional depth he had not hitherto suspected. His coldness indeed had been a constant grievance with Standish, the stage manager, who used to rate him soundly for his indifference, his lack of fire and feeling, in the rôle of lover.

"You're all right in the heavy passages, Val," he would say; "but when it comes to love-making, you're a stick and no mistake!" And Beresford, who quite agreed with him, would laugh good-naturedly.

Now, however, Beresford unconsciously began to infuse a new warmth into his love scenes. When his part made him speak words of passionate tenderness, he had but to fancy they were uttered, not to the faded stage beauty who clung to his embrace, but to the woman who sat beyond, fair, still and impassive; and the lines which it had once cost him an effort took on a deeper, tenderer meaning. Standish was delighted.

"You're beginning to warm up to your work, old man!" he would say. "I used to think you were hopeless, but we'll make an ideal Romeo of you yet."

Beresford had never worked so hard. He never for an instant spared himself, but whether at rehearsal or in the presence of an audience, he put his whole soul into every look and tone, until at last the strain was beginning to tell upon even his splendid vitality. One day near the close of the season, the star, a woman whose kindness of heart and consideration equalled her genius, said to him:

"My dear boy, you are killing yourself. Reserve your force; spare yourself; don't put so much of yourself into your work, or there soon will come the inevitable breakdown."

Exhausted nature, too, uttered a protest. Beresford began to look worn and haggard, his sleep became fitful and restless, and at times there was a slow, dull pain about his eyes

and brow that made thought impossible. One day at rehearsal, when the pain was sharper than usual, suddenly in the midst of a sentence there came upon him a sort of mental darkness, in which all recollection of his lines faded from his memory and he found himself groping amid the shadows like one suddenly stricken blind. It was only momentary, but it terrified Beresford, and when it recurred again, a vague, formless dread took possession of him. Still he kept on with his work until the night before the last of the season.

It was in the scene where his friends tell Antony of the perfidy of Cleopatra; suddenly, as he stood there, a sharp pain like the cut of a knife darted through his temples, numbing his brain and paralyzing his faculties. The lights swam before his eyes; all memory of time and place faded; he reeled and would have fallen but for the supporting arm the actor nearest him threw about his shoulders. For a moment there was a pause while blackest chaos reigned in his mind; then through the darkness he heard the voice of the prompter, and the next moment went on with his lines. To the audience it seemed a wonderful piece of acting, but when Beresford had finished the scene, his palms were lacerated where his nails had cut into the flesh, and his lip was bleeding from the cruel pressure of his teeth.

All through that long, sleepless night he lay with a terrible, icy fear clutching his heart—a fear that was to haunt him always. The next morning found him in the consulting-room of an eminent specialist in diseases of the brain, who heard his story, examined and questioned him, and then advised rest and foreign travel—advice commonplace enough, but Beresford saw through the physician's mask of professional calm something that made his heart stand still.

"Doctor," he said very quietly, "may I ask you to tell me the worst? I am not wholly unprepared."

"My dear sir," began the doctor, "really—"

"Be kind enough to give me your exact opinion."

There was a pause as the doctor sat casting about in his mind for some professional cant phrase which might soften the blow; he stirred uneasily under the actor's steady gaze, until at last he lifted his eyes and saw that there was no longer need for equivocation or delay. The two men gazed at each other for an instant; then the physician said simply:

"Paresis—or worse."

"Doctor," Beresford's voice was quite steady, "how much time have I? How long do you give me?"

"My dear sir," answered the physician moved to admiration by the superb control of this man who, though great drops of moisture stood upon his brow, sat as impassive as the Athenian statue to which his feminine admirers were wont to liken him, "really I cannot say. It may be years—or it may be only months. Perhaps entire rest and change of climate—but the terrible strain of the last eight years—there seem to be inherited tendencies, and eventually—"

The doctor paused. It was a terrible fate to which to condemn any one, and it seemed even more terrible in the case of this fine specimen of strong young manhood. It was unfortunate that there should have been wasted upon a single auditor perhaps the finest piece of acting in Beresford's whole career. He rose quietly with a face of expressionless calm, wrote out a check with a hand that did not tremble, spoke the necessary conventionalities and went his way.

Once outside the doctor's door, once seated in the carriage waiting for him, Beresford's enforced calm failed him and for a few seconds he feared his brain was giving way. A surge of unutterable bitterness and despair swept over him. There was a sound like the rush of many waters in his ears; a darkness like the darkness of death was upon him, and

through it all he was conscious of a resolve that grew stronger as the horror of his position was borne in upon him. It would be but the pang of an instant, and then—peace. There was no one to miss him; they would discuss it for a day or two at the "Players" and on the Rialto, but no one— Suddenly there came to him the thought of the woman he loved. He realized perfectly that he was nothing to her, but somehow the thought of her was sweet to him. He wondered if he might permit himself to see her once—for the last time. It could make no difference to her; and it would mean much to him.

He found Elinor alone. He had all the actor's horror of the theatrical in private life and he had no intention of making a scene. He felt that he had no right to intrude his misfortune upon her interest and he had not meant to speak of it; but when, struck by the expression of his haggard face, she spoke to him with a note in her voice that he had not heard before and which stirred him strangely, the truth rose to his lips and before he quite realized it, he had told her. She sat perfectly silent, motionless, throughout, and though he did not look at her he could picture in fancy the quiet, well-bred, conventional look of sympathy upon her face. She did not speak at once, and a sharp pang seized upon him. He was a fool, he told himself. What else had he expected, what right had he to expect anything at her hands?—but still—it was bitter. He drew in his breath, sharply, like one in sudden pain; then an impassioned cry that he could not repress rose to his lips:

"Elinor, Elinor, my love!"

He had overestimated his strength, not realizing what the interview would cost him, unnerved and shaken as he was. He would have given much to recall the words; he knew that he had only the claim of a casual acquaintance upon her interest and he felt that he had forfeited that by his lack of control.

There was a moment's silence; then Beresford heard his name spoken. Elinor had risen and was standing before him, all her soul in the look she bent upon his face. Slowly he lifted his eyes and saw in hers something that made him spring to his feet, every nerve tense, every pulse in his body quivering.

"Elinor," he said, "Elinor!" What a voice it was, with its gamut of question, entreaty, longing, hope!

In an instant she was in his arms. He forgot the future in the delirium of the moment and she,—she remembered, but the memory was as nothing.

"I love you—love you—love you," she murmured, and he, in the fulness of content, held her close to him, losing himself in tender incoherence.

"Dear, dearest," he whispered. "My darling, my wife!"

His wife! The word recalled him to himself—to a sense of his unhappy position. What right had he to ask any woman to become his wife, knowing as he did what the future held for him? The love he had longed for was his—but he might not take it. Love was not for him. The bitterness of it all rushed upon him, but he did not falter.

"Elinor," he said quietly, "I was mad just now. I did not realize what I was saying. You understand my position, you know how little right I have to ask you to become my wife. It was all a mistake—I ought not to have come. I should have known how weak I was! Can you forgive me, dear?"

Without a word she drew his face down to hers and laid her lips full upon his own.

"Dear," he tried hard to speak calmly, convincingly, "think what it means. It is impossible. I could not accept such a sacrifice at your hands. I have quite determined upon my course, the only one open to me. When I came here to-day I did not mean to intrude my trouble upon

you. I only meant to see you once before I went out of your life. I did not dream that you cared—but I am selfish enough to be glad. You don't know what it means to me. It won't be so hard—so bitter—now that I know you could have loved me. I have no right to ask or to accept your love; it must be good by—"

She only clung to him with a passionate tenderness that was fast sweeping him from his resolve to give her up at whatever cost to himself.

"Child," he said, almost despairingly, "try to understand, try to realize what you are doing. You are giving your life into the keeping of a man who in a few years, perhaps a few months, may be beyond the reach of human tenderness. It is only a question of time. Perhaps before another year I shall be a madman or a hopeless imbecile."

The eyes which met his steadily held no shadow of fear or shrinking.

"My life is my own," she said simply. "I love you, and my love gives me the right to share your future, whatever it may be. I will never give you up, unless you tell me that you do not love me."

With the touch of her lips still warm upon his own, he tried hard to speak the words that would save her from herself, but could not. Again and again he tried, but he could not speak; it was too great an ordeal for human strength; and when at last his arms closed round her and he bent his face to hers, Elinor knew the struggle was ended.

That night, the last of the season, Beresford surpassed himself. Never before had he acted with such fire and passion, never before had he so wrought upon the hearts of his hearers. He seemed in the very zenith of his power, upon the very topmost wave of success, and no one present, save Elinor, knew that this was the actor's last appearance, and that when the curtain fell that night it would fall forever on Beresford's stage career. Again and again he was called

before the curtain, and as he led out the star for the last time, and knew that never again should he hear the thunder of applause so dear to the player's heart, a pang shot through him, for he loved his art; but a moment later he caught a smile from Elinor's lips and the bitterness died out of his heart.

They were quietly married a week later; and as, that afternoon, they stood together on the deck of an outward-bound ocean liner, watching the fast receding city, Beresford turned to the woman who had linked her bright young life to his darkened one and said, sadly:

"I have done a cowardly, brutal thing in making you my wife, and some day you will hate me for it."

She turned her face, illumined with one of her rare smiles, to his.

"I am quite content," she said.

\* \* \* \*

In the months that followed Beresford resolutely put the thought of the future from him, and if Elinor remembered, her present happiness was so complete that the future held no terror for her. Perhaps they both hoped that the shadow which hung over their lives would in time pass away.

One evening less than a year after their marriage, they were at a great dinner given in Beresford's honor by one of his friends in Paris. The men were sitting over the wine and cigars and Beresford, at the host's request, was amusing the company with reminiscences of his stage life, when suddenly, without warning, the horrible mental darkness he had learned to dread came upon him. A moment later it had passed, but the warning had come and Beresford knew that it was but the beginning of the end.

After that, go where he would, the shadow was ever at his side. The horror of it came to him in the watches of the night; woke him before the light of day; haunted his waking hours and drove sleep from his eyes. He did not speak of it to

Elinor, but she knew and suffered with and for him. With all the strength of his indomitable will, Beresford strove to shake off the deadly fear that had taken hold upon him, to fight against the strange numbness that at times seemed to steal over his brain. He tasked himself to repeat the lines he had so often spoken upon the stage, and there were moments when, after he had repeated line after line without error, a wild hope would spring up within him, a hope that after all this might be a condition that would in time pass away. But perhaps before another day had gone, in the midst of some conversation, there would come a sudden lapse in which thought and memory would fade, leaving him in utter mental blindness. The very struggle, the very effort he made to keep his mind fixed steadily upon a given subject or train of thought only hastened the inevitable end. As Elinor watched the pathetic struggles of this strong man, fighting against the terrible, formless mist that was gradually shrouding his brain, there came to her the thought of Laocoön helpless in the coil of the sea serpents, and her soul sickened within her. Through the long, sad nights she lay sleepless, knowing that he too was awake and suffering; longing to comfort him, yet fearing to speak. The thought that she was powerless to help him was bitter to her. She did not know that her love was all that saved him from utter despair.

One night while they were in Rome there was a grand ball at the American consulate; and there in the midst of the music and laughter, the shadow seemed lifted for a little while. Elinor's beauty made her the centre of an admiring throng, and Beresford, finding there friends who had known him in the old days and others who were eager to meet the famous actor, found a moment's forgetfulness. Never had the danger seemed less real or more remote.

When they reached their hotel

Elinor went at once to her room, while her husband leaned, smoking, upon the balcony outside. The music was still ringing in his ears, and as he stood there under the soft radiance of the stars, he was strangely, calmly happy. It had all been a delusion, a mistake, he told himself; the past few months had been a hideous dream from which he had just awakened. Koehler had been in error,—he was a specialist, and insanity was his hobby; he had mistaken the conditions arising from overwork and nervous strain for something more serious. To-morrow Elinor and he would return to America; he would take up his stage work again. Once more he saw himself as *Loris*, as *Scarpia*, as *Antony*; once again he trod the boards, and again the familiar tumult of applause was in his ears.

He flung his cigar away and entered his wife's room. Elinor stood before her dressing table, just as she had come from the ball, her bare arms and throat gleaming white in the brilliant light above her. He stood for a moment, feasting his eyes upon her delicate beauty, and as he gazed a sudden horrible sensation came upon him—a terrible maddening desire to set his teeth in the delicate flesh, to tear and rend the satiny skin, to see the slow red blood ooze drop by drop from some gaping wound on that marble surface. He thought how powerless her slight figure would be in his grip of steel and the thought maddened him the more. An uncontrollable frenzy was upon him. A longing to bite, to crush, to tear raged within him, as the fires of madness burned in his brain. He took a stealthy step toward Elinor, when suddenly she turned to him and smiled. Instantly his arms fell powerless at his sides. The spell was broken and he stood there helpless as a child. The realization of what had been so narrowly averted overwhelmed him with sickening horror, and with what strength was left him he turned and fled into his own room,

flinging himself face downward on the couch. He had never dreamed of this. He had known that madness was inevitable, but that it should cause him to raise his hand against the woman he loved—his wife—was too horrible for belief!

"God! If I had killed her!" He was trembling in every limb. The thought of his own great strength made him shudder. He looked at his sinewy hands, and turned cold with dread at the thought that some day they might close about that white throat and cling closer, closer, tighter and tighter, till the life was throttled out of the fair body. The cold moisture stood out on his brow and his face was convulsed with anguish as he rose unsteadily to his feet.

"God!" he murmured, "there's no time for delay!"

And Elinor who had crept to the door saw the gleam of steel as he turned to the light and knew that the moment they had dreaded was come. Without a moment's fear or shrinking she crossed the room and knelt beside him. She took the weapon from his hand and laid it on the desk beside him.

"Are you sure of the worst—quite sure?" she whispered. "Is there no hope?"

"None. It's worse than I feared. To-night, as you stood there, a terrible murderous impulse, an uncontrollable frenzy was upon me. I was a fiend—a beast—a creature without reason or control. It was a desperate chance— My God! if I had killed you!"

Without a word she bent and laid her lips upon his hand.

"I was a brute to let you give yourself to me," he went on vehemently. "But I was too weak to give you up. It was selfish, cowardly; I had no right to let you take the risk—"

"From the beginning I have known that this was inevitable," she said. "I saw Dr. Koehler myself before our marriage and he gave me no hope. I married you with full knowl-

edge; the doctor was perfectly frank; he warned me of the probable danger; I was not afraid."

"Dear," he said, "it's worth the price I've had to pay, but it made no difference; to be loved like that! I wish I had been more worthy of it. I've no words to tell you—words are such poor things, after all—what you have been to me. It isn't so hard for a man to die when he feels he's had his due, his little share of happiness or success. I've had all I deserved and more, and I don't complain. There's only one thing left for me; but you are young and the best of your life is before you."

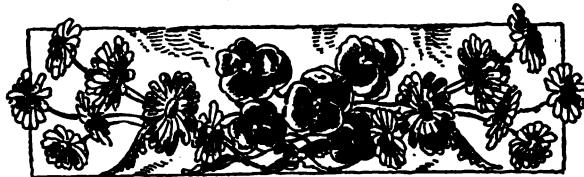
"Oh," she cried passionately, "don't you understand that I love you so that nothing else matters? Every thought, every feeling, every hope is centred in you. Why should I care to live, how *could* I live without you? Why, Val, you are my life!"

Something like a prayer rose to his lips, unused to such supplication, as he drew her head to his breast. There was silence in the room as his mind, singularly clear in this last hour, touched in swift review upon the past and dwelt calmly, clearly upon the present. For himself he knew the end had come, nothing was left him but death; but for Elinor, his wife, what remained? He knew she had not spoken idle words; he knew she loved him with all the strength of her nature; that this love was the one absorbing interest of her life. Without it he knew that life would be an empty thing. Which was more bitter, life or death? It was so hard to live, so easy to die. Was it strange that without faith or creed the knowledge of the higher life was a sealed book to him? It was all so vague, so dim, so difficult to understand! Yet,

as he sat there, vague memories came to him of a childish faith in some higher Power; fragments of childish prayers whispered at his mother's knee swept across his mind; dim recollections of the story of One who had died to save the souls of men and of a country where those who loved on earth were reunited. If he could but hope, if he could but believe.

The girl's head drooped heavily against him; a faint sigh escaped her lips. Poor child, she was quite worn out. He shifted her position gently that she might rest more easily in his arms. He thanked heaven that she slept. The night wore on, but she did not speak or stir. There was time enough, it was their last hour together. He could not bear to put her out of his arms.

A faint gleam began to show along the eastern horizon and a wan gray light stole into the room. Still he sat there, motionless, scarcely daring to breathe lest he should waken the sleeper. The east brightened. Far away on the hills a bird awoke and began its morning song. It was almost day. Slowly, cautiously he rose, lifted her gently, guarding his steps carefully, and carried her into her room. She did not wake. The lights still burned in the outer room, and as the glare struck full into the face that lay against his arm, something in it made him pause. He stood quite still for an instant; then he laid her gently down. The head fell back heavily; the arm dropped loosely at her side. He touched her brow; it was growing cold. He laid a hand upon her heart; there was no faintest pulse. Mechanically he unclasped her hand, already growing tense and rigid. The stiffening fingers held tightly a tiny vial—quite empty.



## EDITOR'S TABLE.

IT is an entertaining fiction, cherished by some of us, that our American cities are growing faster than any other cities in the world. It is often an agreeable and fortifying fiction. We make it, some of us, an apology and excuse for our bad city governments. Our cities grow so fast, we say, that we cannot keep up with them in the organization of adequate municipal administration. The truth is that the cities of Europe have during the century grown as fast as our own. It is the era of great and growing cities, the world over. The London of 1800 was a city of perhaps a million people; we will not say how large the population is to-day, for it is sure to be a million more than our latest figures. The Paris of the French Revolution was a city of but half a million souls. Berlin in the thirty years since it became the capital of the new German empire has grown relatively and absolutely faster than Chicago. Hamburg thirty years ago was a city of just the same population, roughly speaking, as Boston; Boston has more than doubled its population in these thirty years, but Hamburg is larger than Boston to-day by a full hundred thousand. We spent three years, twenty years ago, in the University of Leipzig. Leipzig was then a city of less than a hundred and fifty thousand; it is now a city of—we were about to say three hundred thousand, but this Chicago professor, a special student of cities, just home from Germany, says five hundred thousand. This last difference, we find, is owing somewhat to the fact that Leipzig, like Chicago, has in late years been doing a great deal of "annexing"; but the old city

has doubtless doubled its population in the twenty years.

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But the growth of our own great cities is indeed amazing. Let one go back to New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, Buffalo, Cleveland or St. Louis, after a few years' absence, and the changes which one finds wrought are almost miraculous, important sections of the city being frequently entirely transformed.

We found ourselves the other day in Chicago, after an absence of seven years. It was to visit the World's Fair, in 1893, that we had last been there. In the ten years before that, our lecturing had taken us there often—almost every year, we think—and the streets had become almost as familiar as our own. But walking there again in the January days, we were made to realize that seven years in the life of a modern metropolis is a long and revolutionary period. The physiologists tell us something about the human body becoming entirely renewed, a different body, in a period of about seven years. In the seven years since the World's Fair, Chicago has gone far in the evolution for itself, by gradual and natural processes, of a new and different body. The sky-scrappers were there in 1893, and some years before 1893—the tallest of them all antedates that time; but the sky-scrappers have multiplied enormously, and the congested square mile—if indeed it be a square mile—upon which Chicago seems to transact almost all its business, and in the midst of which the great new post office is slowly creeping upward to the sky, is more congested than ever before.

Pushing high into the air at the centre, at the borders the city is everywhere pushing out over the plains. It is pushing out vastly faster indeed than there is any warrant for. Chicago ought not to cover half the ground which it does cover. It needs sensible compression. There is more waste space in it than in almost any city on the face of the earth. Hundreds of acres are occupied by one or two story buildings, these often interspersed with dreary vacant spaces. It is impossible for the city to appropriate money enough to pave properly such endless stretches of streets; no city could do it—and Chicago does not do it. Nowhere is illustrated more strikingly the need in our American cities of better building laws, laws which shall compel compact building in areas where compact building would best serve the general good. Chicago would be an infinitely better and more beautiful city, more convenient, more comfortable, more manageable, if it had been controlled in these years of its wonderful growth by wise and drastic building laws.

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Wonderful, indeed, that growth has been! Other cities may have grown as fast; but what one always remembers in Chicago is the youth of the city—that half a century ago there were but thirty thousand people there, and thirty years before that there was no Chicago. We talked a few years ago with a woman—a woman by no means in extreme old age, and possibly still living—who had lived there almost all her life, and who when she first went there from her childhood home in New England found the place a village of two thousand souls. From Middleboro, Massachusetts, or some place in that region, it was that she went; and so momentous was a journey to Chicago in those days that on the morning of the family's departure there was a general gathering of the townspeople at the tavern porch, and the minister publicly invoked the di-

vine blessing upon the adventurous group. By stagecoach to Fall River the family travelled; from Fall River to New York by steamboat—it was still the early day of steamboats; and from New York to Albany by another steamboat. We think that the little railroad to Schenectady had then been built, and that the family used this; but here we are not quite sure whether we are drawing upon our imagination or our memory of the story. The journey to Buffalo was chiefly by the Erie Canal. At Buffalo a steamboat was taken for Chicago; but there was such suffering from seasickness that at Detroit the girl's doctor insisted that the rest of the journey must be by land; and so the stagecoach was taken from Detroit to Chicago, the journey taking several days. Such was the trip from Massachusetts to Chicago two generations ago; and the Chicago found at the end of the trip was a raw village trying to keep itself out of the mud and to get its wind for the race which has made it the great capital of the West, with its two millions of people, which we find at the end of our day's ride from Boston or New York, in our luxurious train of Pullman cars—which cars this same Chicago had built for our comfort and sent East for us.

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But what impresses the New Englander going to Chicago to-day after an absence of seven or eight years, what at any rate chiefly impressed us, is not the broadening of the city's borders, the multiplication of her sky-scrapers, and the greater number of her people, but the remarkable development of her machinery for the intellectual life.

First and foremost, of course, is the new University. Think as we may of the pedigree of much of the money built into its foundations—and we could all wish it were different—the University of Chicago is one of the wonders of America. It is perhaps the most striking illustration which

we have of the rapidity and ease with which, in this day of immense new wealth and power, great instrumentalities for education can be called into being. The new endowment and reconstruction of Chicago University date from a time before the World's Fair; but it was only then that the University was beginning to take imposing material form—and the whole history barely covers the last decade of the century. The sight of that great group of new buildings is certainly an impressive sight. To him who recalls the story of the long years in which the simple old buildings of Harvard and Yale, Brown, Bowdoin, Dartmouth, Williams and Amherst slowly and painfully rose to upper air, it seems almost a miracle. It is a grateful and a reassuring thing that the buildings as a whole are so beautiful and good, that there have been no serious architectural blunders, that a worthy style was adopted, that the building scheme was carefully thought out in advance with a view to a unified and harmonious effect, and that the buildings yet to come will in many points of detail be better than those which already stand on the campus.

But it is not this imposing group of buildings which is the main thing, although that spectacle is a distinct education for Chicago. The great new group of scholars gathered in and about them, men often whose names are known and honored throughout the whole world of science and letters, is felt not in the University alone, but more and more by the entire city, whose culture and whole tone it is affecting in a hundred ways. Hundreds of the young men and women of Chicago itself are here receiving the highest training, who but for the presence of the University thus at their very doors might never receive high training at all. The innovations in the arrangement of the university year, the many bold experiments in administration, the numerous publications by the several

departments, all tend to bring the institution into touch with the scholars of the country to an extent quite unusual, and, especially in summer, to draw students and teachers from many distant places to its halls. The meaning of all this to Chicago is incalculable; and it is the work of a decade.

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We think that the University library already contains a quarter of a million volumes. Chicago is rapidly becoming, indeed it already is, one of the great library centres of the country. The Newberry Library, like the University, antedates the World's Fair; but like that, if we remember rightly, it does not much antedate it,—although we remember visiting Mr. Poole, whom we always counted as belonging as much to Boston as to Chicago, in its new building before 1893. The building, when it reaches its full proportions, will be one of the largest and finest library buildings in the country, as its collection is gradually becoming one of the most important. Its endowment reaches up into the millions. So does the endowment of the new Crerar Library, which has opened its doors in its temporary quarters within the decade, and which by and by will have a fine building of its own, like the Newberry. Free to spend their money as they please, these two libraries are coöperating and supplementing each other in a most sensible manner, to the great benefit of Chicago students, the Newberry concentrating in large measure upon history and literature, and the Crerar upon science. Mr. John Vance Cheney, so well known to the readers of this magazine by the poems from his hand which have appeared at intervals in its pages, is at the head of the Newberry Library. Mr. Andrews, the librarian of the Crerar, is a Boston boy, and long connected with the Institute of Technology. The New Englander in Chicago indeed finds

New Englanders everywhere. The number of them holding professorships in the University is large. The energetic librarian of the Public Library is not a New Englander; but he was schooled by Mr. Poole, of whom the New Englander still thinks in that noble institution, which he did so much to shape, as he also still thinks of him in the Newberry, which was the scene of his last labors. The new building of the Public Library is a noteworthy addition to the machinery for the intellectual life in Chicago made since the World's Fair. It is not a monumental structure, a work of art, to rank with the Boston library or with that about to be reared in New York; it seems to us that Chicago erred in not making it such. But it is a large, fine structure, with many practical and admirable features in its construction; its administration is most progressive; and we doubt whether there is a busier library in the world, one which does greater service in proportion to its size. In mid-afternoon, when we visited it, its large reading-rooms were crowded with quiet, studious readers.

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The new building of the Chicago Art Institute, the work of the same Boston architects who designed the Public Library, was just completed in the year of the World's Fair, and furnished accommodations for the Parliament of Religions and the sundry other Parliaments or Congresses held in connection with the Fair. It now contains one of the greatest collections of casts in the country, and one of the finest collections of paintings,—in some respects, notably in the Rembrandts and other Netherlandish pictures in its Demidoff room, finer than that in the Boston Art Museum. The enterprise and generosity which have called this collection into being in so brief a time reflect the greatest credit upon Chicago. The director of the Institute from the beginning, we think, has

been Mr. W. M. R. French,—another New Englander, a Concord boy, brother of Daniel French the sculptor; and the Art School, with its two hundred students, many of whose rooms we visited, finding zeal and freshness everywhere and here and there marked originality, is a monument to his enthusiasm and fine intelligence. There is a theatre, where scores of lectures are given every season in the interests of art and for the promotion of regard for public beauty; and we found a fine art library building, the gift of one generous man, rising upon a convenient corner of the Institute's unoccupied area. The whole place is a veritable beehive; and it would not be possible to overestimate the value to the great western capital, in this formative, pushing period, in its muscular "teens," of the honey of beauty, of love of beauty, interpretation of beauty, and devotion to beauty, which is the product.

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Another beehive is the Fine Arts Building, just across the way on Michigan Avenue, fronting the lake,—ten or a dozen stories of studios, club-rooms, halls, theatre, and literary headquarters of every sort. We think this must be a new place, born since the World's Fair, for we do not remember it in connection with old-time visits to Chicago. Now a hundred intellectual interests seem to centre there. If there was talk of lectures, concerts, conferences or what not, we found that these were usually "at the Fine Arts Building." Away up under its roof is a portrait painter's studio, from whose window one gets more picturesque glimpses of Chicago smoke and steam and lake, all the tumultuous minglings of grays and blacks, than we remember getting from any other point. We think of it as a rather big room, as studios go; but once a week they call it "The Little Room," and on this afternoon an elect set of Chicago Bohemians, or

cousins-german to Bohemians, men and women who have "done something" in art or letters or some province of the life of culture, gather there to drink tea and have good talk together. The New Englander feels some sort of right in "The Little Room"; for he remembers that the versatile artist whose story gave it its appetizing name, and whom perhaps he meets on the stair, as we did, as he comes away, is half New Englander, still spending her summers in old Deerfield, where we suspect the first "Little Room" was born. It was Franklin Head, dear to so many of us in New England, and who we find tells as good stories at home as he does in Boston, who gave us our own freedom of the "Little Room" that afternoon; and while we were waiting for friends he took us into the adjoining room of the Caxton Club, a kind of Odd Volumes Club, bibliophiles, who publish some rare book each year in a strictly limited edition. One of the recent publications was an edition of an old libretto, a lot of burlesque rhymes, written by Lowell and set to music, back in the war times, for a Cambridge fair—its motive, the old Harvard song, "We don't give bread with one fish-ball." It was a piece of Lowell's drollery now, we suspect, almost absolutely forgotten in Boston and Cambridge, and certainly quite unknown to us until we thus stumbled on it in Chicago.

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One of the upper floors of this Fine Arts Building is occupied by the Chicago Woman's Club—the busiest, strongest and most influential woman's club, we imagine, in the country. Its large suite of spacious rooms, which it already feels itself outgrowing, gives it a home generous indeed compared with that in which we found it last; and this is genuine machinery for the intellectual life. The Club was exercised, while we were there, over the attempt to

exclude colored women from the meetings of the General Federation, the matter which came to a head at the recent convention at Milwaukee in connection with Mrs. Ruffin of Boston. There was a warm and searching discussion of the subject by the Chicago Club, ending in the adoption by an overwhelming majority of the following resolution:

"Resolved, that the Chicago Woman's Club regrets the exclusion of the New Era Club of Boston from the General Federation of Women's Clubs, and reaffirms its principle of equal opportunity for all, without regard to race, color, religion or politics."

The principle thus reaffirmed is a principle stated in the constitution of the Club. The Club by this clear and uncompromising declaration has done itself great honor and has undoubtedly set the tone for the whole body of Women's Clubs of the West on this new form of the race issue, which we had hoped was, so far as national organizations are concerned, settled forever. If the women of a particular state choose to carry their social prejudices and differentiations into their organizations, it is their own affair, and they must argue it out among themselves. But for a state or section to attempt to force its local prejudices and discriminations upon a national body is intolerable; and with such an effort there can, among the women of a democratic nation, be no compromise. The Chicago Woman's Club, holding the position of leadership which it does hold, has, by saying this at this juncture with spirit and with power, done a distinct and great service to the whole body of Women's Clubs in the country and the noble effort for which they stand, and which would be prejudiced almost past redemption should it appear that the spirit of caste, heroically and happily being driven from so many provinces of our life, were to find its refuge with the Women's Clubs.

We are certainly not attempting a census of the intellectual machinery of Chicago nor of the decade's additions to it; and the time would fail to speak of the Armour Institute; of the larger life of Hull House, which, under the inspiring and unique guidance of Jane Addams, is certainly the most interesting and efficient social settlement in the country; of Chicago Commons; of the ever finer services and ever larger appreciation of Theodore Thomas; of a theatre—almost the only one of which we can think in America—with a really beautiful front of its own; of the "Lincoln Centre," of which Jenkins Lloyd Jones, always dreaming splendid dreams, is dreaming this year; of important efforts in the public schools; and of so much besides.

One thing, however, should not be forgotten. At a time when big letters, scare lines and monstrous advertisements are running riot in our newspapers, when almost all of the newspapers of Boston have now become dreadful spectacles, it is to be set down as a distinct honor to Chicago, a tribute to the taste and standards of her journalists and of her people, that her newspapers have almost all of them resisted this vicious and vulgar tendency, and in their make-up present an appearance which, in its simplicity, modesty and propriety, is to the pilgrim from Boston refreshing indeed. Here is one form of intellectual life, and that to our thinking an important form, in which Chicago is far superior to Boston and, though not so far, to New York.

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She is superior to both, too, in her critical literary journal. The *Dial* is to-day, as it has been for many years, the best literary journal in America; although, to tell the truth, we doubt whether that fact is as well known in Chicago as it is in Boston, or in London. Somebody who ought to know told us that the journal has more sub-

scribers in Boston than in Chicago itself. This seems incredible, and was very likely extravagant; but if it is true, it is an honor to Boston, as it is certainly a dishonor to Chicago. The work which Francis Browne and those whom he has gathered about him have done for the interests of clean criticism and true culture in Chicago, now for so long a period, has alone been sufficient to stamp the place where that work has been done as a genuine intellectual capital; as the work of Dr. William T. Harris and the group of which he was the centre so long stamped St. Louis. And it has not been merely the literary motive which has inspired the *Dial*; it has in this last time, when ignoble political and social standards have prevailed in so many places where we had a right to expect better things, been a courageous and unshrinking force in behalf of the noble American traditions, of a pure and thoughtful patriotism, and of the peace and progress of the world.

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If it be true that the *Dial* is not as warmly or widely appreciated in Chicago as in Boston, so is it too, we said, of William Salter, if we may here speak of one personally so dear to us—beloved and prized as he is by his little following. But a little following it is which this rare thinker addresses. We could but wonder how widely it is known in Chicago in what honor he is held in the progressive social and religious circles of the country, and how eagerly each word which comes from his pen is read by his admirers in Boston and New York. We could but wonder, too, to tell the truth, whether he ought to be in the pulpit or on the popular platform at all,—whether his true sphere were not rather the academic one. Here is the best potential professor of ethics or sociology in the country preaching or lecturing to two or three hundred people in Chicago. Ought not one of the great universi-

ties to command him into its service, to inspire and sanctify its young scholars as hardly any other could do so nobly or so well? Yet, if among professors, he would always be a Fichte among professors, driven again and again by the prophetic fire in him to searching analyses of the characteristics of the present age and to addresses to the American people.

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The noblest and most influential machinery for the intellectual and spiritual life, for making the city a better city and the country a better country, is the noble home, where the thought is not petty and private, but public and as broad as the interests of men. We found carved upon the lectern by which we spoke at the Chicago Woman's Club the old word of Terence, "I count nothing human foreign to me." Perhaps that sentiment, thus conspicuously honored, will always do something to save the Club from the service of caste, if ever it is tempted to it. That was the spirit which we found in elect Chicago homes, the memory of which stands out more cheering than all memories of clubs or classes,—homes of the sort that keep the city ever salt and keep it full of vision. We think of a gentle figure of four-score in such a home, with zeal and devotion so dynamic and so youthful, and with an impatience so patient and so faithful of the privileged citizen who does not do his duty, citing against such the pregnant phrase: "It is bad for the ignorant and the vicious to do ill; it is worse for the educated and the honest to do nothing." That is the word which we brought home ringing in our ears as we thought of the municipal problems which confront Boston, as they confront Chicago. If that is the spirit in our educated homes, then all is well with us.

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The interest in municipal matters generally, and in the improvement of

Chicago in particular, seemed to us genuine and widespread in the city; and that is one of the most hopeful things that can be found in any American city to-day. In two large parlor gatherings where we chanced to be and where conversation on some special theme was planned, the chosen theme in each case was municipal improvement. If what we heard is true, there has been improvement in the municipal government of Chicago in these six or seven years; there is a better Council now than then,—and there are other better things. Chicago has been improving, while New York and Philadelphia have certainly been growing worse. But the City Council of Chicago will be exposed to stronger temptation within the next two years than any city council in any American city has ever yet had to face; for most of the street railway franchises expire two years hence, and new "deals" must be made. It seemed to us that no adequate campaign was being planned in behalf of public ownership or, failing that, the next best thing. But just now there calls upon us in our Boston sanctum the secretary of the Street Railway Commission of the Chicago City Council, which commission, consisting of seven aldermen, was appointed by the mayor a year ago, and which has just submitted and printed a report upon the whole question of street railways, which seems to be of high value; at any rate it lays the question before the people of Chicago with such fulness and intelligence, that their thought upon it during the next two years should be very definite. It was dismal to see that in the years since the World's Fair the down-town streets had been so largely filled with elevated railways. The commission now recommends a system of down-town subways, which shall take all surface cars from the streets in the congested district. Boston, which is beginning to saddle herself, most unnecessarily and unfortunately, with elevated rail-

ways, and which is now in the midst of the discussion whether she shall herself build and own her proposed new subway, or let a private corporation do it, might be helped to some good thought on the subject by reading this Chicago report.

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Boston and Chicago alike have to face this puzzling problem of street transportation. They have to face alike, too, the problem of ugliness. We came back to Boston just as Howard Walker was giving that city his scathing rebuke for its carelessness about public beauty and its terrible waste of splendid opportunities. We left Chicago with the feeling that, great as the advances have been in so many ways in these seven or eight years, there has been no improvement as concerns the beauty of the city as a whole. Chicago is an ugly place. There are beautiful things in it in plenty—beautiful homes, beautiful single buildings of many sorts, a developing park system already fine and of generous and noble promise. But as a whole it is an ugly place; and it is ugly because it has not learned the lesson which itself taught the country in 1893 more impressively than it was ever taught elsewhere or otherwise.

We walked with a friend at the University, on a sunny January afternoon which was like April, along the Midway Plaisance, upon which the University grounds so happily border and which, if Chicago is wise, will be made in a few years one of the most magnificent residential avenues in the world, to Jackson Park and the lake shore. There by the lake, as we had last come away from Chicago, had stood the White City, seeming as it receded into the evening mists like a wondrous dream,—surely one of the most beautiful dreams that was ever dreamed on earth. The lagoon with its island we still found; the noble Art Building, now serving as a museum, still stands in its whiteness; but

where the others of that marvellous group of white palaces and temples stood is now only the great stretch of open park, making us realize, so vastly larger does the expanse seem now that it is unoccupied, how immense were the proportions of the White City. Simply the great stretch now of open park!—but standing on the high bridge there by the white Art Building and looking south to the site of the old Court of Honor and beyond, it is not hard to reconstruct it all, and for the moment to live in the White City once again. How great the contrast with the black city which we left at noon and to which we should go back at night! And why so great a contrast? Simply because of the contrast in the management. For the dream city of a summer, Chicago called to the administration her best and strongest men, her broadest thinkers and her ablest men of action, the men who have made her fame in the country and the world; and they wrought the results which brains spurred by pride, commanding taste and talent, and controlled by rational principles always work. For the real city in which her people's real lives are passed, with interests a thousand times greater than the other, Chicago does not command the guidance of her ablest men,—and when she does, they do not answer to the call. When they do, with their pride touched as it was touched in 1893, then Chicago can and will be made beautiful; the individuals who perpetrate the uglinesses and abuses will be suppressed, all building will be made rational, and all men compelled to respect the common good and the high purpose of the city as a whole. When such a spirit comes in Boston, then we shall have the Public Art Commission, with its broad powers, for which Mr. Walker pleads, the Board of Beauty for which we have argued in these pages. Meantime let lovers of beauty in Boston and Chicago and New York rejoice that the recent recommendations of the American Institute

of Architects for a larger and more systematic concern for the interests of beauty in the national capital—of which we read something in the newspapers before we went to Chicago, and more after we came home—are being earnestly taken up by Congress itself; and the new spirit thus finding recognition at Washington may slowly broaden down to the other cities of the country.

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A friend to whom we praised Chicago—he was of course a Bostonian—said: "Yes, it always seems to me the Boston of the West!" One thinks of the glee, a quarter scornful, but only a quarter, with which the good fellows with whom we lunched at the Chicago clubs would have heard the word. We are tempted to add: "Yes, and Boston is the Chicago of the East." We mean by it that all that energy, activity and push which we are wont to associate with the word Chicago are no truer of the one city than of the other. We used to tell our good Chicago friends that if we did not go out there once a year and set our watch by something different from Park Street clock, we feared we should grow rusty. Perhaps in the seven years we had grown rusty; at any rate, we could not feel that in Chicago we were in a busier place, that we were touching a larger life, than we touch every day in Boston. We always come back to our dear old town, from all our wanderings, with a feeling that, hammer it as we will for its derelictions, it is after all the best town in the world, the most fertile and courageous and hospitable as concerns new ideas, the most generous in the support of good causes, the town which does most for the intellectual life of its people. Many might say this, even if adding that it is ever less and less true,—with which none of us surely will quarrel, if it means that other cities are ever doing more and more. But what we would say here is that even as touch-

ing commercial, industrial and material things we cannot see that there is any greater energy, any more impulsive expansion, any larger ambition, any broader planning, or any more conspicuous achievement, in Chicago and the cities of the West than in Boston and the cities of New England. That Boston and New England are losing their place in the country, dropping behind, is one of the foolish notions that an occasional roaming beyond the Alleghanies effectually dispels. In a word, the West, the great middle West, is no longer a pioneer country in any sense; and the conditions of its life are rapidly becoming the same as those in the Atlantic cities and states.

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It is inspiring to see the expansion of the intellectual machinery of the western capital. It is more inspiring to see the expressions of her deeper thoughtfulness and of her soul. In the solemn crisis through which the country has been passing, and from which there are now so many signs of hope that it is emerging into sanity and a right mind, Boston has sometimes felt, with pardonable pride, if in such crises there is any proper place for pride, that she has led the cities of the country in the championship of humane and democratic principles, the honor of the republic in its dealings with mankind, the visions and commands of Jefferson and Lincoln. If with her great traditions of the struggle for independence and the struggle against slavery, with the words of Samuel Adams and Charles Sumner still echoing in her streets, Boston had not been true to the high imperatives of her history and led in the present struggle, her shame would indeed have been double. But if she has led, the western capital has been her close second. To-day in East and West alike the voice of the national conscience—because we honor our people so far as to believe that the

swelling protest against the policy into which we have been betrayed is not born so much of a sense of the waste and folly of it as of its wickedness and wrong—is gathering volume. Mr. Harrison in Indiana speaks as strongly as Mr. Cleveland in New Jersey. The words of Mr. Hoar are applauded as generally in Illinois as they are now at last in Massachusetts. The same sentiments are now common in the Chicago literary clubs which have found such noble expression through Mr. Howells and Mark Twain; and Bliss Perry in Boston and James Lane Allen in Kentucky are reminding us at the same time how false must be the cause which no poet sings and how flagrantly we are violating the laws of all worthy creativeness. It is certainly a most significant thing—it should be to many, in view of the fact that all great and worthy national movements prompt a nation's poets to song, a terrible rebuke and warning—that during the last two years our own poets have been dumb, save in the way of solemn protest. Not a few of these protests of the poets have been memorable; but among them all, no other, with the possible exception of William Gannett's noble poem, "At the Peace Congress," are so memorable and noble as the verses of the poet-teacher at Chicago University, William Vaughn Moody. His poem in the last *Atlantic* struck a note so deep that it touched the hearts and consciences of all thoughtful men; but a greater poem still was that in the same magazine last May, "An Ode in Time of Hesitation." This was a strain worthy of Lowell himself—and worthy of Lowell at his best.

In the days which were darkest, a great group of Chicago men kept the lights brightly burning. Meetings were held in Chicago which had no

parallels in Boston in size or in enthusiasm, and which had to encounter a far more bigoted and vulgar opposition. The number of Chicago pulpits which were true and courageous was large. Half the professors in the University were active and outspoken. A score of the older leaders of public opinion, like Judge Tuley, and of younger men, like Edwin Burritt Smith, have maintained an unremitting endeavor, than which no city in the country has maintained a nobler or more influential, to keep the republic's great responsibilities to herself and to the world in the minds of the people; until at last, as one said, the principles of Jefferson and Lincoln have again "become fashionable in Chicago." The business clubs freely discuss what was tabooed before; the newspapers are coming to themselves and exercising their critical functions; and the change in public opinion, especially in the expression of it, since the presidential campaign, is noteworthy. Nothing was pleasanter than to meet some of these strong and consecrated Chicago men who had been speaking so resolutely for freedom and humanity when it was not "fashionable"; to feel in the great roaring city how large the number of its men and women is who hear, through all the roar in city and in nation, the still, small voice; who love their country, its great inheritance and its great ideals; whose patriotism is not brag and defiance, but honor and devotion; who abhor the thought of America declining from her splendid leadership in the world's progress toward democracy and peace to the petty rivalries and mean ambitions of the hoary past; and who are laboring to lift the republic to her true place and power in the family of nations and in the service of mankind.





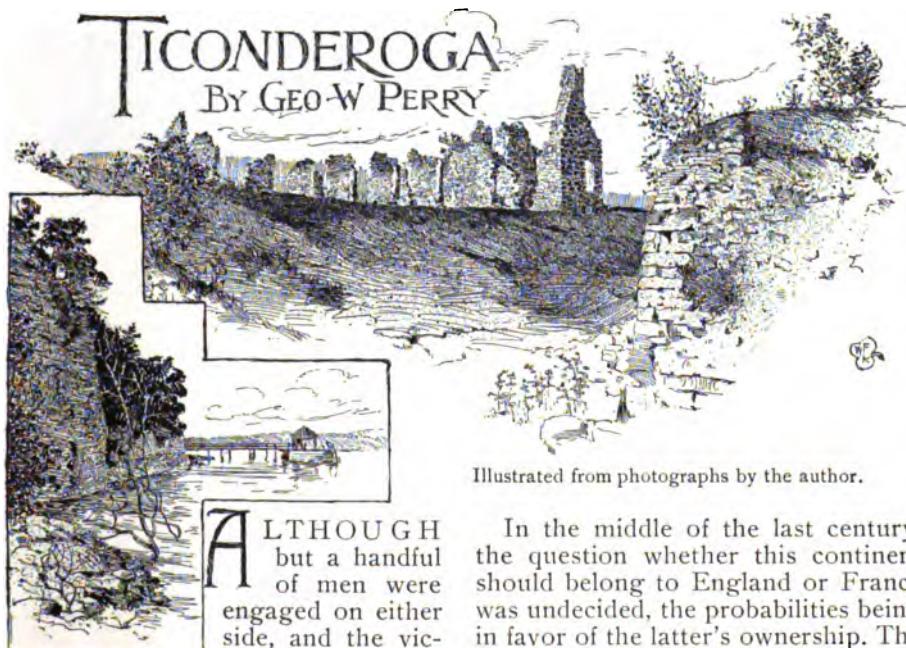
THE STATUE OF ETHAN ALLEN.  
By Larkin C. Mead in the Capitol at Washington.

# THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES.

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Illustrated from photographs by the author.

ALTHOUGH but a handful of men were engaged on either side, and the victory was a bloodless one, the capture of Fort Ticonderoga by Ethan Allen, on the tenth of May, 1775, was one of the great events of the Revolution. It created enthusiasm and inspired confidence that counted for much through all the later struggles of the war. Even now, next to "Lexington and Bunker Hill," the words "Ticonderoga and Ethan Allen" have power to arouse enthusiasm and awaken patriotism in the American heart; while every schoolboy is familiar with Allen's demand for the surrender of the fortress "in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress!"

In the middle of the last century, the question whether this continent should belong to England or France was undecided, the probabilities being in favor of the latter's ownership. The British occupancy really formed only a fringe along the seacoast from Maine to South Carolina. All now belonging to the Dominion of Canada, and all west of the Mississippi, except our later acquisitions from Mexico, were entirely in the possession of the French, while Florida was a Spanish possession. Western Massachusetts and Vermont were sparsely settled; but the greater portion of these sections, as well as New York north of Albany, was an undisturbed wilderness. There were few roadways of any kind, and none over which an army of considerable size could pass; especially were roads wanting running to the northward.



RUINS OF FORT TICONDEROGA.

The virgin forest, encumbered by the decaying ruins of gigantic trees, which maintained pools of water which the sun could not reach to evaporate, was an almost impenetrable morass.

The Richelieu River, Lake Champlain, Lake George and the Hudson formed a natural highway, along which large forces of men, with all their equipment of baggage, arms and ammunition, could be moved with despatch. The French realized that their danger lay in this direction, and began very early to prepare for their defence upon Lake Champlain. As early as 1735 they had pushed as far south as Crown Point and erected a substantial stone fort, St. Frederic, of which one wall remains almost intact to-day. Their occupancy of the entire lake was much more complete than is generally supposed. Every four or five miles, upon some small island or projecting point, a blockhouse was built as a signal station; so that a message could be sent to Quebec from their most southern outpost in a comparatively short time. The locations of many of these stations can now be determined by the garden herbs, now run wild, introduced by their garrisons. In 1755 they pushed fourteen miles farther south and began the

building of the strongest fortress on American soil, which they called Carillon,—known to us as Ticonderoga. Except for the fact that it was commanded by Mt. Defiance, whose occupancy by artillery was then supposed to be impossible, it was a well chosen location. Built upon a promontory commanding the outlet of Lake George, the enemy coming down that lake must re-embark upon Lake Champlain under fire of its guns. Here for three years a large force was constantly employed erecting the fortress, whose fame reached England and caused the authorities great anxiety.

In the summer of 1758, Abercrombie was despatched with an army of fifteen thousand men to reduce this outpost. He was accompanied by Lord Howe, one of the greatest English soldiers who ever fought on American soil. The French, under command of the brave and efficient Montcalm, to the number of only six thousand, occupied Ticonderoga. Hearing of the approach of the British force, they threw up in a single day an extensive line of earth and stone breastworks three-fourths of a mile west of the fort, across the neck of the promontory. On the sixth of July, the English advance, under the personal leadership of Lord Howe,

reached the falls, within two miles of Ticonderoga. Here, in a sudden skirmish, the beloved commander was instantly killed. Disheartened by this sad event, Abercrombie retreated to the foot of Lake George. When, two days later, he advanced against the French lines, they had been made impregnable to attack by infantry. After repeated assaults, resulting in tremendous losses, the English army, utterly demoralized, retreated towards Albany, and the undertaking was abandoned.

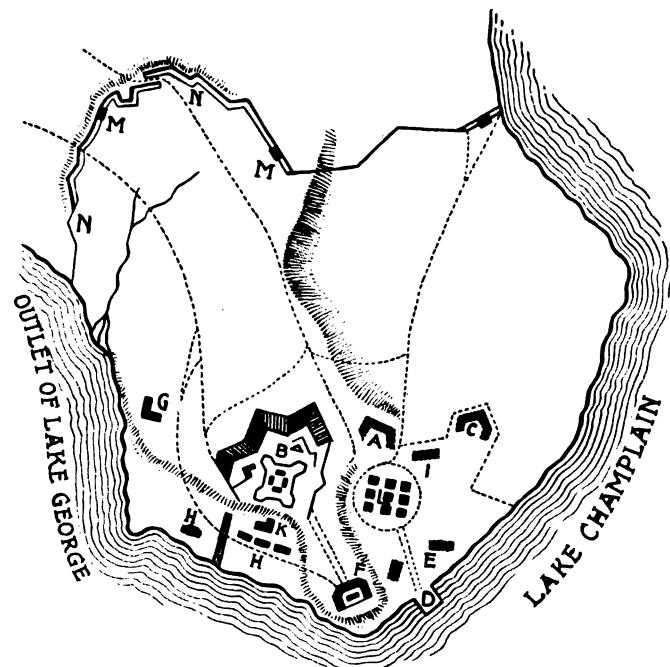
Until a few years ago the remains of Lord Howe were supposed to have been carried to Albany for burial, although the place of their interment was not known. But in 1889, a workman digging a trench in the village of Ticonderoga, which occupies the territory in which occurred the skirmish in which Howe fell, discovered some human remains. In the grave was a small stone, upon which was inscribed "Mem of L<sup>o</sup> Howe Killed Trout Brook." Investigation has shown, beyond reasonable doubt, that these remains were those of the lamented soldier, who was buried near where he fell.\*

In 1759, Amherst, whose success at Louisburg had given him great prominence, advancing toward Ticonderoga with a large army, the French blew up and abandoned the works, and St. Frederic also, and retreated to Canada. Amherst rebuilt the

\* A monograph giving an exceedingly interesting and careful account of the matter was published in 1803 by Edward J. Owen of Ticonderoga.

fort at Ticonderoga, also a new and much larger one at Crown Point. Neither of these fortifications was completed or fully equipped, many of the cannon being left on the lake shore just where they were unloaded from the boats, being submerged by the high water every spring. What portion of the present ruins of Ticonderoga is French and what portion English, it is impossible to determine. The name Carillon was used by the English when they first occupied the fort, but no one seems to know when and why it was changed to Ticonderoga, a corruption of the Indian name for the neighboring waterfall. At the close of the French war all operations at Ticonderoga were stopped; and the works, occupied by only a small garrison, fell into decay.

In view of the strength of the loca-



PLAN OF FORT CARILLON.

From Palmer's History of Lake Champlain.

- |                                   |                                |
|-----------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| A. Stone Battery.                 | G. Battery.                    |
| B. The Fort.                      | H. Stone Houses for Prisoners. |
| C. Earth Battery.                 | I. Lime Kilns.                 |
| D. Wharf.                         | K. Nine Ovens.                 |
| E. Stone Houses for Naval Stores. | L. Gardens.                    |
| F. Redoubt.                       | M. Batteries in the Lines.     |
| N. French Lines.                  |                                |



BREASTWORKS OF OLD FRENCH LINES.

tion of Ticonderoga, it will readily be seen that the desire of the Colonies at the dawn of the Revolution to take possession of the place was a natural one. No part of our history is more familiar than the story of the capture of the famous fortress by Ethan Allen and the Green Mountain boys. There was no expectation on the part of the British commander of any such attempt. The surprise was complete, and the valuable fortress, with its large equipment of cannon and ammunition, fell into the hands of the Americans at a very opportune time.

It is an interesting fact that Ethan Allen's letter to the Committee of Safety at Albany, written on the day of the capture, gives the date as the eleventh of May, instead of the tenth, —the latter being the correct date, as it is given in Allen's later account of the adventure. This original letter is now in the possession of the Woodhouse family of Rutland, Vermont.

During the occupancy by the American force, very little attempt was made to complete or improve the fortifications. It was a great shock to the whole country when, hemmed in on every side by a superior British force, and at the mercy of the battery

planted upon Mt. Defiance, St. Clair, on the fifth of July, 1777, was obliged to abandon Fort Ticonderoga, an action which subjected him to the severest criticism on all sides.

Taking with us the British map of the works in 1759, which may be found in Palmer's history of Lake Champlain, we land, perhaps on a warm, clear September morning, at the dilapidated little wharf, built over

the ruins of the original one of Colonial times. The water is unusually low and clear; so that we can see, stretching out into the lake on its muddy bottom, some of the gigantic pine logs forming the foundation of the wooden bridge built by the American garrison. The bridge served as a means of crossing to Fort Independence, and as a blockade of the lake.

STONE TO THE MEMORY OF LORD HOWE,  
DUG UP IN 1889.

The wharf is built out from one side of an almost perpendicular bluff, rising sheer from the water. On the top of the cliff some massive masonry stands out against the sky. It is the Grenadier Battery, which we will visit later on. On the other side of the dock the land puts out a small shoulder, which must have been the site of the corn-mill and storehouse, though no trace of them can now be found; but just before our own visit

proper, but protected by redoubts. It is six feet in diameter, and was dug out of the solid limestone to a depth of eighty feet. It is now filled nearly to the top by stones and rubbish thrown in by visitors curious as to its depth.

The east wall of the fort has nearly all tumbled down, and is overgrown with trees and overrun with briars. Near the northern end, a ravine enters the fortifications through an



ABERCROMBIE'S BATTLEFIELD.

a curious granite millstone was taken out of the lake near this place.

We follow the winding road for nearly a quarter of a mile, seeking the ruins of the main fort, which had been visible to us for some time before landing. We find them located on the highest point, and near the middle, of a promontory containing five hundred acres. The elevation above the lake is about one hundred feet. As we approach the walls on the east, we pass by the old garrison well, located outside the fortifications

opening in the wall, of which one side has the masonry intact. Here was the wicket gate at which the sentry stood on that eventful morning; while the ravine was the covered way leading to the interior of the works. Following up this ravine two hundred feet, and climbing up its banks, we find ourselves in a quadrangle, formerly surrounded by four substantial stone buildings. They were erected as barracks for officers. Each structure was about one hundred and fifty feet long and two stories high, hav-

ing suites of rooms on each floor, with a generous fireplace in each room. Of these buildings, the western one alone is standing, though the roof, party walls and chimneys, save one, have all disappeared. From the southern door, on the side next to the quadrangle, came forth the British commandant to give up his sword.

Of the southern barracks the end walls are standing, while of the northern building nothing is left to show

ficial light. It is an arched room constructed of stone, and is thirty feet long and twelve feet wide and high, with two branches at the eastern end, each about eight feet square. It had another entrance from the cellar of the northern barracks. The room is now filled to a depth of four or five feet with broken stone, whose presence is a mystery. This old magazine is shown to visitors as the oven or bakery, even Lossing crediting the



WESTERN BARRACKS.

that anything ever stood there. Of the eastern structure we find only the cellar, grown full of bushes and vines. Among them flourishes that curious plant, henbane, whose vase-like seed vessels are very conspicuous. It was grown by the French as a nervine, and with a strange pertinacity has maintained its possession ever since. At the northern end of this cellar we notice a low arch, through which we must crawl on our hands and knees. Getting through it, we are in the ancient magazine. It is lighted by two openings in the roof, so that we can even photograph it without arti-

story; but it is absurd. The bakery was outside the main walls on the south, just below the highest point, a long pile of brick and stone and an old filled-up well marking the spot.

Outside the barracks, the main wall of the fort formed an irregular, star-shaped outline, perhaps five hundred feet in diameter, the points of which can all be traced. This wall on the north was quite low, and was guarded by an abatis. On the south the wall at one point is still over twenty feet high. Standing upon this highest point, a beautiful as well as interesting scene is spread out before us, to

which no photograph can do any kind of justice. To the west across the bay into which flow the waters of Lake George rises Mt. Defiance, whose investment by the British force caused the Americans to evacuate the works in 1777. Southward the lake lies between wooded and rocky hills, losing itself among them. Eastward across the water rise the

Green Mountains, now as of old clad with verdure to their very tops. Looking down to our feet, we discover a narrow ditch, starting under the point on which we stand, and leading down to the lake, a distance of about five hundred feet. This must be the underground passage for procuring water in time of siege. It was probably roofed with logs and covered with earth, as an elm tree at least a hundred years old is now growing on the bottom of the ditch. South of the high wall, halfway down to the water,



INSIDE THE BARRACKS LOOKING NORTH.

were several stone prisons. They were not extensive buildings, and there is no record of their occupancy. Of them very little remains, the highest wall being less than four feet. Through the main wall on the west there was an entrance to the interior of the works similar to the one on the east through which Allen entered.

The ground in all the elevated portion of the promontory consists of a seamy ledge of black limestone, overlaid to only a scanty depth with soil. Therefore the fort could not be cap-

tured by mining nor approached by parallels. The stone for the walls and buildings was quarried out of the ditches and underground passages. The disappearance of so much of it is explained by the fact that for many years the ruins afforded a cheap and convenient source of supply for cellars, bridges and fences in the vicinity. When the fort was occupied by a large force, the vast plain northwest of the barracks was the camping ground of the troops.

Looking southeastward,



INSIDE MAGAZINE.



GRENADIER BATTERY.

we notice on the end of the promontory some massive ruins, which prove to be the remains of the Grenadier Battery, the main defence of the lake. The works are well preserved, the corner that almost overhangs the water a hundred feet below being almost as perfect as on the day of its erection. As the lake here is less than half a mile wide, the battery perfectly commanded it. Between Grenadier Battery and the main fort an attempt was made to excavate a covered way, twelve feet wide. The soil was dug out along the whole distance, but the ledges were never removed.

Passing north of the main fortifications, we find only the foundations of the "stone battery," the materials of its upper works having been utilized in building the neighboring fence. East of this should lie the lime kilns. We search for them in vain for a while, but find them at length, completely overgrown with shrubbery, while near them are the quarries.

Beyond them in the meadow we notice a long, narrow copse of small trees. Pushing our way through the tangle, we find ourselves on the top of a line of earthworks, the ditch before which is still full of water and growing many aquatic plants. Several similar fortifications are found farther to the north. As these are not on the British chart made in 1759, they were probably thrown up by the Americans after the abandonment of Crown Point.

Passing along the highway to the westward, we notice two or three cellars, of which there is now no explanation, and several earth redoubts, which were built either by Montcalm for his men to fall back into if overcome, or by the British force during their occupancy. It is easy to distinguish the cellars from the redoubts, as the latter have a ditch outside of the embankment.

Crossing the railroad, which here passes through the highest part of

the promontory by a tunnel, we come to the French lines in the bloody battle of July 8, 1758. They are distant from the barracks nearly three-fourths of a mile, and form an irregular curved line more than half a mile in length. At each end, as they approach within a musket shot of the water, the lines turn and run parallel with the lake. At the northern end the breastworks are only three or four feet high, as at the time of the fight this portion of the approach was an almost impassable swamp. In the centre, where the battle took place, the earth was piled up to a height of ten feet, while at the southern end rock work was built instead of earth, advantage being taken of the natural ledges on the brow of the slope to the lake. The whole line of defences is almost as perfect as on the day of its erection. As we stand on top of the central portion, we have before us a large, level plain, upon which was fought one of the bloodiest battles of history, two thousand English and Colonial soldiers falling in the attempt to carry the works. The battle-ground is now completely covered with a growth of trees, mostly oak, while upon the breastworks themselves stand some gigantic pines. So, except for the greater dryness of the soil, the place is much as it was at the time of the fight, only enough of the forest having been cut to make the insurmountable abatis.

We turn back towards the old fort, passing more to the south near the lake shore. About halfway back, near a large earth redoubt, we find an old garrison burial ground, where lie those who died of disease. The graves are hollows now, with rough fragments of stone at the head and sometimes also at the foot. The old cemetery forms

an unfenced portion of the one vast pasture which includes most of the works. Over these unknown graves stalks of milkweed shake out their silvery plumes, the St. John's-wort lifts its purple capsules, and the golden rod glows with its autumn gold. No one knows whether French, British or American soldiers lie buried here; and no true Christian cares. Nature has taken them to her bosom, and we may well forget whether they were friends or foes.

*"Strange that on his burial sod  
Harebells bloom and golden rod.  
Is the unseen with sight at odds,  
Nature's pity more than God's?"*

In the midst of the ancient graves is one much more recent. The white headstone, which lies upon the ground broken in several pieces, tells us of the burial place of Isaac Rice, who died August 11, 1852. Why was this man buried among the heroes of the past? From Lossing we learn that when he visited the old fort in 1848 he found a very aged man acting as guide, and claiming to be the last survivor of the American garrison. His name was Isaac Rice. Kind friends laid him away on the spot where his last days were spent.



GRAVE OF ISAAC RICE IN THE OLD CEMETERY.

## THE FINAL BURIAL OF THE FOLLOWERS OF JOHN BROWN.

*By Thomas Featherstonhaugh.*

WILL people ever become weary of hearing the story of John Brown at Harper's Ferry? The tale has been told and retold, and popular interest seems only to increase with the passing years. The flight of another half century will remove the last vestiges of personal hostility to the central figure in this drama, and new generations will earnestly gather up every detail in the life and work of John Brown of Osawatomie. The purpose of this paper is to preserve the memory of an interesting occurrence in connection with some of his followers.

Early in July, 1859, John Brown appeared in Harper's Ferry to strike his long contemplated blow at slavery, "the sum of all villainies," as he called it. With him were two of his six sons, Owen and Oliver, and a devoted adherent, Jeremiah Anderson. They rented a small farmhouse five miles from the Ferry, at a secluded place in the hills of Maryland. To this place arms were gradually brought, and here the men of the conspiracy stealthily gathered, one by one. This house is still standing, somewhat modified externally. By October 16 the attack was determined upon. On the evening of that day, a dark, rainy Sunday night, John Brown and nineteen of his men started down the

little farm lane and set their faces resolutely towards Harper's Ferry. Three men were left behind to guard the premises and to attend to other matters connected with the raid.

The details of the encounter between this handful of devoted men, the militia of Virginia, and the United States troops are well known and need not be repeated here. Of the twenty-two men engaged in forming the attack, seven were captured and hanged, five escaped, and ten were killed. The names of those killed were Watson and Oliver Brown, sons of the leader; William and Dauphin Thompson, two brothers; Stewart Taylor, John Henrie Kagi, Jeremiah G. Anderson, William H. Leeman, Dangerfield Newby and Lewis Sheridan Leary. Newby and Leary were colored men.

Watson Brown was born October 7, 1835. He was the only one of Captain



ENGINE HOUSE AT HARPER'S FERRY IN WHICH JOHN BROWN MADE HIS LAST STAND.

Brown's seven sons who did not serve in the Kansas war. Watson was over six feet in height and a fine looking young man. In a letter written by Edwin Coppoc, one of the band who was captured unhurt and was afterwards hanged at Charlestown, he thus speaks of the death of Watson: "Watson Brown was wounded about ten o'clock on Monday, at the same time Stevens was, while passing along the street with a flag of truce, but was not so badly wounded but he got back to the engine house. During the fight in the afternoon he fought as brave as ever any man fought; but as soon as the fight was over, he got worse. When we were taken in the morning, he was just able to walk. He and Green and myself were put in the watch-house. Watson kept getting worse from then until about three o'clock Wednesday morning, when he died."

In Sanborn's "Life and Letters of John Brown" (p. 611), a letter from C. W. Tayleure to John Brown, Jr., dated June 15, 1879, gives these further particulars of Watson's death, Mr. Tayleure being then active on the Southern side: "After the assault I assisted your father to rise, as he stumbled forward out of the historic engine house; and I was able to administer to your brother Watson, just before he died, some physical comfort, which won me his thanks. I gave him a cup of water to quench his thirst (about 7.30 A. M.) and improvised a couch for him out of a bench, with a pair of overalls for a pillow. I remember how he looked—singularly handsome, singularly calm, and of a tone and look very gentle. The look with which he searched my heart I can never forget. I asked him, 'What brought you here?' He replied, very patiently, 'Duty, sir.' 'Is it then your idea of duty to shoot men down upon



GRAVE OF THE MEN AT HARPER'S FERRY  
BEFORE OPENING.

their own hearthstones for defending their rights?' He answered, 'I am dying; I cannot discuss the question; I did my duty as I saw it.' This conversation was listened to by Edwin Coppoc with perfect equanimity."

Oliver Brown was born March 9, 1839, and was also a tall, handsome man. He was shot by citizens on Monday morning, near the engine house, and died in fifteen minutes after being wounded.

William and Dauphin Osgood Thompson were sons of Roswell Thompson, a neighbor of the Browns in Essex County, New York. They were born respectively in 1833 and 1838. Watson Brown had married their sister Isabella, and their brother Henry had married Ruth, the eldest daughter of John Brown. William Thompson had made a trip early on Monday morning from the Ferry back to the farm in Maryland to give orders





Photograph used by permission of Miss Katharine E. McClellan.

## THE BENEDICTION AT THE FUNERAL OF JOHN BROWN'S MEN, AUGUST 30, 1899.

concerning the removal of the arms stored there, and on attempting to return was captured by the militia who had arrived from Charlestown, and was held a prisoner. Later in the day some citizens removed him from the hotel where he was held, and, leading him to the Potomac bridge, shot him to death in cold blood. Dauphin Thompson was killed by the United States marines in their charge upon the engine house, Tuesday morning, October 18.

Stewart Taylor was born at Uxbridge, Canada, in 1836. He was an enthusiast in the cause, and so much a fatalist that he frequently announced his coming early death at Harper's Ferry. This foreknowledge of his fate did not cause the slightest shrinking on his part from doing what he considered his duty. As he predicted,

he was shot, near the engine house, and lived about three hours after receiving his wound. He suffered greatly and begged his companions to kill him.

John Henrie Kagi (perhaps the most earnest man of the party, with the exception of John Brown, and certainly the most intellectual of them all) was a native of Ohio, having been born in Bristol, March 15, 1835. He was a teacher, phonographer, lawyer and newspaper correspondent. He was the right-hand man of John Brown, who deferred to his keen, logical mind in all important issues. To Kagi was intrusted the capture of the so-called Rifle Works at Harper's Ferry, which were about half a mile from the engine house and upon the banks of the Shenandoah. This mission was successfully accomplished,



Photograph used by permission of Katharine E. McClellan.

REV. MAC KAY SMITH.

HON. WHITELAW REID.

REV. E. A. BEAMAN.

REV. JOSHUA YOUNG, D. D.

COL. R. J. HINTON.

RIGHT REVEREND BISHOP POTTER.

S. H. STEVENS.

GROUP AT THE FUNERAL.

but on Monday afternoon the militia drove him from his position, and, while attempting to retreat across the Shenandoah River, he was shot down.

Jeremiah G. Anderson was born in Putnam County, Wisconsin, April 13, 1833. He received a good education, and it was his intention to become a preacher. He afterwards gave up this plan, and in 1857 went to Kansas, where he purchased a claim. Here he met John Brown and became his most ardent disciple. He was with Captain Brown upon his arrival at Harper's Ferry, and remained close by his side until death claimed him. When the United States marines made their final charge upon the engine house, Anderson was bayoneted and was dragged out of the building

vomiting gore. He was laid upon the stone flagging and subjected to every indignity that the maddened populace could devise. He was, however, happily unconscious of these insults, and soon died.

William H. Leeman was a native of Hallowell, Maine, and born there, March 20, 1839. In 1856 he started for Kansas, proposing to take up a land claim and become a settler. There he found congenial spirits in the members of John Brown's party, and soon became one of them. During the fight at the Ferry, about one o'clock in the afternoon, on Monday, Leeman was hard pressed by some citizens who had cut off his retreat, and he attempted to escape by crossing the Potomac. When part way

over, he found he could get no further, and, gaining a rock, he threw up his hands as a signal of surrender. One of the citizens waded out to receive the surrender, as was supposed, but when he came up with Leeman, he deliberately put his revolver to the defenseless man's head and killed him at once. The rock on which this murder was done stands there basking in the sunlight, and played with by the ripples of the Potomac.

Dangerfield Newby, born in 1825, was a powerfully built mulatto, Virginian by birth, and a slave. His father, a Scotchman, had, however, before 1859, taken his family to Ohio and there freed them. Newby had a wife and six children in slavery in Warrenton, Virginia. He was shot by a citizen from the window of a building overlooking the scene of operations at the Ferry, and almost instantly killed.

Lewis Sheridan Leary, a free mulatto, born in Fayetteville, North Carolina, March 17, 1835, was a harnessmaker by occupation. He drifted to Oberlin, Ohio, where he came into contact with the abolition movement, and he met John Brown in Cleveland. Leary was one of those detailed to operate at the Rifle Works under the leadership of Kagi, and during the retreat across the Shenandoah was badly wounded. He was carried into a carpenter's shop, where he died after several hours of great agony.

When the battle smoke had cleared away and the prisoners had been removed to the county seat, Charles-town, for trial and execution, the bodies of the ten slain men were gathered together from the rivers and streets; and some disposition had to be made of them. The bodies of Watson Brown and Jeremiah Anderson, being fine physical specimens, were given to some physicians from the medical school at Winchester, Virginia. They were packed into barrels and were afterwards utilized for anatomical purposes. The prepared body of Watson was recovered in

1881 by John Brown, Jr., and was buried by the side of his father's body at North Elba, New York. It is not known what ultimate disposition was made of the remains of Anderson.

Burial of the other bodies in one of the village cemeteries was, in view of the popular excitement, out of the question. James Mansfield, who still lives at Harper's Ferry, was therefore given five dollars in county orders to bury these eight bodies. He procured two large "store boxes," and into these receptacles thrust the remains of the eight men, and buried them about half a mile from the Ferry upon the banks of the Shenandoah River, almost at the water's edge. Here they remained, unmarked and almost unknown, until July 29, 1899, when the writer, accompanied by Captain E. P. Hall of Washington and Professor O. G. Libby of the University of Wisconsin, exhumed the remains, which were at once carried to North Elba by Dr. Libby. The two great boxes were found some three feet below the surface of the ground. They were, of course, much decayed, but from being constantly wet, by proximity to the river, were remarkably preserved. Most of the smaller bones had crumbled away, but the long bones of eight men were recovered.

A few weeks before the raid, some friends of the cause in Philadelphia had sent a lot of great blanket shawls to the Kennedy farm as a gift. On the night of the raid each man had taken one of these shawls and used it instead of an overcoat. Many witnesses speak of these blankets, and how the short Sharpe's carbines were kept from the rain beneath these protectors. The men had evidently been buried in these shawls, for great masses of woollen texture were found enveloping each body. A great deal of the clothing had been marvellously preserved. There were portions of coats and vests with the buttons still in position upon them, and from one of the vest pockets dropped two short lead pencils, all sharpened for use.

There is no question as to the identification of the remains. The unusual locality of the graves, the peculiar method of burial (all being packed in two great boxes), the memory of a number of the older citizens who witnessed the burial, and the affidavit of the man who buried the bodies place the matter beyond controversy.

Miss Katharine E. McClellan of Saranac Lake, who has published a charming sketch of John Brown in the Adirondacks, was kind enough to assume the labor of making all the arrangements for the funeral at the John Brown farm, in North Elba. At her solicitation that town presented a handsome casket with silver handles and a silver plate bearing the names of all the men, with the date of interment. The remains were all placed together in this one casket, and a grave was dug by the side of those of Captain John Brown and his son, Watson, under the shadow of the huge boulder that Captain Brown wished to stand sentinel over his last resting-place.\* August 30, being the forty-third anniversary of the battle of Osawatomie, was selected as the day for the funeral ceremonies.

During the preparations for the funeral, Mr. E. P. Stevens of Brookline, Massachusetts, a nephew of Aaron D. Stevens, one of the raiders who was hanged at Charlestown, accomplished the work of having his uncle and a companion, Albert Hazlett, who was also hanged, disinterred

\* To Miss McClellan the writer is indebted for the pictures of the ceremonies and for her kind permission to use the same.

from their graves at Perth Amboy, New Jersey, and sent on to be buried with their old comrades and leader. Thus ten bodies in all of the original party were recovered. Counting John Brown and his son Watson, there are now twelve of the Harper's Ferry raiders buried in this little plot.

Rev. Joshua Young, who performed the last rites over the grave of John Brown, December 8, 1859, and who was bitterly reviled at his own home in Vermont for the Christian act, was present and took charge of the religious ceremonies. Colonel Richard J. Hinton made an address, which included a biographical sketch of each of the men, many of whom he had personally known. Bishop H. C. Potter of New York made a short address, as did also Mr. Whitelaw Reid.

Four members of a colored family living in the neighborhood, who had gone there to assist in forming a negro colony in northern New York in the days of Gerrit Smith and John Brown, and who had sung hymns at Brown's funeral, very fittingly sang at the interment of these men, who laid down their lives for the freedom of the slave.

A detachment of the Twenty-sixth United States Infantry, which had gone up from Plattsburg to act as escort, fired a volley over the open grave; the benediction was pronounced; and the fifteen hundred visitors and neighbors who had attended the funeral turned away and left old John Brown, no longer solitary, to sleep on amid the mountains and trees that he loved so well.



## THE MAN HE SAVED.

*By Lewis E. MacBrayne.*

### I.

ROBERT ARMINGTON, JR., went from the presence of his father with a flush upon his face and the lines about his mouth drawn hard. Within the library the older man still sat in the revolving chair beside his desk; and the lines upon his own face were more clearly marked than those upon the face of his son. Nobody who could have looked upon them then would have mistaken their relationship nor the fact that they had quarrelled.

Armington the younger—he was twenty-five years old—passed through the hallway, pausing only for his hat and coat, and hurried from the house; but once outside the door, he stood for a moment in the driveway, uncertain as to what he intended to do. It was an afternoon in early June, and he noticed, half mechanically, that the roses were opening their buds and that the lawns had been newly cut and looked like a rolling green carpet.

There was a clatter of hoofs on the roadway outside, and a well built, athletic young fellow, in brown leggings and riding breeches, reined in his horse before the driveway. "Hello, Bob," he called, "come over to the Country Club for supper."

"Not to-day, Hal. Good by."

His friend laughed. "Gruff as a bear this afternoon!" he said. "You require more sleep." He rode into the driveway. "See here, old man," he said in a quieter voice, "isn't it about time you began to take life with a little more discretion?"

Armington turned on his heel. "When I want a preacher, I will send for you," he retorted.

"Office hours from two until four o'clock," answered his friend cheerfully, as he rode away.

Armington walked around to the stable for his own horse, and told the man to put it into the hackney cart. He desired to get away somewhere and think over just how much of a fool he had made of himself and what it was wisest to do under the circumstances.

"She's a bit tired to-day," said the man, leading the horse from the stable. "Must have driven her hard yesterday."

"So I did. Who brought her home, Joseph?"

"I did, sir. They telephoned."

The man pretended to be busy for a moment, examining the harness. "It was a dirty trick, their putting it in the papers, sir," he said.

"Rubbish!" replied the young man. "Throw me the reins."

It was a great pity, he thought, as he drove toward Boston, that people should have so much to say over so small a matter; but although he held the ribbons high and kept the whip in his hand at its proper angle, he was far from feeling as complaisant as he looked. He knew that he was disgraced in his father's eyes, and he was fearful as to what his standing might be in another home where he had been received with some favor. He drove straight into the city by the Beacon Street Boulevard, his direct route from Brookline; and his course of action had shaped itself clearly before he reached the brownstone residence in which Elizabeth Grant was "at home" that afternoon. There were several carriages slowly driven back and forth by aristocratic coachmen in that part of Beacon Street, and one of them, as he came in sight, had stopped before her door.

"Is Miss Grant receiving many callers this afternoon?" he asked the maid who admitted him.

"Only Miss Abbott is here now, sir," she replied.

The drawing-room into which he was ushered came back to his mind often in the days that followed,—the Japanese screen partly concealing the spreading ferns, the Venetian water color by F. H. Smith upon an easel, a French vase in one corner, and the Venus in another, the open music upon the piano, and a mandolin left in the music rack, and finally, Irma Abbott among the silk cushions of a richly covered sofa, and Elizabeth Grant seated in a high-back Colonial chair, with a troubled look in her face at the sound of his voice.

They arose to meet him, and the commonplace greetings of the afternoon were exchanged. They were too polite to enter at once into the discussion of the matter uppermost in their minds, and each one welcomed the moment of small talk in which to prepare for the situation that had brought the three together. It passed quickly enough.

"And now, sir, tell us about your little celebration of last night," said Irma Abbott. "It was in all of the morning papers; but Elizabeth, who is above such literature, had heard nothing about it until I told her just now."

"If you read the papers, you learned more than I can tell you," he said.

"What! You are not going to crawl?" Irma Abbott could act astonishment with the grace of an actress.

"No. I don't, generally."

"Well, then, you admit that you were arrested last night?"

"Yes."

"And that you were one of the three young men charged with breaking windows, disturbing the peace, and resisting arrest?"

"I was fined for those offences this morning."

"What an adventure!" she exclaimed; and she rested her head upon her arm as she leaned back among the cushions, a pose that dis-

played the peculiar grace of her beauty. How madly in love with her he had once thought himself to have been! He could not but admire the cunning now that had forced him to confirm a story that had, he doubted not, been questioned by the other girl.

"A very sorry adventure!" he replied as he watched her.

"Ah, well, since it was you who did it, it will soon be forgotten," she said. "Is it not so, my dear?"

"I do not know," replied Elizabeth Grant, to whom she had addressed the question. "I am sure that I hope so."

"Nonsense, my dear. You talk as dolefully as a home missionary. Robert can be a young man but once,—and that is more than you or I ever can be."

She gave a plaintive sigh, as though the loss was really one to be deplored; and Robert Armington thought of her again as he had seen her on that night, three years before, when she had raised her glass of champagne to her lips and asked him to drink to her eyes, which he had told her were jewelled lamps set behind draperies of Persian lace. It had been at a cotillion of the smart set, and he, still in college, had been dazzled by her beauty and had tried to argue to his own mind that where a woman led it was always safe to follow. Since then he had learned to know her type better; though he could not always rise above its spell. But the memory of that scene had come to him only as a page from the past, and he turned instinctively to Elizabeth Grant as she said:

"We might make better women if we could live as men for a time."

Irma Abbott arose from the cushions with an air of mock alarm. "I shall become serious enough for a college settlement if I remain another moment," she said. "Good afternoon, my dear. You are coming over soon to see me, Mr. Armington? You are always welcome there."

He made some reply as she left the

room; but he was thinking of her now as one of two personalities striving to direct his life. He knew that he was bound to follow the one, driving recklessly with the whip of fate in his hand, laughing at the serious things of life and living as the man of the world, or that he would follow the other, yielding to the better instincts within him, rising above much that was dross in his life, and seeking to win his own right, as those before him had done, to the Armington name. When Miss Abbott had gone, he sat down at the piano, looking at the song open upon it.

"Come and sing to me," he said in the imperious tone that he used among his friends. But she refused; and so he played the song through himself, trying to carry on a conversation over his shoulder as he did so. At length he was forced to recognize his failure.

"Beth," he said, turning about suddenly and rising, "I'm awfully sorry about this, really. I know that I have made a fool of myself; but a fellow need not be brought to the day of judgment for that." He was angry within himself because of her manner, which he could not fathom. He had come to ask her forgiveness humbly, and the presence of Irma Abbott had irritated him and made it impossible. Her answer now did not help him any.

"I am not bringing you to the day of judgment," she said. Her voice, he thought, sounded tired; and he knew, in spite of his earlier impulse to make light of the matter, that he cared for her alone and that, with all his recklessness, she had been the one who had been enthroned in his seat of honor, in the temple of his better thoughts. He walked over to where she was sitting; and his tone now was abrupt.

"I have had a regular row with my father," he said. "It will be best for me to leave home. I came in to talk it over with you."

"Leave home!" Her voice in-

dicated something deeper than surprise.

"Oh, I am not going to run away. They do that in books, but not in our world, you know. But still, it might as well amount to that. It means an end to the things as they have been."

"I am very sorry," she replied. "You must not go. I mean that you ought not to go away in anger. I should advise you,—but, somehow—why, we've been drifting apart so of late! You've called—I don't mean that you haven't called; but we were such good friends awhile ago! Perhaps you have been making better friends elsewhere. I am sure that you ought to; and besides—" She had been talking nervously, with a little laugh now and then, looking up at him all the time, and now she broke down in the sentence and lowered her eyes, which were growing moist, and tapped with her fingers upon the arms of the chair.

He placed one hand upon the back of the chair, gently, as though it rested upon her shoulder. "I want you to marry me," he said. "I have not gone to the dogs yet, nor near it. My father may think so; but it is not true. I want you to marry me, and let me show them how mistaken they were."

"I marry you? No, you mustn't—you must not say a word. We have been good friends—old friends—but I cannot marry you; I must not."

His arm fell. "You misunderstand me," he said. "You believe that I am doing this to clear myself at home."

"No, don't. Sit down there, please. You say that men don't run away from home in our world. Women, I would have you know, are different, too." Again her voice had that strange, winning tone. "Do let us talk it over," she continued, as he took the chair mechanically. "It is much better that way, is it not?"

"Yes, Beth."

"You must have heard about my older brother. He left home many years ago. He went away as they do

in books, you know. Now, don't interrupt. I was the little sister then; but I remember him so well. He drank, Bob,—not as you men drink at the clubs! Well, he left home for the West,—and there has never been a word from him since."

He felt a tightening at his throat, and hardly dared to speak. "Beth" was all that he could stammer. But she went on with hardly a pause, looking earnestly at him through the mist of her eyes. "And now don't you see that I must never marry a man who might—who might do that? Mother and I have been such close-friends for so many years! How could I go to her and say, 'Here, mother, I bring you—'"

"Mrs. Garnard and Miss Garnard, ma'am," announced the maid; and they swept in to the room.

"Why, Mrs. Garnard and Helena!" said Elizabeth Grant. "I am so glad to see you both. You know Mr. Armington, of course."

Armington arose to say good by. Mrs. Garnard bade him good afternoon effusively, while her daughter arched her eyebrows in disapproval of his going so soon.

"Shall we see you again before long?" asked Elizabeth Grant.

"I am afraid not, for I shall be leaving town."

"Your people go to Manchester-by-the Sea, I believe," said Mrs. Garnard. "The Whitneys go there. I prefer Bethlehem and the Mountains."

"Good by, then," said Elizabeth Grant. "Let us hear from you sometimes. That is, you must not forget your old friends." He bowed and left the room; and before the outer door had closed on him, Mrs. Garnard was telling a story about her dog.

Armington drove toward the city until he reached the Public Garden. He did not know whether to go to the club or back to Brookline, and the high stepping horse came to a standstill and swung its head from

side to side like a weather vane moved by the uncertainty of the young man's mind. The vista of the Garden and the Common stretched before him, flower beds, palms in tubs, sweeping willows about the pond, and the grove of trees in the Common; while at a more distant point to the left, on Beacon Hill, the sun played an artist's trick upon the golden dome of the State House. The sounds that came from the city were subdued, and the scene was full of the suggestion of harmony and order, well suited to inspire the better motives in a troubled mind. The horse tossed back its head and turned sharply about in the direction of Brookline.

The Armingtons dined at half past six o'clock. There were guests that day, and the dinner had enough formality to save the son and heir from the scene that had disturbed the family circle at noon. It was late in the evening when he found his father alone in the library.

"Come in, Rob. You didn't go out to-night?"

"No, sir. I ask your pardon for whatever I may have said this noon. I shall follow your suggestion and go to work."

"I am very glad of that. A fellow is a man only when he can support himself. It is the principle, not the money involved. You will come into the office?"

"I would prefer not to do so, sir. You have been having some trouble at the mine in North Arkansas, I understood you to say the other day. Why cannot I go there?"

"It's hardly your line, Rob. There are no clubs down there in the mountains, and until the railroad is built there is hardly anything at all but work."

"I am going to try work, sir."

His father looked at him doubtfully. Such a sudden conversion, to his mind, did not agree with the position taken by the young man earlier in the day. At the same time, he did not wish to be in error in the matter,

so he said, "When do you wish to go?"

"To-morrow."

"Indeed!" He did not add what he thought,—that Robert Armington, Jr., had certain family traits that would save him in the long run.

## II.

It was an afternoon in November and Robert Armington, Jr., had covered two-thirds of the distance of twenty-eight miles from Harrison to Dodd City. The horse that he rode was beginning to lose its freshness, and on the summit of the hill he gave it a moment's rest, as he paused to look at the panorama that rolled for twenty miles away. Excepting the occasional cabin of the homesteader, in the bottom lands, there was no sign of habitation; but Nature, working on a great canvas, had painted the trees a bright red or a golden yellow, broken here and there by the deeper greens of the great pines; and far away, on the line of the horizon, where the hills did not intervene, there was a suggestion of Missouri prairie.

It would have required more than a passing glance to have recognized in the well knit figure partially concealed by the homely "pepper and salt" suit of the country and in the well-tanned face beneath the broad felt hat the well-groomed young man who had driven the hackney cart into Boston nearly six months before. That had been the Armington of the Beacon Street clubs. This was the Armington of North Arkansas, resident manager of the Big Elephant Mine and adopted citizen of Marion County. He was still admiring the landscape, when another horseman came up the road and greeted him in passing.

"Howdy, Mr. Armington. Been over to Harrison for supplies?"

"Hello, Judge. Yes, the boys wanted a few things we couldn't get

in the city. They've started to build the road from Eureka, Judge."

"Hooray for that," shouted the Judge, who weighed two hundred, but rode his horse like a brigadier. "When'd yer leave Dodd City?"

"Three days ago, Judge. Any news?"

"Well, there's a story about there being a case of smallpox; having it over in Missouri, so the papers say. Nothing serious, I reckon."

"We hope not, Judge. The story may have been started by those Yellville people, to head off our boom. Good day."

Armington rode on, and forgot the incident until he had passed the Pilot Rock Mine and was approaching Dodd City. He was obliged to turn into the bushes then, to make way for a two-seated wagon familiarly known as a hack; and as it passed him, one of the occupants—unmistakably Eastern capitalists—pointed back in the direction from which they were fleeing, and shouted, "Better keep out. The red flag is flying."

He put the horse to a better pace over the rough road; and as the sun was going down behind the hills, he rode into the ravine that held the solitary street and few buildings of Dodd City. Dismounting at the little hotel, he tied his horse to a post and went in; for the door was open, and he could see a group of the citizens gathered in consultation about the sheriff, a tall, muscular man, who sat in his shirt sleeves in front of the stove.

"Good evening, gentlemen," he said as he entered. "I see that the red flag is out two doors below. Who's ill?"

"Glad to see you back, Mr. Armington," said the sheriff. "We were just speaking about you. It's a man named Andrews, who belongs two miles down the road. He had been sick alone for a week or so, when your superintendent went over and brought him in. Of course he didn't know what he had."

"They called me in," said the doctor, a newcomer in the county. "I knew the disease the moment I saw it, and placed the case in quarantine until we can fix up a place outside of the town."

"You say Garner brought him in? Where is Garner now?" asked Armington.

"We have him quarantined too," the doctor replied. "He's liable to have the disease also. The only thing we can do is to shut him up for ten days and give him the whiskey cure."

"The what?"

"The whiskey cure."

"You will give him nothing of the sort," said Armington, decisively. "He is no more liable to have the smallpox than I am."

"I refer the matter to these gentlemen," replied the doctor, tersely; and he put his hands into his pockets and serenely contemplated the stove.

There was an awkward silence in the group about the sheriff. Hardy, homely men they were, who had gone into the country twenty or thirty years before, many of them as homesteaders, others to stake out mining claims,—every one of them looking long ago for the boom that was only now beginning to be realized. And they swore by young Armington, every man of them. He had come from that North that several of them had known in the long ago. He was a mine owner's son, but he wore their clothes and lived their life, believing with them in the future of the North Arkansas hills, encouraging them when their courage was at a low ebb because of the doubtfulness of the railroad project, meeting the surveyors and estimators of railroad tonnage who came from the 'Frisco or Eureka Springs Road,—suggesting, explaining and arguing points that other men had overlooked. It was not in their creed to oppose him if it could be avoided. The sheriff broke the silence.

"You know, Mr. Armington," he

said, "how important it is that this boom shouldn't be busted. You yourself have said that a false step now would ruin Dodd City. Now this smallpox might be just the thing to do it."

Armington recognized the logic, and understood the honesty of purpose behind it. "You are right about the case, sheriff," he replied. "But why quarantine Garner?"

"Because, Mr. Armington," said Major Holland, a man with iron gray hair, who had come into the country from the West, "because it's just here. They all know Garner brought him in. They'd talk. It wouldn't do,—they'd talk."

"Very well, then," replied the young man, "I will submit, if the doctor will agree to omit the whiskey cure."

The face of the physician flushed. "That is my business," he said, curtly.

"Then Garner leaves this town tonight!"

"And I tell you that he does not leave that house!" shouted the doctor, pointing through the open door to the temporary quarantine across the way, and overturning a chair in the excitement of his movement.

Armington ignored the doctor, but turned to his friends. "You men knew Garner before I came here," he said. "You know what he was, and what he is now,—and you know why he has changed."

"You are right," said the sheriff. "He had only one fault."

"And that fault was liquor. He took the pledge for me, and he has kept it for five months. He will keep it forever, if he is given half a chance; but I tell you, gentlemen, he will go to hell if that whiskey cure is forced on him for ten days."

He had spoken with his back to the table, and he brought his fist down upon it now with a force that shook the kerosene lamp. The major eyed him with something akin to admiration, and made a pointed observation under his breath. Hodkins, the pro-

prietor of one of the village stores, said with some spirit, "Jeminy! you are right," and slapped his leg.

"If you take that man back to your mine," said the doctor, now hot with anger, "I'll quarantine the whole camp, and take the case to the county court. He is going to remain in quarantine for ten days,—and he goes with the smallpox patient at that."

"The reputation of the town," suggested the sheriff, wavering.

"It shall not suffer," replied Armington, taking his hat from the table and turning toward the door. "It may be best that Garner should be quarantined. Very well, he shall be quarantined, outside of this town and away from the camp; and I will remain with him."

He strode across the street to the house in which his superintendent was confined, and they saw him pass beneath the red flag. When he returned later to the hotel for blankets and a wagon, the sheriff and his friends had disappeared from view, and the doctor was very much engrossed at the supper table.

"Better wait until morning," suggested the hotel proprietor. But the young man would not hear to it.

"It is only half an hour's drive," he said, "and the hut was occupied only last week when we prospected on the new land. Bring me some paper, please, and I will write a letter while you are sending the horses around." When the horses were announced, he was writing this conclusion to a letter addressed to Miss Elizabeth Grant of Boston, Massachusetts:

"But why should I devote all this space to explain why I have not written before, and to bore you with these details of our mine, and the superintendent whom you do not know; when I am writing only to tell you that for your sake I have become a man, and have tried to lift up another. I have striven so hard to forget you, Beth, but it has proved a complete and glorious failure."

### III.

The moon was rising full over the

hills beyond Jimmy's Creek, and long shadows played where the mill of the Big Elephant Mine loomed up in unpainted brightness. Across the creek, on the higher land there, a log fire burned in the clearing, throwing its light upon the figures of a dozen men seated about it and showing, farther back, the pine board house of the superintendent and the shanties of the miners. In another direction, but on the same level, a smaller fire glowed from the open door of a boiler, and the steady throbbing of an engine, with the regular falling of a metallic weight, told of the incessant work of a steam drill, trying to locate a vein of zinc.

The ten days had passed, and Armington and his superintendent had returned from their voluntary quarantine in the woods a mile away. They had spent much of the time in the open air, with their seemingly endless prospecting, and each night the foreman of the mine had come to within hailing distance of the cabin, presenting his report in a cheery voice, and receiving instructions for the coming day by the same expenditure of vocal power. Nobody but the doctor from Dodd City had taken the quarantine entirely seriously; and he had been forced to admit that Armington had kept the letter of his word. Nevertheless, it was something in the spirit of a welcome back to the camp that the men sat about the fire.

Armington sat a little apart from the men, who had gathered in a group upon the ground on one side of the fire, several of them stretched at full length upon old army blankets, and others sitting, back to back, as they smoked their pipes. Garner, coming from the direction of the steam drill, joined him. The superintendent was a man not past thirty-five years of his life, tall and with broad shoulders. His forehead was high and full, balanced by a clean shaven face of fine lines, but with searching, restless eyes.

"We are down to the rock showing

disseminated zinc," he said, sitting down on a box beside Armington. "If the vein holds below, we shall have more ore than we can take out in a year."

"And we shall be able to pay our first dividend in the spring, which will be counted more to the point up North," replied the young man. "We will share alike in the glory, Ned."

"No glory in mine, Robert. My life has been spent too long in the mines to need it, and there is but little chance to use it down here." He spoke with an irony that always marked his conversation when he was not at work with the men.

"Nonsense! You have lived in the mines altogether too long. Some day we will both take a run up North—after the first dividend is paid, Ned."

Garner shook his head. "No, I am your debtor in many ways now," he said. "My work is here; and when you have returned North, as you will some day, I shall still stay with the men. Perhaps then I shall prove that I was not so poor a specimen of a man as the world thought me."

There was an animated discussion going on in the group across the fire, and he walked over there, and joined the men. Armington watched him musingly, wondering at the strange moods that so often came upon him. Finally he overheard his own name spoken in the discussion, followed by the terse, ironical reply of the superintendent: "Not on your life!"

"But you might ask him," suggested one of the men, with some resentment in his voice. He received no reply.

"What is wanted?" asked Armington, joining the group. A cloud began to arise from the pipes of the smokers. "What's the matter, Ned?"

The superintendent laughed. "You would never guess," he said. "It seems that in our absence the cook overhauled your baggage—"

"I was after cleaning under the bed, so help me, and the valise was unlocked," interrupted the cook.

"He discovered your dress suit case, and the men, never having seen a dress suit worn, wanted me to ask you to put it on for them."

"In honor of the occasion, sir," one of the men hastened to say, with some coughing, having swallowed smoke in his eagerness to state the matter in its true light.

Armington laughed until the woods rang, and the men scowled at the cook in utter condemnation.

"You orter knowed," observed one.

"The laugh is not on the cook, but upon me," said Armington. "I was so green when I came down here, that I packed my dress suit case without much attention to details. Then I put it under the bed against the wall so that it wouldn't be seen."

"He walked toward the house, still laughing, and one of the men again remarked, with reproach, "You orter knowed." The men again smoked their pipes in silence. A light appeared in the manager's house, shone for a quarter of an hour, and then, when it had been forgotten by the men outside, went out. A moment later, the cook emitted a long, keen whistle of surprise and kicked the man lying nearest to him. The man gave a grunt that caused the other miners to look about, and the cook stated the case in three simple words. "He done it," said he.

The Armington whom they had known for several months, he of the working shirt and the gray suit, had disappeared, and in his place there had come from the house a man in evening dress, with a great expanse of starched shirt front, a high collar and white tie, coat with long, slender tails, and trousers of wonderful shape as to the legs, and finally, but by no means overlooked, patent leather shoes. The moon glorified the scene. They did not see that the suit was wrinkled from its long confinement, nor that the red dust had sifted through the cracks of the suit case on the long drive over the hills, and had stained the once immaculate shirt.

What they saw was what they believed existed among men who owned mines and built railroads and were able to write checks for unlimited sums on banks far away. They ceased smoking in their surprise and delight.

"In honor of the occasion!" said Armington. "Are you satisfied?"

Garner had been strolling apart from the men. He returned to the fire and sat down on the seat that Armington had occupied earlier in the evening, eyeing the young man silently.

"Well, have I struck the crowd dumb?" asked the latter.

"We're much obliged," said one of the men.

"Now, if I was rigged out that way," remarked the cook aloud to the man beside him, "I'll be blowed if I'd know what to say."

"I wonder what they do say," replied the miner, intending the conversation to be personal, but speaking in an equally loud voice.

"Who?" asked Armington.

"Why, the men who wear them clothes," replied the miner after a pause, surprised that his remark had been overheard.

Armington smiled at the answer. "Come up here, Rafters," he said to the cook, "and we will show them."

Rafters dodged as from a flying plate. "Nixey, not me," he said. "Wot do I know about it? Wot's the matter with Mr. Garner trying it?"

"Garner will be your mother," replied Armington. "She is very stout, and talks of nothing but her pet dogs. You are her daughter, who is very popular in society."

The men roared. "Him her daughter!" said one. "Better have him for her old man." They roared anew with delight.

The two men in charge of the drill, hearing the laughter, shut off steam and started to join the group about the fire. They had gone but a few yards when a loud "Hello" came from the direction of the road, several

rods away. They replied and, taking one of the lanterns as they repassed the drill, followed its general direction. The dialogue about the fire was also interrupted by the shouting, and the men turned their faces toward the road and listened. The lantern swung along from tree to tree until it passed around the curve in the road, and then a voice called back, "Mr. Armington is wanted."

Armington walked briskly through the grove until he came near to his miners, who were talking with a third man, who turned suddenly and came toward him with rapid strides, almost before he recognized the figure.

"Robert!" said his father's voice; and in another moment the two were shaking hands, and were stammering like two girls making their greetings in public.

"But, heavens, Robert," Armington the elder said at length. "You don't dress this way every night? What are you up to?"

So Armington the younger told him the whole story,—how the men had asked him to appear in evening dress in honor of the occasion, and how they were all good fellows when you knew them man to man; and many other things,—at which they laughed heartily.

At this moment there was a movement down the road, and a pair of horses, attached to a wagon, came into view; but the older man waved it back, and shouted: "In a moment."

He had now locked his son's arm in his. "You were surprised to see me?" he asked. "The fact is, we got into Dodd City this afternoon, and started over here to see you before supper; but as I was determined to do the driving, we lost our way, and must have driven halfway through the county before we came by chance upon the right road to the mine."

"Who is with you, father?"

"Just a moment, Robert; that is a little surprise for you. But I wish to say first,—and I shall not refer to the matter again,—that since you came

down here you have wiped out that old score of last June; and we must be friends again, on the old footing. I came down more because I desired to tell you so than to inspect the mine."

Their hands met again in one sincere clasp, and they walked toward the wagon. But they had taken hardly a dozen steps when out sprang Elizabeth Grant, and ran to meet them, her merry face and wayward hair nearly escaping from the hood of a golf cape and her graceful figure set off by a trim gray gown.

"Oh, Rob, what a lark!" she exclaimed. "Think of poor mother in there half shaken to pieces,—and your father lost! And then the moon, Rob,—such a lovely moon among the golden leaves, when the branches of the trees up North are all bare now!"

She chatted on in her dear old way while his father assisted her mother from the covered wagon, telling him how the little trip had been planned after his letter came,—not for that, of course, but because they were stockholders in the mine now; and how her father had left them in St. Louis, called back to Boston by a business telegram; and what a time there had been driving over seventy-five miles of country after they had left the railroad.

"And do we camp out here in the woods to-night?" she asked. "It is just like the Colonial days again, isn't it? I thought so whenever we saw the women weaving in front of the cabins as we came over the road; it is all so like a page from the past down here. Mother, too, would meet your superintendent,—for I told her all you wrote about him."

Armington was supremely happy. The man with the lantern had gone on ahead to find a place for the horses, and as he passed the fire in the clearing they could see the miners there gather up their blankets hastily and like so many Indians silently

stalk away from the presence of the approaching strangers. His father was still some distance behind with Mrs. Grant; and he drew Elizabeth's arm through his, while he told her something of his life among the hills, and his ambition for the future. The moon was now well over the trees, and there was a soft rustling of a breeze among the leaves. The steam drill was at work again, and the engine was whispering in hoarse puffs to the men gathered around it. For a moment he felt that the old world had passed away, and a new one, free from all complications, had replaced it; until, as they entered the clearing, he noticed for the first time that Garner had not gone with the men, but was standing silently beyond the glow of the fire.

"Here is my superintendent now," he whispered. "Come and meet him." Either the magic of the night, or the charm of her presence, urged him to meet the opportunity with a deed of daring, and he spoke now with serious, but supreme confidence. "Ned," he said, "let me present to you the future Mrs. Robert Armington, Jr."

Garner bowed, but Elizabeth gave a little cry of confusion at the introduction, and tried to draw her hand from the stronger one that had caught it. For an instant her eyes flashed as the color mounted to her cheeks; and then, regaining her composure with a merry laugh, she bowed demurely, with an old-fashioned courtesy, and said, "I am very pleased to meet you, sir."

"You young people appear to be counting us out," observed a voice behind them. "Garner, I am glad to see you. Let me present Mrs. Grant of Boston."

Garner threw out his arms like a man who had been shot. "My mother!" he cried; and the sound of his voice, carried far down through the shadows of Jimmy's Creek, was echoed back on the breeze.

## THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

*By Arthur Ketchum.*

THIS is the way of all the world,  
The law of change and chance,—  
That one there is whose lot's to pipe,  
That other folk may dance;

That one must wear the shining gem  
Another died to bring;  
That he who makes the lilting song  
Has not the heart to sing.

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## THE PIONEER IN TELEGRAPHING WITHOUT WIRES.

*By George Loomis.*

The accompanying illustrations are from original sketches by Dr. Loomis.

THERE is nothing new under the sun, said Solomon; and his words find corroboration to-day in the case of Wireless Telegraphy, as it has been recently christened. Its first and more poetic name, Aerial Telegraphy, was given more than thirty years ago by Dr. Mahlon Loomis of Washington, District of Columbia, its discoverer and inventor. Both these words, "discoverer" and "inventor," are needed to describe the mental processes that preceded telegraphing without wires.

In 1865, after years of study and experiment, Dr. Loomis perfected plans for telegraphing without wire connections between points however distant. His invention was called the Aerial Telegraph. His first successful experiment of any considerable magnitude was made about 1868, from the tops of two prominent peaks of the Blue Ridge in Virginia, some eighteen miles apart. A full account of these operations, with a

large woodcut illustration, were published in *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Paper*.

From each of the two mountain tops an ordinary kite was elevated, connected with an insulated copper wire attached at the lower end to a telegraphing apparatus. The operators of each party were provided with good telescopes, with which they could sight from one station to the other and read the signals. When all was in readiness, a message was sent by the doctor along the wire of his kite, and was received at the other station in all respects as if the two kites had been connected with a wire in the ordinary way. In this manner communications were kept up until the fact was thoroughly demonstrated that telegraphing could be done as readily without as with connecting wires—at least between points at this distance apart.

Dr. Loomis was elated with the success of the experiment, although

he had confidently expected it. Returning to Washington, he sought financial aid to enable him to try a similar experiment on a more extended scale, as calculated to give greater public confidence in the practical workings of the Aerial Telegraph. His purpose was to go to the Rocky Mountains and erect a station on the top of Mount Hood and one on the top of Mount Shasta—two of the highest available points, situated about one hundred miles apart. He asked enough money to obtain suitable equipments, maintain his family during his absence, and pay the men employed, desiring nothing for himself except actual expenses. About twenty thousand dollars was needed for this purpose. After diligent efforts to get the necessary amount pledged in Washington, he visited New York and Springfield, Massachusetts; and at last, through the assistance of Austin Day of the former city and two or three others, the funds were promised, and preparations were nearly completed, when the financial crisis of "Black Friday" occurred in Wall Street, involving his patrons in losses so serious that they were obliged to withdraw their promised aid. He returned to Washington and resumed the practice of his profession, but never for a moment abandoned the great enterprise.

In the winter of 1865 I spent several days at his residence in Washington. He had just completed a written lecture on the subject of his discovery, which was afterwards delivered in Washington and other cities, thus to some extent replenishing his depleted exchequer and enabling him to visit Chicago, where, after ceaseless efforts to secure a pledge of sufficient funds, he at length succeeded in obtaining the promise of three capitalists in that city to furnish the money required. Again preparations for the Rocky Mountain trip were nearly perfected, when the great fire in Chicago occurred, reducing his patrons

to penury. Baffled, but not discouraged, he returned to Washington and devoted his spare time to the further study of electricity and kindred matters. Pursuing the theories the correctness of which had already been so satisfactorily verified, he conceived the idea of telegraphing between vessels at sea without wire connections. The experiment was tried on the Chesapeake Bay with perfect success, between ships about two miles apart. I am no scientist myself and have but little knowledge of electricity, so I can narrate these events only in the language of a layman. The method of telegraphing between the two vessels, as I understand it, was as follows:

On each vessel was a telegraphic apparatus. A wire was attached to the instrument and one end thrown into the water to a moderate depth. Another insulated wire of much greater length was let down to a greater depth into a colder stratum of water. The two strata of water of different temperatures thus connected to the same battery made a complete circuit, and enabled communications to pass between the two vessels without other connections. The experiment resulted in complete success.

On the same principle he was led to believe that the warm current of the Gulf Stream, if similarly connected with the adjacent colder water, would afford a means of telegraphing a great distance—perhaps as far as a decided difference in temperature is maintained. Telegraphing between moving trains of cars by means of inductive electricity was fully explained by him, but so imperfectly comprehended by me that I refrain from attempting any description.

Meantime he continued his efforts to have his theories put to practical tests on a larger scale than he was able to accomplish unaided. He applied to Congress for an appropriation of fifty thousand dollars to be expended in furtherance of his enterprise, under such restrictions as Con-

gress might impose. The bill was introduced in the Senate by Mr. Sumner of Massachusetts, on the thirteenth day of January, 1869, as will appear by the following extracts taken from the *Congressional Globe* of that date:

"Mr. Sumner: I present the petition of Mahlon Loomis, M. D., of the District of Columbia, who believes that he has invented a new mode of telegraphing which he submits as a great and valuable improvement upon any former mode known or discovered. He briefly says:

"The nature of the discovery or invention in general terms consists in establishing an electric current or circuit for telegraphing without the aid of wires or cables to form such electrical currents and circuits. As in dispensing with the double wire (which was at first used) and using but one, allowing and relying upon the earth to form the one-half of the circuit, so now I propose to dispense with both wires and all artificial batteries, using the earth as now to form one-half of the circuit, and the continuous electrical element far above the surface of the earth for the other part of the circuit."

"After setting forth at some length his invention or his theory, he asks Congress for an appropriation of fifty thousand dollars under such restrictions as Congress may impose, to enable him during the next year to complete the demonstration. In presenting this petition I desire to say that I perform a duty, and I content myself with remarking that it is either a great case of moonshine or it marks a great epoch in the progress of invention. I do not undertake to express an opinion upon it. I ask the reference of the petition to the Committee on Patents."

Remarks were made upon the subject by Senators Willey, Grimes, Pomeroy and Wilson, moving its reference to other committees:

Mr. Pomeroy: "I did not understand the name of the petitioner. Was it given? Let the name be read, for I want him to have the benefit of it, whoever he is."

The Chief Clerk: "The petition is signed Mahlon Loomis, M. D."

Mr. Willey: "It is not an application, as I understand it, for a patent, or anything of that character."

Mr. Sumner: "But it is for an appropriation, which will be a substitute for a patent."

Mr. Wilson: "I hope the petition will be sent to the Committee on Patents. I do not know that there is anything in the

invention: probably there is not; but it is not worth our while to meet any proposition of this kind with a sneer. The world laughed at all the great inventions when they first appeared. It is only a few years ago since the first men of the nation sneered at the magnetic telegraph; but the telegraph triumphed. Now, there may be something in this, and I hope that the papers will be sent to the proper committee, and that they will examine the subject."

Mr. Pomeroy: "I hope senators will not think from any remarks I have made that I sneered at this improvement. I believe in it. I have seen two or three experiments, and I think there is something in it. I have seen it tested in a small way, and I am inclined to think it will succeed."

March 11, 1870. (From the *Congressional Globe*, 41st Congress, 2nd session:)

Mr. Pomeroy: "I move that the petition and accompanying papers of Dr. Mahlon Loomis, which were referred to the Committee on Patents last year, be taken from the files and referred to the Committee on Appropriations. They relate to a system of telegraphing without the use of wires. I believe he wants some appropriation to enable him to telegraph across the Atlantic Ocean without either cable or wires. I know nothing of the merits of it, but I commend the enterprise of the young man. He asks to have his papers referred to the Committee on Appropriations."

The motion was agreed to; but ultimately the matter was indefinitely postponed. Mahlon Loomis obtained letters patent for his invention. The following forms a part of the same (No. 129,971, dated July 30, 1872):

"Be it known that I, Mahlon Loomis, dentist, of Washington, District of Columbia, have invented or discovered a new and improved mode of telegraphing and generating light, heat and motive power. . . .

"The nature of my invention or discovery consists in general terms of utilizing natural electricity and establishing a natural electrical current or circuit for telegraphic and other purposes without the aid of wires, artificial batteries or cables to form such electrical circuit, and yet communicate from one continent of the globe to another.

"To enable others skilled in electrical science to make use of my discovery, I will describe the arrangements and mode of

operation. As in dispensing with the double wire (which was first used in telegraphing) and making use of one, substituting the earth instead of a wire to form one-half the circuit, so I now dispense with both wires, using the earth as one-half the circuit and the continuous electrical element far above the earth's surface for the other part of the circuit. I also dispense with all artificial batteries, but use the free electricity of the atmosphere, co-operating with that of the earth, to supply the electrical dynamic force or current for telegraphing and other useful purposes, such as light, heat, and motive power.

"As atmospheric electricity is found more and more when moisture, clouds, heated currents of air and other dissipating influences are left below and a greater altitude attained, my plan is to seek as high an elevation as practicable on the tops of high mountains, and thus penetrate or establish electrical connections with the atmospheric stratum or ocean overlying local disturbances. Upon these mountain tops I erect suitable towers and apparatus to attract the electricity,—or in other words, to disturb the electrical equilibrium and thus obtain a current of electricity, or shocks, or pulsations, which traverse or disturb the positive electrical body of the atmosphere above and between two given points, by communicating it to the negative electrical body in the earth below, to form the electrical circuit. I deem it expedient to use an insulated wire or conductor as forming a part of the local apparatus and for conducting the electricity down to the foot of the mountain, or as far away as may be convenient for a telegraph office, or to utilize it for other purposes.

"I do not claim any new keyboard or any new alphabet signal; I do not claim any new register or recording instrument; but what I claim as my invention or discovery, and desire to secure by letters patent, is the utilization of natural electricity from elevated points by connecting the opposite polarity of the celestial and terrestrial bodies of electricity at different points by suitable conductors and for telegraphic purposes, relying upon the disturbance produced in the two electro-opposite bodies (of the earth and atmosphere) by an interruption of the contiguity of one of the conductors from the electrical body being indicated upon its opposite or corresponding terminus, and thus producing a circuit or communication between the two without an artificial battery or the further use of wires or cables to connect the co-operating stations."

The subject was also discussed at considerable length in the House of Representatives. Judge Bingham of

Ohio, in a speech before the House, said, among other things:

"The practicability of this project proposed for an Aerial Telegraph is a question which I understand has puzzled some of the most experienced electricians of this country. I do not profess to know anything more of this subject than a child, but I understand that the highest authorities on electricity, both in America and Europe, sustain the theory upon which this project is based. No project of this sort was ever demonstrated without experiment and trial and expenditure. It was what was said before when the first application was made to Congress for some sort of appropriation to demonstrate by trial and experiment the practicability of the magnetic telegraph. We heard in this chamber the other night when that great event of human history was being celebrated, that the first endeavors of demonstration were absolute failures. The only way to know whether what is here proposed is practicable, either for purposes of telegraphy or for the purpose of utilizing electricity for light or heat or motion, is to try it; and there is no way to try it, I apprehend, without some considerable use of capital. I pray the House to consider it favorably and allow it to pass. If no good comes of it, there can be no harm; and favorable action by the House of Representatives on the bill will signify to the world that the House is disposed to consider, and not treat with derision and scorn, every endeavor to better in some sort the condition of individual and collective man."

For a period of more than ten years, ending in 1873, Loomis's Aerial Telegraph was the subject of many newspaper criticisms. Some were disposed to ridicule the matter; others treated it with the gravity its importance deserved. The Washington papers as a rule were of the latter class. A few quotations are here given, not only as showing public opinion on the subject, but as showing the publicity then given to it. The stirring events following the war caused this—one of the most important inventions of the age—to be lost sight of for many years; but interest is now reawakened in the subject by the alleged invention of Signor Marconi.

From the *Washington Chronicle*: I.  
"The bill incorporating the Loomis Aerial Telegraph Company passed the Senate yesterday, and with the signature of the



DR. MAHON LOOMIS.

President will become a law. The proposition on which the bill is based is to telegraph from a high point of the Rocky Mountains to the highest attainable peak of the Alps. At each point a tower is to be erected, on the top of which an apparatus capable of concentrating electricity is to be put, by means of which, it is claimed, a stratum of atmosphere will be reached of peculiar electric sensibility. It is claimed that the slightest pulsation at one tower will produce a corresponding pulsation at the other."

II. "We see many comments in our exchanges in regard to the Aerial Telegraph Company (dispensing with artificial batteries, cables, etc.). The Sunday *Chronicle* was the first paper to draw public attention to this system, and to advocate a liberal appropriation by Government to put it into practical working order. We under-

stand there is a proposition made by the company to transmit the same amount of messages that the cable transmitted in any past year for one-sixteenth the money paid."

III. "The House Committee on Commerce at their meeting yesterday agreed to report favorably on a bill introduced by Mr. Bingham to incorporate the Loomis Aerial Telegraph Company. This bill provides for the use of the Aerial telegraph apparatus invented by Dr. Mahlon Loomis, the well known dentist of this city. No connecting wires are to be used, the inventor claiming that by extending a wire to a certain altitude it strikes an electric current which will communicate to all other wires at the same height. The bill provides that the capital stock shall be two million dollars if needed, and names as incorporators Mahlon Loomis, Alexander

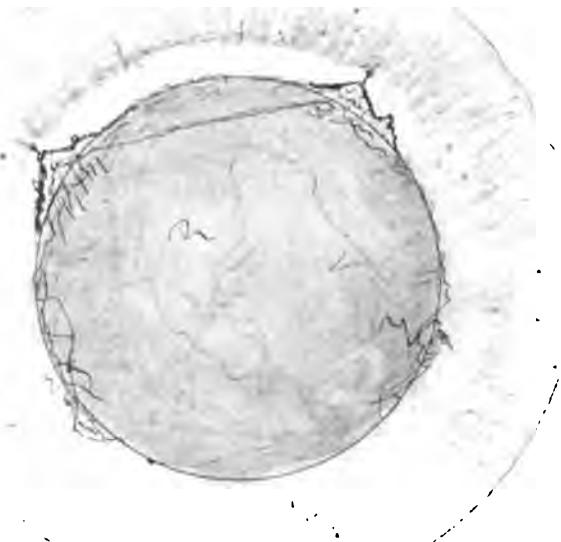
Elliott, William N. Chamberlain of this city, P. R. Amidon of Boston, and Isaac Lukins of Delaware."

Wendell Phillips delivered a lecture in Boston on "The Genius and Mechanism of the Saxon Race," and drew a beautiful picture of what electricity is yet destined to accomplish, in which he said:

"We stand to-day and laboriously lay a wire to San Francisco, five thousand miles away, and with one man at each end of the wire send a message and think it a great achievement. But the men at each end know what is sent, and could betray the confidence reposed in them if they pleased. We think we have reached the goal; but the patient ingenuity of the Saxon blood, of the Yankee race, will keep at work until finally in your grandchildren's day it will send a message from San Francisco to Boston without a wire. No man at either end will know what that message is, and it will run both ways at the same time. We are only touching just on the edge or fringe of the garment, and undoubtedly electricity, superseding steam, will light our houses, perhaps lift us into the air, carry us across the world, and absolutely make man the lord, without a movement, of creation."

The following newspaper comments on the lecture of Mr. Phillips are of interest as showing the feeling at the time:

"No doubt Mr. Phillips, in giving expression to this beautiful thought, may have felt, with his hearers, that his flight of imagination was somewhat exaggerated, and that what he then prophesied was to be the work of an age far ahead of our own; that the reality of such a dream was not destined for our time, and that its revelations belonged to the recesses of a far future. But we feel some pride in telling Mr. Phillips that we are much nearer the



point of the electrical period he speaks of than perhaps he imagines. There is at this moment a citizen of Washington, whose name is Dr. M. Loomis, who is prepared to demonstrate to any scientist in the world the truth and practicability of what Mr. Phillips advances as a mere theory. Dr. Loomis has given many of the best years of his life to the study of electrical science, and has proven to his own satisfaction, and that of others, the utility of this great motor as a means of communication of light and heat, and a thousand other purposes entering into the physical and mechanical improvement of mankind. His plan is to reach certain altitudes by natural and mechanical appliances, so as to form a connection with the natural current of electricity surrounding the earth and in which it floats, and, with the aid of magnetic plates or needles, he proposes to telegraph from any two given points, it matters not what the distance is, without the aid of wire, cable, or the present artificial battery. His means of forming a complete circuit between the natural strata of electricity above and that which is constantly passing through the earth, will be by artificial wires connecting with the earth and the two points of altitude connected with the electricity above. This is much better explained by a diagram, but any electrician can easily understand what we mean. These connections once securely

made, man can, for all ages to come, draw from the inexhaustible reservoir above an element that will not only supersede steam, light and warm our houses, but in its adaptability even surpass the extravagant prediction of Mr. Phillips. Yes, such is our faith in the irresistible and inevitable laws of the Almighty, that we believe this powerful element—electricity—will eventually become the road of communication between this and other inhabitable worlds. This may be stretching the possibility pretty hard, but not any more so than science has done heretofore. Dr. Loomis has received a charter from Congress with corporate powers to organize a stock company to test the utility of his theory; but unfortunately, it is so grand in its conception that moneyed men shrink from it, and as they can see no immediate dividend—forgetting that there is a future beyond their own—they treat it as mythical, and forget that there ever was a man like Morse, who not only suffered and was laughed at, but lived to see the vindication of his perseverance and the triumph of his theory. Dr. Loomis occupies the same position to-day, he labors under the same obstacles, and is restrained by some opposition; and we fear that, unless the Government or some liberal gift of capital renders him the aid required, his grand idea will have to wait for a more enlightened age. This should not be, and we hope that American pride will not suffer it to pass out of our hands, and the credit and honor be reaped by others."

Numerous extracts from contemporaneous publications, speaking in most enthusiastic terms of the discovery and urging upon Congress to consider favorably the petition for a suitable appropriation to enable the discoverer to demonstrate the truth of his theory, might be added to the above. Some of the leading papers of that day, however, regarded the proj-

ect with less favor. The following is from the *New York Tribune*:

"The man who proposes to telegraph without wires has been discovered. He appeared before the Senate yesterday as a petitioner for funds to perfect his discovery. We hope rather than believe that he may have hit on something of the utmost value; but he should remember that it is not the way of discoverers and inventors to fatten on Government support."

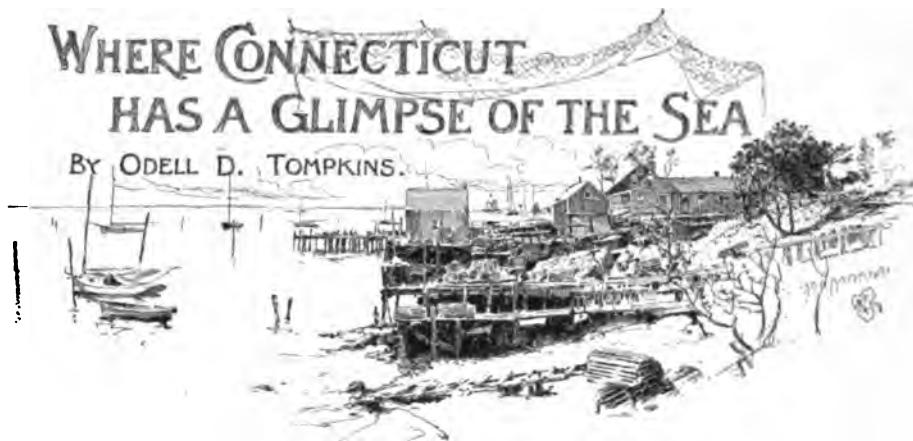
*New York Times*: "A genius in the District of Columbia has discovered a means of telegraphing without the aid of wires or cables. . . . Senator Sumner well remarked that the scheme was either all moonshine or an epoch in telegraphing that marked a most wonderful improvement in science." The *Times* adds that, before Congress appropriates fifty thousand dollars to its development as proposed, it would be well to find out which.

It is not the purpose of this article to disparage the ingenuity of Signor Marconi or pluck a single laurel from his brow, but simply to rescue from forgetfulness the genius, persistent efforts and discouraging struggles of the original inventor of the system of telegraphing without wires, which involved every principle claimed to be of recent discovery. The merit of this grand conception and of the first test of its practicability, made more than a quarter of a century ago, belongs to the United States. After 1873, until the time of his death in 1884, the struggles of Dr. Loomis, single handed and alone, to win for his discovery a recognition of its worth form an episode in the history of American invention and of human life both interesting and pathetic.



# WHERE CONNECTICUT HAS A GLIMPSE OF THE SEA

By ODELL D. TOMPKINS.



Illustrated from photographs by George E. Tingley.

OFF to the southeast, the Long Island shores sink into a dim delicate line of purple on the horizon and are almost lost in the light haze of a summer afternoon, showing more plainly in places and then again faintly until they disappear entirely. A barrier that has formed a natural breakwater for one hundred and twenty miles ends at Montauk; the sound merges into the ocean, and only the sea lies off there, its soft blue unbroken save by a golden glimmer in the sun's path.

On the Connecticut shore, the sunlight falls warm upon salt sea marshes that lie in matted acres of dull dead brown and rusty yellow, where the brooding stillness is broken by the caw, caw of blackbirds and the wilder cry of sea birds circling landward. Just a little up from the shore cluster the homes of the fisher-folks; and on the side hills that slope to the sea, apple trees that blossomed in the fogs of a New England spring hold up their mellowing fruit to the warm, gracious touch of a summer season. Barns, old and weather-stained—some of them seamed and cracked by the storms of half a century—seem to exhale the odor of harvests that were gathered long ago, and the eaves are rife with sparrows that have

come there every summer as long as I can remember. Hollyhocks and dahlias are growing and blooming in the same places and the roses and honeysuckles climbing exactly where they have for a full decade or more. Time brings few changes over those Quiambaug hills. Each haying season, the scythe hangs at evening in the same tree; at morning and at night, year after year, the chickens gather and cluck and pick around the corn-crib doors; milk pans, bright and shining, drip and dry there on those same steps; and so even is life's tenor, that if you should pass that way on a summer afternoon, you might even see that same aged, kind-faced sea captain sitting by the window of a little white cottage at the bend of the road, with his spyglass protruded seaward, just as you might perchance have seen him had you passed that way on any such afternoon in the past thirty years.

The sea crawls drowsily on the sandy beach beyond the marshes, and eastward a hot white and dusty road winds toward the village of Mystic. Blackberry vines have in places covered the rough stone walls that lie on either side of that country roadway. A few of the houses have seen several generations; but slowly, on by one,

they are passing away and giving place to the more modern cottage. Fire has claimed several.

On the first hill beyond the creek, where the grapevines have run wild over the rocks, only a cowyard and a cold, naked chimney remain of a homestead, long ago associated with one who in long blue army coat used to stroll over those hills in the days when he was home on furlough,—wistful for home, yet not destined to have even his body brought there after he fell at Drury's Bluff. There must indeed be few houses on any New England road that have not some such memories.

On the next hill is another farmhouse, its long white ell, cool and pleasant in the shade of surrounding trees, the outlying barn so large that the task of painting it has never been finished, but the structure left just so, to present its one dark red side to the afternoon glare. Even the gobble, gobble of many turkeys at the barnyard does not destroy the pervading peace.

Hard by the little cove near where the road enters the village, an ancient graveyard has been for more than a hundred and seventy years; but that does not tell how old is the village of Mystic. I do not know when the first white man came; but then, as now, it must have been a beautiful valley—the ranges of hills, east and west, sweeping down to where the sheltered river widens its way southward and soundward; a promising valley, too, with its forests of maple and oak and chestnut, and its stream stirred by fish. It is probable that the Indian came early. There is more exact

knowledge as to when he departed; and just about then it is safe to assume that the white man came.

On the highest point of the western hill where the first glint of morning sunshine falls and whence the eye, looking northward, sees far up the valley, and southward looks far out to sea, there stands the bronze figure of a stern-faced man,—the features firm, strong, heroic, the garb that of the early Puritan, the sword-hand grasping the half drawn weapon, and on a bronze tablet above the uncut native boulder these words:

"Erected A. D. 1889  
by the State of Connecticut  
to commemorate the heroic achievement of  
Major John Mason  
and his comrades who near this spot in 1637  
overthrew the Pequot Indians and  
preserved the settlements from destruction."



AN ANCIENT GRAVEYARD.

But peaceful possession was not to be assured without further strife; and the war for independence exacted here its full measure of woe. Eight miles west of the valley, a tall shaft of gray granite on Groton Heights commemorates the sixth day of September, 1781, when the yeomanry of this vicinage took down musket and powder horn and rallied around Ledyard in hopeless defence of Griswold. So many died there with him in the massacre that followed the battle, that the red stain might still be on the hill,



MYSTIC FROM GREAT HILL.

were it not that nature was kinder than the victors. The next time the noise of battle drifted over this corner of Connecticut, it was the boom of heavy guns from the eastward—one day in August, 1814—and the sea off there to the southeast was hidden in the strangest of fogs, where English war ships were bombarding the harbor town of Stonington.

To-day the bronze figure on the western hill looks out across fields where daisies are growing—the white and the ox-eyed together; and the last time I stood on the heights at Groton, on almost an anniversary of the battle day, the roads along which British columns moved were fringed with a yellow glory, where the golden rod was blooming; and at the southwest bastion of Griswold, where blood flowed freest in the long ago, wild cherries were reddening and ripening in the September sunshine. Even the war monument that stands on the village “Broadway” does not seem out of harmony with the spirit of to-day. It stands there in the shadow of the tall elms—a sculptured soldier of 1861; and carved into the four sides of the New England granite are

four names: Antietam, Gettysburg, Drury’s Bluff, Port Hudson. Once each year the drums again sound, and the quick, nervous, pulsing beat stirs the leaves along the roadside; but it is only in requiem. It is in the May-time, when the air is filled with the perfume of the lilacs hanging thick and rich in every fence corner, and all nature is breathing hope and promise.

The balmy air of a spring day that rustles out the heavy silk flag into a swirl of glory above marching men, in memory of the past, also shakes forth in bunting,—those same colors above the village schoolhouses, in promise for the future. The same spirit that makes the town proud of what has been makes it zealous for what may be.

If one such school is recalled more than another, it is because I knew it best. Its iron fence is gone now, and the interior of the building has been much altered; but outwardly it is the same great white structure, with its long, narrow windows, that catch the reflection of the afternoon sun, until that whole west side seems afire and grows lurid as though from flames within; its eight-sided cupola with

its dark green blinds rising above the encircling foliage, and its heavy wide-extending corniced eaves giving an air of solidity to the whole, quite in keeping with the giant horse-chestnut trees that shade the playground and litter it each autumn with a fall of prickly burrs and a whirl of five-fingered leaves.

The "Academy" on the hill across the river is more conspicuous, and doubtless seems more noteworthy to those who attended there, climbed its long flight of shaky stairs, and read Caesar out on the ledges; but Jim and Billy and Pete who "chose up" ball nines and played leapfrog under the horse-chestnuts on t'other side don't think so. More widely known than either, and perhaps more closely associated with the town as a whole, is the "Institute"—the long olive green building, with its window panes painted into opaqueness to conflict with the devotion shown by pupils to distracting things outside, with its entrance banked by trees and plants, with vegetable gardens surrounding it, a snowy white flagpole in front, and the all-around appearance of a seminary generally. When the village has thrived, the school has thrived and waxed big; when business has failed locally and times have been hard, the school has grown small; but the "Professor," with an indomitable will and an industry that knows no abatement, goes right on teaching and preparing an occasional youth for college, exactly as he has been doing ever since he came home from the war, threw his saddle into the barn where it still lies, and started the school.

For some years the flourishing days of the town have seemed to be gone irretrievably, although now there are rumors and some things more substantial than rumors that say a new epoch is about to open. Along the river banks still linger the finger marks of an industry that once made the village ring with the sound of hammer and adze and a "merry

sea-craft hum;" for forty years ago Mystic was launching the "finest clipper ships that ever circled the Horn," and a few years later obeying the "call of an imperilled government for war keels;" and from those bustling days have come down the names of men—builders and navigators—long since known in the far corners of the world. But the shipyards are silent now; the sheds of the last one went down in fire more than fourteen years ago; and the men who made them famous are also passing away. Only a short time ago, the flag on the village liberty pole was hanging at half mast in memory of Charles H. Mallory—the creator of the "Mallory Line"—over whom the entire shipping world uttered eulogy, but for whose death there was a peculiar sorrow in the town that knew him best and for which he had done so much. And the navigators,—only a few still sail, and those few are veterans, one



THE JOHN MASON MONUMENT.



THE ROAD TO THE VILLAGE.

of them the oldest captain on the sea. Most of the old seafarers have retired with no further wish to hazard storm or fever.

On a winter night now, when the sea is up and beating hard on the Watch Hill sands and the sound of surf is dying out across the marshes, you may find those old hearties seated around the little stove in the back of a certain village store, yarning perchance, resailing their voyages, or it is not unlikely discussing the superiority of Richmond's boats,—unless it be about election time, when another subject is uppermost and they forget even to shake down the stove or shift ballast. On the quiet summer evenings you would find those selfsame skippers out by the fish market at the end of the bridge, resailing those same voyages and discussing those same famous boats.

At that season, if the river has been roughened by an afternoon breeze, it grows quiet at evening. The tide still gurgles and eddies swiftly and darkly under the piers, but grows placid again as it emerges. The strong savor of salt in the air seems to grow stronger toward sundown, and the

resonant atmosphere to give forth more clearly the creak of the oarlocks. Nor is that latter sound always confined to rowboats. During the day sailing craft go slipping out of the river, heeling well over with the slap, slap and swash of water around the bow, a dash of foam along the lee rail, and a crowd of exuberant young people piled up to windward. Not infrequently a dying breeze causes such craft to come more slowly homeward and perhaps add a new note to the oar music of that evening hour; but the spirit of those on board is never



LOBSTER FLEET.

lessened, and out of those very hours comes back the pleasantest and most lasting memory—that of an August day closing amid the flaming beauty of a summer sunset; the last warm red glow slanting over the roofs of the fishing hamlet at Noank; the quarry on the island standing silent; the long dark shadows of the pines at the point creeping out around the sombre hulk of a wreck long abandoned amid the eelgrass and the rocks; the river becoming calm and still until the laughter seems to ring out with a strange distinctness and voices seem to call back other voices from the shore; the big iron drawbridge swinging slowly to let the boat

white Baptist church, and the eastern one to where in the palmier days of baseball great crowds darkened the field and the air rang with the loud, hoarse voice of the coacher and the fitful intermittent cheering that ran along the walls, and on the days of great triumph was heard even down in the village. That main street seems to sleep in the afternoon; the sun beats hard on the tar walks; but the stores are shaded and pleasant; and,



THE MYSTIC RIVER.

pass up—and then the sound of block and tackle, the flap and crumple of a lowering sail, and young folks jumping out upon the wharf, their faces brown and ruddy with the tan of a New England summer, mindful of a little added sunburn, but with a deal less of care, as they go thronging along the village street.

It is a long, broad, sunny street, ending in the hills at either end,—climbing the western one to the big

sitting in some cool doorway beneath awnings that flap with every wisp of air that stirs up from the river, life seems to take on a less hurried aspect; and the long afternoons become so fraught with a sense of peace and restfulness that they come back in memory after other places and other days have ceased to attract,—like the chord of some simple song that recurs and lives in moments when the louder symphonies of life have no



THE COAST AND DISTANT SHORES.

power to charm. And the faces of the storekeepers with whom you have chatted and jested and laughed, how prone they are to come back in fancy, as the faces of an untroubled people, though I wot not that the sum of human burden is any less, or that life flows with any less depth, because it moves there with less of noisy clatter. Those who are living now late in life, or who have ended their days in that tranquil atmosphere, have toiled and achieved and earned their rest.

Out from a tiny village men have gone forth to a greatness that was more than conspicuousness, and have left an imprint that will have something of permanency. And so, if her streets are quiet at times, it matters not. It is in such spots that the nation's heart pulse is found strong and firm and true.

All the characters of a New England village are there. There is a stoop in the shoulders of the old farmer and his hands are cracked and toil-worn from years of labor on a stony and stubborn soil; but in the face, although time has wrought its wrinkles there, there lingers an indefinable touch of kindness. If the rigor of his life has shown itself some-

times in rough, blunt manners, and his soul seemed rasped by the hard, grinding effort to live, it is forgotten, as the creak of his rickety grindstone at morning is forgotten at evening in the presence of the load of sunlit hay. There is an expression of serenity and content as he jogs into the village on a Saturday morning, solacing himself with a bite of plug rolled between his cheek and his tongue, bending forward to jerk on the reins and ambling on to some accustomed hitching post, there to tie up for half the forenoon while he does his week's trading. It is not until Saturday night that the fishermen are in (the crews of the menhaden steamers that rendezvous here), fishers early and late, their hands calloused by the twine and tar of nets and seines, enjoying a brief spell on shore over Sunday; and they are all ready in the wee hours of Monday morning, while it is yet dark and the town is asleep, to go feeling their way out of the river, in one of those long, narrow steamers that may so often be seen during the summer days lying off there in the sound or scudding along the coast, with a long, black streak of smoke trailing aft.

There are other sorts of fishermen

here too—lobstermen and sword-fishers; those who go out in cat-boats and sharpies after bluefish and mackerel, and, by no means least, those who in the late fall sit on the stringers and wooden piers by the drawbridge and fish for smelts. It is this last class that best reveals the hopeful angler. Though he may go away to city blocks, and may steadfastly resist many and diverse temptations to return, all the rest of the year, may withstand the allurements of the fresh spring fields and not so much

rutted, and strange and varied vehicles come jolting in from all the surrounding sections, and men talk in undertones and gesture dramatically, and assent and dissent forcibly,—though to what nobody else knows; and then perchance some one jumps into some waiting carriage and drives off rapidly, and the conversation of others goes on, and men drive up and away, and men check off names in their little books, and some party leader approaches and is crowded about as be-



SOLDIERS' MONUMENT AND CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

as return to join the boys on "the Fourth," yet he will succumb finally at this season and come back happily to sit on those stringers and fish for smelts.

Those are the days when there is a crispness and sharpness in the air, and a touch of early frost makes the fingers tingle. It is only a few weeks then to election day. How the character of the village shows itself then! What a lot of familiar figures and faces come back to one, just as he has seen them gather around the polling place on one of those early November days, when the country roads are

ing the centre of all knowledge, and schoolboys pause and loiter to peek in at the door or window of the little town building. I suppose the same portentous atmosphere hovers over every other polling place the wide land over; though it is doubtful whether elsewhere there is that identity of aspect that here makes each election day the counterpart of any preceding one within the recollection of men. Elsewhere men come and go, and the personnel changes rapidly; but here the dim light of an oil lamp that falls on the ballot box on such a night reveals the same familiar coun-



GRAVEL STREET.

tenances year after year, with slow changes. I recall especially one stalwart citizen, never absent from the count,—a quiet, reserved man, though with a pleasant nod for everybody,—who on that particular occasion sits behind the railing with his slender finger moving up and down the poll list to locate the initial letter, and who has called off the names of his fellow townsmen in that same tone every time they have voted close on to thirty years, has marked them off each year as they have died, and added new names as the youth have come of age,—so unfailingly and faithfully that it seems as if it might be some trusted clerk of Father Time living up there in the gambrel-roofed house that stands out on Main Street, with such an ancestral air among its neighbors of recent build.

The venerable Judge does not drive in on that day of days, for there is a nearer polling place up in the "Road district." It is rather on those bright, warm summer days that he may be seen in his well known rig, always seated beside a benign faced woman,—unmistakably his wife. He has long been the genealogist of the region; and if you would know the history of the village far back, go call at the big hospitable farmhouse that stands on a hill overlooking the Taugwank valley. The door will be open, if it be in the warm season; the shade of

trees will be falling across the veranda; the sultry air out along the sun-hot road will be alive with the hum of bees buzzing among the wild flowers that cover the fields; and the perfume will come in through the open house.

There comes to mind another, who frequently comes driving into town, though not usually in his carriage,—more often in that long, stout cart, with a bag or two of corn thrown in, and himself perched up on top. Beneath the strong lines of the miller's face there seems a calm underflow, not unlike the water in the mill stream when it has passed the wheel. There is a gleam of humor twinkling in the bright eyes; and so kind is his speech and so unvaryingly gray are his clothes and hat,—thanks to the whitening meal,—that he might easily be mistaken for some Quaker.

There is indeed a whole community of Quakers not far northward. In August of every year they, with others, hold a "Peace meeting" for three or four days, in a grove on the west bank of the Mystic. So many years has it been so, that it has come to be considered a feature of the town life; and the faces of some of those who yearly come there from distant places to advocate universal peace, arbitration and non-resistance have become as familiar as those of the villagers themselves. The grove is rough and

rock-strewn, its native oaks tall and scraggy with age. On the dusty road below, fakirs shout their wares; ice cream venders vie with one another; clam chowder is proclaimed vociferously from extemporized tents; there is a Babel of sound and the confusion of vehicles crowding in and out,—all the externals of a county fair. But the discord does not penetrate the grove where the speaking occurs, nor detract from the vision of the valley, more beautiful at that season, in the full tide of its summer bloom, than any other valley I have ever seen. A

grove, trimmed and cultured, where the sunlight sifts through trees of a different growth and falls upon soldiers' graves—some of the dead of our own armies. Out of the blue-coated lines have returned many who now add a special strength to the civic life of the town. The Colonel's bronze locks are being streaked with gray, though there still lingers in the blue eyes the loyal fire that flashed at Gettysburg. Another whose hand once grasped the sword hilt, and whose voice cheered men in battle, now walks quietly among his towns-



BAPTIST CHURCH AND MAIN STREET.

hot sun may be pouring its heat over the landscape, but the oak brush and slender beeches on the water front break the glare from the river beneath, and the far off hills are veiled in haze. The scene is perhaps more eloquent for peace than any man, though it preaches in an older, simpler way, and touches a minor chord of war. Almost within sound of the orator's voice, as he condemns human strife, stands a willow, now full grown, that once grew at St. Helena over Napoleon's grave; and directly across from Peace Grove is another

men,—that hand ever ready to help, that voice filled with pleasantry for all men. You might perchance recognize him as he walks along the further side of the way, with some village tot that is not unlikely to be holding to his hand.

Whatever the late vicissitudes of the valley have been, they have found a record in the little weekly sheet that has issued uninterruptedly for more than a quarter of a century. In his printing office up a narrow flight of stairs by the bridge, where the windows on one side look out upon the



NORTH FROM "PEACE GROVE."

river, and on the other upon the street, the veteran editor might well see a similitude between the drift-wood that floats in and out on the tide and the life he has seen come in, people the streets for a time, and ebb away,—its comings, its doings, and its goings all noted by him; for he has been the editor all those years. Worried with the perplexities incident to crowded space, trying to get in all the little items that concern his readers, he does not count it trivial to mention when neighbor B—— has built a barn, or C—— repaired a fence, for it means a familiar name and a glimpse back home for those in distant places where the paper goes; and how carefully withal will he find room for the scriptural text and the terse advocacy of prohibition that have made the paper unique in country journalism.

The last character that you see as you leave the village will probably be a beaming side-whiskered truckman, looking anxiously along the battered platform of the railway station to see if any freight has come in,—ready to handle a barrel of watermelons with the same tender care as a piano. Ah, that irrepressible story-teller, whose

humor never fails, who will stop with a load on his back halfway to the truck to relate a joke or reminiscence! He may have brought your trunk over, and possibly yourself, in which case he becomes the more closely associated with the home-leaving; but when vacation time rolls around again, you will probably find him just where you left him, still taking a survey of platform prospects.

With each succeeding summer there come back the girls and boys who have been away to college, or been held apart by other occupation; others to, of maturer age, though not less glad to breathe the freshness of the place and feel again its charm; and out of such mingling and reviving of past relations comes the spirit that gives zest to the bonny days of July and August. Increasing years or settlement in other places does not put an end to the returning. The intervals may become greater, and absence merge almost into a lifetime, yet a feeling not easily mastered by any one who has once lived in the old seaside town will bring them back at last; and although it be not until the long line of carriages waits at the station, it will then be probably by a

request made while the heart was still warm and the mind vital.

In one of the most beautiful spots in that beautiful valley, a little above the village, where the river bends and the shadows of the oaks fall across from the opposite shore, shadowed itself by its own great elms, touched by the ceaseless tide that there makes no sound, lies Elm Grove,—the resting place of the village dead. None of the usual gloom of such places hovers there; conspicuous distinctions have all passed away, or, if they exist at all in monument or slab, an impartial

the river, under the hill, some belated ox cart may creak slowly along with its hay or kelp, but no sound comes across the water; even the river's own splash upon the banks ceases, and it lies still and silent, as though it too would receive the benediction; and the last lengthening slivers of gold slip through the foliage on to its placid surface, and over its darkening waters comes the flush of the sunset glory. Further up, an outlying farmhouse, by its pond of water lilies, is lost among encircling trees; hill sinks into hill in the fading light, culmi-



FROM "ELM GROVE" NORTH.

foliage has blended them into a common whole. Nothing assertive there save one thing, the words, "I am the Resurrection and the Life," lettered upon the granite arch that forms the gate.

A deeper hush steals over the river as it narrows to the northward, where it is scarcely ruffled through the day, and where, when the day is done, there comes an ineffable peace, as all troubrous noises die. No longer is there any stir in the rustling corn-fields on the hills; in the gristmill on the further shore, the water wheel no longer turns for the grinding; across

nating in one dark peak far in the north, and all purpling together into night.

That quiet hour up the river is the hour when for the village life assumes its happiest mood. In the cool of the evening, the main street awakens from its afternoon slumber, and the river grows enlivened. Young woman is untrammeled, her fair head uncovered in the twilight, a soft wrap about the shoulders, the sun-brown hands upon the tiller ropes; here and there she slips into the gathering dusk to the light dip of the oars. From the windows that open out across the wa-



ELM GROVE.

ter comes on some nights the throb of music,—the crash of a brass band playing for some “promenade concert” at the hall. Exultant, beating, loud, it softens now into the far off fantasy of a waltz, for the delight of those who rest on their oars to listen. From the huge building that throws its shadow across the channel, there bursts a triumphant chorus, swelling out into the night, as suddenly to stop and then swell forth again, until the rehearsal is over,—when the lights go out, there is the stamp of feet on the wooden bridge, and the clatter of many voices; and ten measured clangs from the town clock reverberate across the valley. The old clock has rung the hour from the spire of “the Baptist” for more than a generation, so regularly that one scarcely notices it now in daytime, but in the stillness of the night it seems to clang with unnatural tone.

The lights in the street go out early, but the lights of the sea burn on. From the hills the eye sees Montauk, twenty miles away, the light on Latimer reef flashing alternately landward and ocean-ward, the steady flare of the lightship swinging at its an-

chorage off Ram Island. A double row of twinkling lights swings slowly out of the harbor at Stonington and goes gliding through the sound. It is the shuttle between the Down East points and New York; and on board the steamer, if it be an early autumn night, there will be many returning city-ward from Narragansett and Watch Hill and Newport. To such the incidents of daily life in these retired little spots may seem of little moment; yet until one has known and experienced such environments one does not really know what is most charming in New England life. It may be merely the recollection of a catboat moored by the village fish market; or of some cottage on the hillside, hardly noticeable as it stands back from the road, with its porch half hidden by vines and shrubs, where you have been wont to call and loiter for a chum, or possibly his sister; or some more spacious home, on the broad veranda of which you have sat and watched the water lap the seaweed almost to your very feet, or of some day when it rained and the mist came in from the sea, and you spent the hours in the library that

stands in the park-like grounds on the hill.

To one New England means inland hills and river valleys; to another, the rocky shore and the beating sea; to

yet another, the quieter coves of the sound. What has been written here is of a place that is all of these together, the quiet place where sound and ocean meet.



## FAUST'S QUESTION.

*By Marion Pelton Guild.*

"**H**E loves thee. Understandest thou?"  
With softened lights the stage is set;  
And in the garden-glamour now  
Faust stands with trusting Margaret.

She droops beneath his misty gaze  
Her young, defenceless, golden head;  
And white upon the shadowy ways  
The daisy's prophet leaves are shed.

Amid the throng that smiles or sighs,  
A woman's face confronts the scene,  
With loathing writ in hopeless eyes  
And blight where loveliness has been.

And poisoned memories, tempest-born,  
In anguish at the question stir;  
Her heart responds with shame and scorn,  
"Ah, yes! such love as his for her!"

Another woman turns and sees  
In eyes that catch her soul to heaven  
The meaning of all mysteries,  
All pain transfigured, vital leaven.

For daily bread, the kingly prize  
Of high endeavor, tenderness,  
Of Love himself in mortal guise:  
And she too murmurs, "Yes, ah yes!"

## MEMORIES OF CELIA THAXTER.

*By John Albee.*

CELIA THAXTER'S childhood and maidenhood and large portions of her later life were spent on the Isles of Shoals. There she died, and she sleeps beside that ocean which she loved and sang so much. There her indomitable and undying spirit still abides, drawing thither as in her earthly life pilgrims who delight in poetry and a career devoted to the amenities and aspirations of mankind.\*

By her own native intelligence, with none of the common advantages of the women of these later times, she extended the bounds of her narrow environment until they embraced most of that which we think best worth doing, knowing and having in this world. She educated herself, made her own place and lived in it with increasing power and influence to the end of her life. All this she did by the inherent gifts and that genius with which she was born, which were as clearly prophesied in her earliest childhood as they were seen when in their complete fulfilment. She was one of those souls whom God sends into the world to seek the unattainable. This heavenly paradox was her perpetual guide, as it ever has been of those who have perfected their own character and influenced that of others. In her restless search she tried many forms of self-expression, none of which satisfied her. On all sides she touched the circle of human limitation, yet with her it was a constantly extending circle. Incidentally I shall allude to this later; but my chief purpose is to follow as far as I am able her spiritual development. Although it is difficult to separate exactly one portion or element of her

life from others, yet this phase of it appears to me of singular value as typical of the modern Christian world, practical and material in its tendencies and labors, spiritual and ideal in its aspirations. The difficulties and contradictions of this position have led certain free souls—free I mean through their early nurture or want of it, the absence of religious affiliations, or from the various circumstances of personal associations and influence—through a long course of thought, of experience, of changing doubts and beliefs, to a final peace and rest.

Celia Thaxter was such a soul; and I think it not unbecoming to speak of some things in her life not so well known, but as instructive, as those of her literary and social career. A long intimacy, common pursuits and sympathies, and frequent interchange of opinions and experiences enable me to pay this tribute to her memory. When those who have been dear and helpful to us are gone, we try to recover and preserve what is of most value. In a fire sometimes we can save the more precious articles, sometimes only the worthless. It is so at death. The suddenness, the terror of it, at first make it difficult to separate and distinguish the essential and permanent from the transient and unimportant. For my part, when friends die, I can never think so much of what they have accomplished as of what they were; and it is one of the bitter ironies of life, that what one was in one's living characteristics should so often pass into oblivion, while a book or monument of some kind, which at best represents only a moment, a phase of existence, should live on. Celia Thaxter stood among the first women writers in the country, and it was through her published writings that she was known to her con-

\* See article on "The Story of the Isles of Shoals," by Aubertine Woodward Moore in the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE for July, 1898, with portraits of Celia Thaxter and views of her home and haunts.

temporaries. If now any one wishes to know her, he will go to her books. There he will find a small part of her, and it will be an essential and veritable part, a faithful embodiment of her mind, her insights and interests, as far as it goes. Not there, however, will he find the inward struggles, enthusiasms, doubts and ultimate calm which, could they be known in all their completeness, would be of more worth than many volumes. We amuse ourselves with literature and miss the lessons of the lives which create it.

Celia Thaxter was born in Portsmouth, and when five years old her father, Thomas Laughton, removed his family to the Isles of Shoals, he to become the keeper of the White Island Lighthouse. Here on this bit of land, White Island, and at Appledore, Celia Thaxter spent her early years. It is doubtful if she so much as heard in those years of church, Sunday-school or other religious institutions or instructions. She may have heard the bell on the little meeting-house of Gosport, but it called no member of her family to prayer. Her father was a great doubter, a man who did his own thinking—strong and independent, with an iron will, a good and persevering hater of most accepted ideas. Yet withal he had a softer side; his sun sometimes broke through the storm clouds of the godless isle. He was not so despotic and rugged as he has often been painted. I remember very well my first talk with him. I approached him with trepidation, expecting some sort of rebuff. I was young and had nothing to say, but was inquisitive, and his terrors attracted me. I went to him with a curious little flower in my hand, on the pretext of inquiring its name. It was the pimpernel, the national flower of the republic of Appledore, the flower to which his daughter Celia addressed her very first unanswerable questionings. It pleased him to give its name and its habits; and, proceeding from this, he de-

scribed pretty much the whole flora of the island. Having, I suppose, found me a good listener, he talked on other matters now forgotten. I received and have retained the impression that he was a man with a remarkable memory and vigorous intellectual powers, but exercised in a rather narrow sphere and with an independence sometimes amounting to perverseness—in all which characteristics his daughter resembled him; but in her they were modified and refined: first, because she was a woman, and second because of her extraordinary desire and capacity for self-cultivation in whatever her enthusiastic nature was interested, and because of her greater intellectual development, which was gained by association with writers, artists and musicians.

With all that was high and fine she had a natural spiritual affinity; and this, coupled with her inherited force of character, was the secret of her powerful attraction and influence. Her strong individuality asserted itself in her earliest childhood, when she began to sow what she afterward abundantly reaped. In the absolute seclusion from the world, she sowed with nature and her own childish musings and fancies; one small blade of grass was dear to her, and a flower in the seams of the ledges gave her unspeakable joy. She once showed me where she used to find them. "Never any such pure delight since," she said. It was inevitable that later her poetry and prose should all be colored by her love for nature. She sang of flowers, she painted them, and finally the cultivation of them became her passion. Wherever she was, and at every season of the year, you would find flowers, generally cultivated by her own hand. Her love for them was no common admiration; it was intense and energetic, compulsive, like her interest in people. What she saw in them, why she loved them so ardently and spent so much of her time and thought on them, when one remembers the other things

she could do so well, is somewhat of a mystery. I think that in her later years writing and painting palled on her. They did not absorb and gratify her as formerly, and it was a necessity of her nature to be occupied wholly with something. It may have been too that, as she grew older and the world of former interests fainter, memories and pleasures of childhood returned, and her first awakening to self-consciousness through her love for nature reasserted itself to make her declining years as bright and beautiful as her earliest had been. Some sense she had beyond most of the beauty of form and color, but especially color; a wonder and a reverence for the life in the tiniest seed; some pride and delight in being the instrument of its reproduction. This perhaps created for her what she saw and felt in nature, and by a simple path led to the sources of all beauty. The child who before she was eleven could watch in the night to signal her father's boat with a lantern and say: "I felt so much a part of the Lord's universe, I was no more afraid of the dark than the winds and waves"; who could at the same period of life creep out of her bed before the house was astir to see from the lighthouse cliff the sun rise and be "filled with an absorbing, unreasoning joy such as makes the song sparrow sing"; to whom in those days "a handful of grass was more precious than miles of green fields"; and who even then "longed to speak the things that made life sweet," was certainly beginning to see God's hand in herself and the world about her.

But there came a time when the light which shone upon her in childhood and girlhood, and to which she was always obedient, began to be dimmed. The light was still there, no doubt, as in the lighthouse tower when the fog surrounds it, which for a while it cannot penetrate; ineffectual bells and horns try to take its place. In a word, the world with its demands and allurements broke in

upon the young maiden, the inexperienced, but inspired, unworldly, enthusiastic, handsome island wonder of sixteen. An early and romantic marriage, the sudden burdens of married life, the extreme discipline of a new society, new manners and ideas, more work and care than one so young was fitted to endure, wrought a change in her character and darkened the radiance of her springtime. The wilding flower transplanted lost something of that glowing color and long continuing dew of its island home. Yet there was never any time nor situation in which she did not devote herself to the comfort and happiness of others. This constituted her lifelong effort among those with whom her domestic and social life was cast. She could forget herself and all she might prefer to do, to cook you a dinner, to make a shirt or a shroud, or to write a comforting letter to some friend in affliction. She took no time for herself that could or ought to be given to others. In order that her literary work might not encroach upon her duties, she usually did her writing in the early morning, from four o'clock to seven, while others slept. She seemed never to be idle; she put aside or completed one work only to take up another. She always had something to do, yet time for a friend, for all who needed her. Meanwhile she thought her own thoughts and maintained her own private vocations, through which and her interest in the intellectual struggles going on in the world she accomplished her own illumination and power.

Many joys, sorrows and beliefs did Celia Thaxter pass through and out of before she was fifty years old. She became the companion of authors and artists; her life was always full to the brim. A full tide, the spring at its height, the sun at noon, everything in its largest scope and power, these seem to me the symbols of her activities. Her life impresses me as something massive, comprehensive and consistent with itself, from its begin-

ning on a lone rock in the sea to the salon where she drew the wisdom, the wit and beauty of this and other lands. Here she knew how to play all the parts belonging to woman. She could make the musician play his best, the poets and scholars say their best—even Mr. Whittier could be vivacious and communicative—bring forward the modest, shut the door on the vulgar, and disengage one talent from another and give to each its opportunity. If she was sometimes imposed upon, it was because of her confiding and ingenuous spirit. She had suffered as many of the stings and buffetings of fortune as others, yet she never allowed them to obtrude or crave sympathy. I never saw her otherwise than cheerful, and usually merry and gay. Sound hearts are easily amused.

There were always persons in her salon and circle who wished to own her, and who flattered themselves that they did. Men and women in the summer weather and idle days opened their hearts to her, and thereby supposed they had established an exclusive claim upon her sympathies. There were naturally, in consequence, jealousies and heartburnings; and Appledore seldom saw a season without its little tragedy, or more often, to the disinterested spectator, the comedy of human passions and frailties was amusingly rehearsed in the bower of the island queen before a select company of her knights and ladies-in-waiting. Handsome and accomplished maidens were happy to touch the hem of her dress—to hold her hand was heaven—and their lovers, if they would prosper, must worship at the same shrine. To see Celia Thaxter so surrounded by her flowers, lovers, pictures, books and souvenirs, to listen to the speech and music of her gifted friends, was the most picturesque and exciting spectacle afforded in this part of the country. But like all things of that nature, when it was over and you had gone away, it did not seem so fine and

grand. I dare say, however, that to some it remains in the memory the chief joy of their lives. I preferred Mrs. Thaxter in less pomp and circumstance, in fewer adjectives and superlatives. In her salon I heard for the first time a number of new expletives, such as had become indispensable for the heights to which admiration often arose. Admiration is the hardest of all moods with which to keep pace, and though I flattered myself that I knew the right terms for a number of ideas and impressions, in a short time I found myself out of breath and with that drawn feeling in the muscles of the face which accompanies the ineffectual effort to respond to the extravagant speech of another. I have heard Mrs. Thaxter often talk over, when the season was past, these assemblies of the chosen ones in her summer salon, and express her varying feelings regarding them, recalling at one time her enjoyment of them, at another the annoyances and the embarrassments in keeping in order the various characters and tempers of her coterie of geniuses and beauties. On the whole, she succeeded very well. There were no duels, no animosities that refused to heal. From her salon for many years radiated fine influences, ideals of conduct, of effort in the arts and in literature, whose good fruits ripened in the East and in the West.

Meanwhile in all that she herself attempted and accomplished in verse or prose, there was a steady gain in power and breadth. She was little swerved from her own base by the intellectual influences surrounding her and to which she seemed outwardly to submit herself so enthusiastically. If one has so intense an admiration for a writer as I have known her to manifest, it goes hard with him to keep himself from close or ill-concealed imitation. But when she took up her pen, she was herself. There was no reminder of anything she had read and so heartily approved. When she wrote, she was alone—alone with

herself; and if there were a conscious sense and will present, they concerned themselves to keep within the limits of her own thought, experience and observation, and to express herself in her own form. Her poems are original; they are fragments of the life she lived, and touch the life of her time at several distinct points, while objectively considered their range is narrow. Her well loved islands are the frame, the color, the environment, the suggestion, the association, in most of her verses; these islands and these waters about them and the not too distant shores of Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Maine reappear in her pages whether she is writing in their actual presence or away from them. In and through them she sings her moods, her inward life—other lives too, as they had been revealed to her; and when absent from Appledore, she comforts and consoles herself with its memories and images—as in one of her earliest and most intense poems, entitled “Landlocked.”

“Black lie the hills, swiftly doth daylight flee,  
And, catching gleams of sunset’s dying smile,  
Through the dusk land for many a changing mile  
The river runneth softly to the sea.

“O happy river, could I follow thee!  
O yearning heart, that never can be still!  
O wistful eyes, that watch the steadfast hill,  
Longing for level line of solemn sea,

“Have patience,—here are flowers and songs of birds,  
Beauty and fragrance, wealth of sound and sight,  
All summer’s glory thine from morn till night,  
And life too full of joy for uttered words!

“Neither am I ungrateful;—but I dream  
Deliciously how twilight falls to-night  
Over the glimmering water, how the light  
Dies blissfully away, until I seem

“To feel the wind sea-scented on my cheek,  
To catch the sound of dusky flapping sail,

And dip of oars, and voices on the gale  
Afar off, calling low,—my name they speak!

“O earth! thy summer song of joy may soar  
Ringing to heaven in triumph. I but crave  
The sad, caressing murmur of the wave  
That breaks in tender music on the shore.”

She did not overestimate her own literary efforts. She was glad of praise, more through private sources than public, and thankful for honest criticism and help. I know of none who gave such unlimited admiration and encouragement to other writers as she did. She may not be classed with the greatest writers; she had, however, the soul of the poet. Her associations and sympathies were not alone with the cultured and famous men and women of her time; there were other opportunities and outlets for them, equally strong and full, even more so in the maturer years of her life, with the humble and unknown. She was no sequestered writer in an attic nor in a luxurious boudoir study. She was not a white-handed lady. She had toiled at every kind of labor known to working women; and on this account as well as from the natural impulses of her heart she could enter by an always open door the houses of the sick, the poor, the troubled and overburdened. She was good for love-broken hearts, of whom there was always a contingent at the Shoals in the summer season. These she did not weep with; she tried to make them brave and reasonable. But for the poor and lowly she had nothing save tender words in their distresses, and a helping hand. She was called in at birth and death, and all in any way associated or intimate with her leaned upon her in the day of trouble. Thus did this woman, who was a poet with poets, an artist with artists, and the compeer of all those who constitute the cultivated classes, seem equally at home in the kitchen, where she was a skilful cook,

or at her needle and knitting, or with spade and trowel in her island gardens, or with fishermen and their wives and children, or as a nurse to the sick, or at the bedside of the lying-in or the dying. Thus did she enlarge her life, broaden and round it out, and prepare it for that spiritual light which at last rewarded her with its hope and its promise.

She had loved nature from the beginning—not admiringly only, but ardently; not because she had been taught, but through some uncommon intuitive sense she was able to feel her relationship to it; and very early, when not more than ten years old, she began to reflect and to ask deep questions of the flowers. She says in her book, "Among the Isles of Shoals": "Ever I longed to speak these things that made life so sweet, to speak the wind, the cloud, the bird's flight, the sea's murmur;" she emphasizes the word "speak." She meant that she wished to interpret and communicate all the voices of nature that spoke so much, so mysteriously, to herself—to put them into form. It was not many years ere she began to do so. Although an accurate observer, and appearing to see a dozen things where the common observer saw only one, she was not a trained naturalist; and so she found her speech, her expression, in poetry. Thus was another path opened to the heavenly vision. For the writing of poetry implies an impulse toward high thoughts, and it necessarily brings with it a great deal of self-cultivation, reflection, imagination, a sympathy with the common aspirations and instincts of humanity, for all of which there is no text-book, master nor university. When the true poet attains ease in the merely structural composition of verse, he is blest with an insight and power of expression which is as much a revelation to himself as to the reader. It was thus that Celia Thaxter gained a new elevation and greatly enlarged the natural limitations of her world.

But all the while there were some

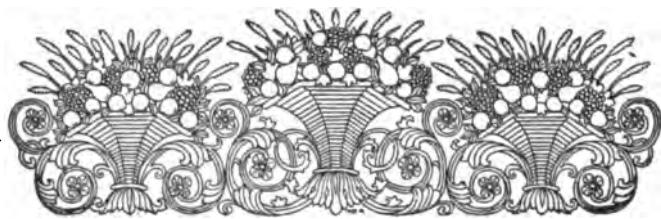
other influences surrounding her, which were adverse to the full acceptance of spiritual views of life and death. She mingled with a group of brilliant men and women, most of whom did not believe in the church and its doctrines, and some of whom were avowed materialists. It was in the fulness of the Transcendental movement, which had broken with old New England traditions and beliefs, although it preached high thinking and noblest living and combined in itself most of the intellectual activities of the time. A little later the theory of evolution, the new view of the origin of man, startled the world; and its hasty and impatient disciples thought it was all over with the Creator and immortality.

I do not think Mrs. Thaxter took a very deep interest in these matters; but she was under the personal and social influence of those who did. She did not pretend to know; she professed rather not to know, and she rested in that. Her mind was intuitive rather than logical; she liked not to argue or reason, and she was perfectly honest and sometimes almost defiant in her convictions. She might be impatient of contradiction, or too little considerate of the beliefs and opinions of others; but no one ever doubted her sincerity. As far as she saw the light, she was loyal to it. She was of such a generous, exuberant nature that what she enjoyed and any new light which she came to, she wished to share with her friends. There was a time when she eagerly desired that they should share her belief in spiritualism, then in theosophy, and other metaphysical and psychical revelations which in recent years have proclaimed themselves as new gospels. One almost came to believe that the ardor with which she espoused novel ideas was a sign of their permanent hold upon her; but they were merely phases, steps in her progress to firmer and more positive faith. When at last her spiritual vision became clear she was calm; she was

less anxious to talk about it, to excite your enthusiasm, to make a convert of you. She had the conviction of all great souls when they arrive at the truth, that it must prevail, that it can stand on its own feet, and that you can do any cause more good as a witness by your life than as a special pleader or a parader with drums and banners and conventions. This may condemn one to long obscurity and neglect, but has its own rewards, and in the end triumph. "To live in the presence of great truths and eternal laws, to be led by permanent ideals—that is what keeps a man patient when the world ignores him, and calm and unspoiled when the world praises him." All is flat after a campaign, a revival, a celebration—and nobody is any wiser or happier; but three hundred and sixty-five days of adherence to a principle brings serenity and contentment to the adherent and the triumph of the principle.

At her mother's death, seventeen years before her own, the first crushing blow of grief struck and hurt her beyond any before or after. At that time she wrote: "There is no comfort for us anywhere. The consolations of religion I cannot bear. I hope all things; I believe nothing." This was the turning point in her life. She began to meditate on life, on death, and what was to follow death. With her usual earnestness and honesty, she looked at them squarely and with an untrammelled mind, and did not rest until she had come to a solution that satisfied her. She found that her mother's presence was not evoked in the dim light of a spiritualistic *séance*. She found at last that she must go to her. It was not long before she had insights of the immortal life. It is not necessary to recount all the steps; but they can be named as, first, the awakening to its meaning by the death of her mother and the passionate desire to communicate with her,

to recover her in some way; then the reading of many books on immortality; the reading and hearing of the more spiritual side of the teachings of theosophy and psychical science. These were the outward means and helps in her progress. Yet I cannot help thinking these were more apparent than real. It is not after all the influences we can name and classify that make us what we become. Another and subtler influence works in man's soul, not articulate, not calculable; and when he is not disobedient to its heavenly vision, it conducts along the true path to the goal of perfect light. It was decreed that Mrs. Thaxter, by her sympathy with nature, by her poetic soul, by the integrity of her intellectual perceptions, by her unworldliness and helpfulness to her kind, no matter under what influences, adverse or favorable, should find in the end the faith, the consolation and the repose of an immortal spirit. That which in her youth had led her to the sources of all beauty, in her later years led her to the sources of truth. Her first instinctive response to the spirit of nature, her intense love for every manifestation of life, her first childish acceptance of her place in the universe as she waited in the darkness on the rocks, were the early tokens of what afterward broadened and deepened into spiritual repose. Intimations that nature is all one, that each has his appointed life and place, that the soul need fear nothing, dawned upon her in youth, and life with its experiences and growths served only to strengthen and to illumine this truth. That which was first instinctive became later an abiding faith. Passing through and beyond the various phases of conflicting beliefs, as if they were so many barriers to spiritual freedom, she came into the broad open, into a clear vision of the simple truth that she was a beloved child of her Creator.



## TWO GODS.

*By Sam Walter Foss.*

### I.

A BOY was born 'mid little things,  
Between a little world and sky,—  
And dreamed not of the cosmic rings  
Round which the circling planets fly.

He lived in little works and thoughts,  
Where little ventures grow and plod,  
And paced and ploughed his little plots,  
And prayed unto his little God.

But as the mighty system grew,  
His faith grew faint with many scars;  
The Cosmos widened in his view—  
But God was lost among His stars.

### II.

Another boy in lowly days,  
As he, to little things was born,  
But gathered lore in woodland ways,  
And from the glory of the morn.

As wider skies broke on his view,  
God greatened in his growing mind;  
Each year he dreamed his God anew,  
And left his older God behind.

He saw the boundless scheme dilate,  
In star and blossom, sky and clod;  
And as the universe grew great,  
He dreamed for it a greater God.

## THE PRAIRIE CABIN.

*By G. E. Tufts.*

**E**XPECT from me, dear reader, no fine-spun web of romantic falsehood, with an exaggerated brilliancy of local coloring. I am simply to give some idea of how the year goes round in the head of the poor western farmer. The vast majority of us, like the mass everywhere, are poor and live close to the hardpan. I have dwelt mostly in obscure rural haunts. I cannot even boast of having had losses; I never took a scalp, nor had any man offer to take mine; I never helped hang a horse thief; on the contrary, I always rather pitied him—in the fall of the year.

Do you know the prairie? What the crane sees in his long voyages through the air is that immense ring which the horizon, level clear around, makes, and of which he is the centre. He sees many a wide expanse of soft green, basking in unimpeded light, and dotted here and there at long intervals with the insignificant habitations of men; winding, sunken lines of darker color, which are the streams and their overshadowing forests; and radiating from each broad, grassy plateau, a scrambling confusion of low, brushy hills, pitched helter-skelter, according to the irregular system of the region's watershed—every little creek and serpent-like "slue" (slough) and side-slue and "draw" perpetually on a twist, perplexing enough in the everlasting double shuffle of its convolutions.

Every land once well known fills the mind with pictures; and to me one of the most memorable pictures of the prairie is the winter sunrise—late in winter, when the sun is getting a little higher and brighter, when we catch the first indefinable intimations of spring, while spring is yet an ideal and we are subject to its illusion. It

is still dead winter; we feel its torpor in our very marrow. But a morning comes when the fantastic blazonry of fairy fingers on the window pane symbolizes no longer the hoary, hopeless glacier pile, but begins to soften into prefigurations of tropical forest life; the great sun pours his level rays beneficently over the boundless crusted snow; the air is still; from many an icy mirror streams up a mimic aurora; the mirage builds new Jerusalems all along the far plain; and some faint, youthful, old-time trust in the universal beauty and goodness flickers for the moment in the deadliest, hardest heart.

Winter deadens the summer's memory almost to nothingness; it is little but a dull, defiant scepticism that we have left during its last few weeks. March with its softer clouds, bare ground, skies lit nightly by prairie fires, is pioneer in the work of our conversion from Lapland heathenesse. His rude gusts dispel the stupor of our hibernation. The sun kindles in the red sky over the far off eastern horizon and trembles there in the cold morning breeze. The very fact of its rising so much earlier is momentous. There is a pathos in the contrast between the dead waste of frosty dry grass and the rosy promise of the east. One is pierced to the heart with an exquisite thrill of joy and pain in awakening life. Novel, revolutionary breaths sweep the morning clean. When at length April's rainy looking clouds hurry up from the south, and we breathe the soft, wet air, our icy ideas are honey-combed beyond remedy. Our revulsion from the joylessness and despair which we have felt is often extreme. The snow, which seemed so lately as if it had always existed, is gone for-

ever. It would be difficult to express how much one loves the first mud. The possibility of white blossoms and humming bees is not yet entertained; but it will arise in the mind in time, be denied entrance at first, and finally welcomed with abandonment.

With the first approaches of spring the prairie chickens begin to crow—strange cadence, fittest sound symbol of the land; whether far or near the hearer can hardly guess; bearing a mixed meaning of triumph and sadness; telling of the long, dark winter nights in which the chickens lay cuddled in the snowy grass, half frozen, dreaming brokenly of the day's perils—the death dealing tube in the hands of the hunter, the hawk's persistent harrying—and ever holding themselves in readiness to bound into the air at anything sounding like the sneaking approach of the dreaded prairie wolf. Often in March and the first days of April the crowing of the male *tetrao* (heard mostly in the morning) is the most mournful sound which I know in nature, and yet promethean—the utterance of a spirit saddened but not subdued by long dwelling in frost and gloom. Even in that disheartening time when spring delays as if it never would or could come, when for weeks the sky is leaden, and underfoot all is snowy, and the most persevering search fails to glean another kernel from the cornfield, and one must venture around the stacks and stables and try to steal a few grains of "dollar corn" from the starved animals, at the constant risk of being popped over from behind the fence by the farmer's boys—even then, his cry, though fraught with pain, is full of power and faith. But when spring at last really comes, when there is warmth, light and grass, then listen at sunrise and declare if you ever heard more absolute expression of solemn, triumphant gladness than this booming roar borne in from every side—a note wild, romantic and grand enough to be (as it seems to be) the voice of the landscape itself

celebrating the springtime resurrection.

It is one of the last mornings in May. The birds in the brush near by sing so loud that I can sleep no more after four o'clock. Some kinds sing with frenzy and desperation, as if life were too sweet, as if they were mad with joy. But these sounds are balanced by the grotesque little twitterers, and the die-away chant of the mourning dove, which always means to me not mourning, but humble, loving content. I like to lie and wait for sunrise; the silence that fills the house seems venerable, as if it had lasted for centuries, and is only heightened by the occasional droning buzz of a sleepy fly across the dim room. Anon come floods of gold poured noiselessly through every chink in the cabin walls; behold, the day has begun! Lift the latch and go forth. Verily all is good—still, warm and cloudless; in the immeasurably distant east the serene, gleaming enchantment. The dog is tickled to see me after his tedious night's watch over the stable; his joy is so great as to impede his motion; he wags his tail so violently that he wags his whole body and finds himself turned round and going the wrong way. When a dog grins and smiles you know he means it. A dog never makes a false pretence to any sentiment whatever. For upright insolence, candid ferocity, incapacity for appreciating anything like innuendo, for absolute singleness of character and aim, give me a well-developed bull pup!

The cattle lie in the feed lot, on its cool, dry, hard, dirt floor, in dignified repose. They are naturally late risers; their eyes are yet filmy with midnight influences; they act profoundly surprised and hurt if you hurry them early in the morning. The hogs are up, of course, nosing around as usual with their untiring genius for radical investigation, hoping perhaps that the gate may have come open in the night or that somehow

something in the eating line is going to be provided for them. Hogs are always haunted by a fear that they shall be hungry, and a suspicion that some other hog is eating something not far away, which by all the proprieties they ought to get away from him.

Man is the interpreter of nature, the crowning flower of the ages, and all that; he is also the jangle in the sphere-music, the one blot in the landscape. Discordant sounds at this moment there are none, save from the cabin of my Sancho Panza, Jim Stokes, which stands a few rods away, half hidden in the edge of the bush. 'Tis the voice of the still recumbent patriarch urging the young ones to get up and start a fire. The door opens, the oldest girl emerges, bare-headed, barefoot, sleepy and sulky, scrapes up hastily a pan of chips, and dodges in. The speedy result is a lazy smoke from the chimney; soon ham and eggs shall spatter in the pan and the aroma of coffee float upon the morning air. Soon Jim's broad face, hawk's eyes and sturdy figure are seen, framed in the doorway—not an offensive picture. He is as insolent and full of brag, as good-natured and kind-hearted as if he owned half a township, instead of being a poor renter, worth at the highest valuation one hundred dollars. It is, I consider, a great triumph for him to have borne toil and poverty with no little derogation to manhood and to have preserved through all a spirit free from any taint of bitterness. Diogenes never faced humiliating conditions of life with solider dignity and self-poise. Yesterday he finished corn planting; this morning his gaze rests on the fresh planted field with genuine religious bird faith in hot sun and black dirt. To-day he will go to town and brag all day of the spring's work he has done and the "stavin' powerful good show for a crop" he has got.

Now at last, breakfast being over, the hogs having been fed just enough

to keep them from breaking into the field (for corn is scarce this spring), the cattle turned out to graze, and man and horse once more filled with food and power, let us fare forth. I have to hunt for a yearling steer and two or three worthless shoats that have strayed, carry home a few old "borrowings," trade horses if I get a good chance, and try and hire a few dollars to keep things going till crops come in; for I am a small farmer living perforce by the hard old-fashioned way.

Mount that other nag, and follow in the track that leads through this natural aisle down into the brush. The farm, as you observe, is on the high land level with the world, but close to the brush where the land begins to break off down toward the streams. Innumerable oak-crowned promontories stretch down from the upland, and between them in ever novel iteration are innumerable coves of bloom and verdure: hazel bowers, swinging grapevines, almost every conceivable combination bright bits of lawn and recesses of slumbrous wild-wood. How many such places I have seen that I loved at first sight, that I hated to leave, that I felt as if I could build a hut in and live there forever! I wonder at the economy of nature that builds so many Edens and furnishes no occupants, hardly a mere passing admirer. There is something telltale of our insignificance in the continent unconcern with which the impersonal beauty withdraws itself from our gaze. Sometimes I say: All is one, there is no beauty save in the imagination; if there were, it would have its due weight; these lovely homelike spots, that countless centuries have labored to adorn, are shunned by the multitudes who prefer to burrow and rot in overcrowded towns.

To the natives this is "miserable, grubby, washy land," "cussed brush," always in the way, always lacerating clothes and temper, bothering terribly in driving stock, and suspected of being accessory to the "ager."

Now out and in we go, along devious cattle paths, round the point, up the "draw," over the ridge to the next hollow, then down into the bloomy, poisonous, sickish-sweet air of the river forest—the "heavy bottom timber"—then slip down the greasy banks of the ever muddy stream and splash flippantly across on the hard sandy bottom. We wake up a fat water snake who had dragged his lazy length up on to a pile of drift wood to dry his scales, and who now, after thrashing round a little among the dry sticks, falls into the water. We move on across the "bottom prairie," a blank stretch of too fertile soil, shut in by the bluffs on one side, the perpendicular wall of river forest on the other—a lonely, hateful region, resting ever under the menacing shadow of malaria; then up the hill through more brush, then out upon the prairie, wide, wild and free. Let us seek no longer to economize our spurs. Away! who cares now for any man's neck or horse's legs? Here's for a mad gallop over the elastic sward toward yonder herd, specks on the far green! Here they all are on an "early burn," plucking with all their might the succulent, pale green grass. They have shed their shaggy winter coats, and look bran new; so does the black dirt around the roots of the grass; so does the grass and the sky; this is the new world! Here are the rich man's Durham steers, of insolent baronial port; the lean, cat-hammed, native cow of the renter or the forty-acre man; the rag-tag-and-bohtail of the land; and, prominent and evidently influential among them, my profligate yearling, who a few short weeks since looked up to me as his providence, sole source of hay and corn, but now that grass has come eyes me with contemptuous indifference. Observe in the whole lot, from the magnificent lord of the herd down to the scranniest runt, the superlative of self-reliance, the air of puffy arrogance and solid disregard of public or private opinion such as few of us.

attain. What is man that they should regard him? They spurn his mediatorship, for they have come into direct relations to the divine bounty. Winter and hunger will tame them again; but it is useless to argue to them now that it will ever be cold again. In fact, at such times I don't believe much in it myself. I admire cattle. I believe with them in the perfect independence of the individual under all circumstances. Gratitude is ignoble. I hate to be thanked. A gift should be free, or it is no gift. Such lovely eyes these cattle have! One would say there must be beautiful thoughts in the brains behind them; but this does not always follow with human eyes, and probably not with bovine. There is plainly the perfect tranquillity of health—exemption from gastric or cerebral disturbance, such as few of our species enjoy. When no immediate danger threatens they appear absolutely free from care or anxiety; they forebode calamities not at all, and forget them quickly. Trouble past or out of sight (last winter's cold and hunger, the inhuman bull whacking master at home and his bloodthirsty dog) seems to glance impotent off the marble of their well-fed moods. Jim Stokes says that Mackray's cattle have the same scared look that his wife and children occasionally show; but I think that hunger more than fear glazes their eyes and roughens their coats.

Onward again. Stumble up the ridge over these treacherous gopher hills on to the general prairie level, and we find ourselves confronted by that eight-rail "worm" fence enclosing a new prairie farm, rawest of all raw beginnings. The house is a dry goods box; the stable, a pile of straw; the farmer and his boys, agricultural machines in denim. The scene is forbidding and bare of hope or interest; but, as is true of the prairie everywhere, there is vastly more here than is seen at the first glance. Come again in five years, and behold

broad, well-tilled fields; the rail fence displaced by luxuriant osage orange hedge; good farm buildings embowered in grove and orchard; and presumably a young lady in the parlor strumming at modern sheet music.

Lost in the pathless, grassy solitude; tangled in lush festoons of creeping verdure; lost in dark woodland dens; worse lost at some heretofore undiscovered cabin fastness, where savage suspicion and squalor lurk; lost in the bosky labyrinths of the river hills; found again under a friendly roof—thus on we go over the ups and downs of the countryside till the sun, sinking in the west over a black cloud bank, warns us to bend our course homeward. How the day has changed! and now it changes faster every moment. A shuddering fear of the tempest is in the air; and that bright morning when we rode out with laugh and song might have been years ago. We dash in, the prairie-struck herd from the prairie following us pell-mell. A lurid yellow glare is over everything; as we pass we catch a glimpse of trees lifting their branches like imploring arms to heaven. The sun must have set, so sudden a gloom has fallen upon us, the black wall from the west fast devours the sky. Quick, to our shelter, ere the terrors overtake us! Now bursts the long pent-up rage of the storm gods; hurricane, thunder, lightning, rain. First, a furious, tearing blast, and straightway sky, trees, houses, everything, look dishevelled and frightened; then scattering raindrops, then the thunder bolt, astonishing us as if never heard before, then the swish of the sheeted shower. The air is a flowing sea; the thunder is one steady roll; the landscape is washed out of sight and memory.

The tumult is heard further and further to the eastward, till at last it is gone; there is no sound but the steadily falling rain. The air is warm and heavy with sweet odors; we lie snug like bees in a flower bell; the world

is filled with the sense of omnipresent growth.

Hail, bounteous, beauteous maize! Consummate effort of tropical nature successfully transplanted to our northern clime, for plebeian Hoosier or Yankee man thou art meat, drink, lodging and taxes. Corn fattens the lean kine and leaner swine, turns the blue milk to gold, and makes the horse indifferent to his load. To be or not to be means here corn or no corn.

Nothing else in this world is so clumsy as a clumsy man; no beasts ever make such blunders as he. Yet any raw squash-head of a Yahoo, who knows nothing but what he is forced to know and forgets much of that from year to year, can raise considerable corn in a good season; though there is a smack of the miraculous in this as there is in the mysterious subsistence of red squirrels and blue jays. Verily nature is kind—some years.

June is the time to make corn; and for the next month Jim and I, if we be true men, seek to know and do only one thing, namely, plough corn. The horse, fly-stung (which saves goads), leans ahead through the rows; the bright steel slips through the black soil, throwing it up against the green of the corr., day after day, till bowing maize blades and rolling soil are never out of our minds. This is the era of hope. The soft emerald of a sea of corn foliage holds and rests the eye, and its wavy movements are inexpressibly graceful. I fix my eye on a single untasselled plant, and it becomes an immense spiritualized palm, tutelary genius of some unnamed village in farthest Negroland, where it nods and rustles, waves banners of peace, or droops in sleepy reverie over the mud huts and the sunset dance.

But corn gradually declines from being an object of beauty, a nucleus for dreams of opulence and splendor, to the level of mere property, bearing no longer an imaginary, but a definite, value. When the exaggerated possibilities of a crop simmer down into average certainties, it is straightway

despised. Besides it was once young and tender; now it begins to assume the coarser forms and more sober hues of middle age.

The heat on the prairie is overpowering and merciless; it yellows the complexion, paralyzes the lives, depresses the muscular energies, and aggravates the irascibilities. Day after day, in a reliable dry spell, the sun fags wearily through the brazen sky. There may be in the early morning a delusive respite from despair, and the credulous rustic is heard to express the belief that it will not be quite as hot as usual to-day; but by the time the sun is three hours high it is as bad as ever, and he sinks back discouraged. The formation of character proceeds with great momentum on these red-hot days, when the man doesn't work much and has to think—which is itself an irritation to a man accustomed to dissipate his venom through the channel of muscular exertion. He will in future, especially if he winds up the season with a few "shakes," be rather more shiftless and cynical than he was before. He becomes more easily moved to hysterical mirth or homicidal rage.

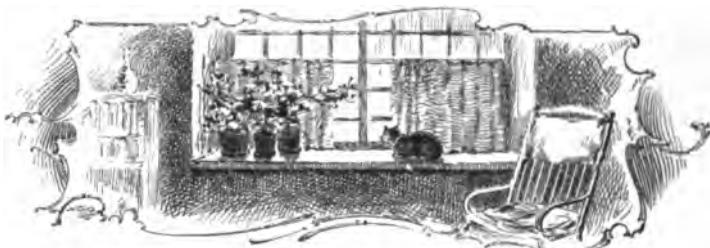
When winter undertakes to right all this and scare away the miasma, it often does its work with frightful thoroughness. In southern Iowa the mercury sometimes goes down to thirty degrees below zero. This is often spoken of rather boastingly; but the effect on the people and their live stock is severe, especially in a three days' gale direct from the northern lakes, British America and beyond. I dread most the days when the ground is bare, and the polar currents flow steadily, with never a moment's rest, over the solitary wastes of brown dead grass. One realizes then how benignantly the snow is meant in its season. The earth is hard as a rock, streams frozen to the bottom, and the poor cattle almost perish for lack of water—there is not even snow for them to lick. What would you think of a man who should go out on one

of these days, the mercury ten degrees below zero, and sit still for three or four hours on the top rail of the fence, listening to the shriek of the wind through the cornstalks? Well, the farmer often sits on his wagon on such days as this, while his horses haul him and thirty bushels of corn to the nearest railroad town—twelve or fifteen miles. Do you wonder that after selling his corn for fifteen or twenty cents a bushel, finding himself on his return with the night closing in darker and colder than ever, with four or five miles of rough road still to be overcome, he is chilled and malcontent to the core—curses the government, imputes universal corruption, and cherishes a spirit of grim, wolfish repining? Bear with this at present undeniably churlish brother till home is reached and a good supper and the fireside blaze have done their work, and you shall find him the same hopeful, much-believing fellow we have known of old.

But to come back to our summer days and works. The blistering harvest work now takes its annual gouge out of the constitution of man and beast. At its close we felt the after-battle sensation. All nature lies sweating in the shade and reaches after the breeze. Some afternoon in August comes the ghost of a norther; the sunshine is dull and sickly; there is a pause; in one notable hour, fall has come. The summer is gone forever; with a bitter secret pang, which I too feel, nature bids farewell to the full midsummer of life. Yet there shall be a long season of bright sadness; lucid, thoughtful days granted for repentance after youthful riot; ample day of grace for the shiftless to garner up the scant increase they have made from their talent. The splendors of the autumnal procession pass before our eyes; subdued lustre in air and sky; in the mind, contentment, no more restless expectation. The future has arrived; the flood has passed on and left us stranded in eternal, sleepy afternoon. The era of the gor-

geous summer life is a forgotten dream; days come and go, a train of obscure reveries. Watch the pale sky darkening at eventide to lifeless ashen gray; feel the breath from the northern fen. The midnight sobs; each lengthened night the dread northwest steals down further and further over the land. When the yet sunny November days come, the sense of time seems almost abolished; in the long nights we hide under the wing of eternity. This dumb, fathomless

brooding seems as if it might last forever. Yet its climax comes at last suddenly, and finds us unprepared. Some morning we wake into another world. The snow has fallen. Then to fight cold and hunger away from ourselves and our beasts; then the hours of darkness, almost of despair. But patient work and waiting at last bring round the days when the sun, slowly awakening in his might, drives back the northern demons and works again the miracle of our prairie year.



## IT MAY BE.

*By Walter A. Dyer.*

IT may be, when life's long, long day is done,  
And we have wearied with the endless game  
Of hide-and-seek, for fortune, wealth and fame,  
And thrown aside our playthings one by one,—

That we shall gladly welcome peaceful rest,  
And toddle, tired children, off to bed,  
With heavy eyes, and drowsy, nodding head,  
To fall asleep on Mother Nature's breast.

It may be, as the shadows onward creep,  
While loved ones gently smooth the silken hair,  
That we shall breathe a little evening prayer,  
Sweet childhood's "Now I lay me down to sleep."

It may be there's another day than this,  
A brighter day than we have known before,  
When morning sun will stream across the floor,  
And we shall be awakened with a kiss.



THE POST OFFICE, RIDEAU CANAL AND GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS.

## OTTAWA, THE CAPITAL OF CANADA.

*By J. Macdonald Oxley.*

THE time in which we live has seen a remarkable change in the status of youth. It is no longer necessary to apologize for being young. On the contrary, this has come to be considered such an advantage that there seems to be some danger of what is old failing to receive due respect.

In undertaking therefore to give some account of the young capital of a young Dominion, I shall not feel it necessary to adopt an apologetic attitude, but rather to take pride in the wonderful progress already achieved while regarding it merely as the earnest of greater things yet to be.

Having reference to her size and significance, Ottawa, the political capital of the Dominion, may be considered one of the newest cities on the continent, for it is only thirty years since emerging from the obscurity of a remote provincial town known only

for the flourishing lumber industry which had its genesis in an illimitable water power, she became the seat of government, and thereby entered the list of world-known cities.

The actual history of Ottawa began in 1821, when one Nicholas Sparks, a foreman in the employ of Philemon Wright, who had migrated across the border twenty years before and settled on the opposite side of the Grand River, acquired from his master an extensive tract of land lying between the Rideau and the Ottawa rivers. It proved an extraordinarily good investment, for through the centre of this property the Rideau Canal was subsequently built, and, subdivided into building lots, it became the very choicest real estate in the thriving town of Bytown, which presently sprang into being beside the canal and was the chrysalis of the city of Ottawa. The legend is indeed that



LOCKS ON THE RIDEAU CANAL.

worthy Master Nicholas cleared a cool half million sterling out of his farm, which therefore treated him better than many a gold mine has done its hopeful proprietor.

Yet it was a pure case of good luck that came about in this way. The regrettable international unpleasantness of 1812-15 had caused the British government to realize the importance of having a line of canals connecting the St. Lawrence with the great inland lakes so constructed as to be perfectly safe from American attack in event of a renewal of hostilities. Now the Ottawa and Rideau rivers afforded remarkable facilities for the fulfilment of the design; and accordingly, in the year 1823, Lieutenant-Colonel By of the Royal Engineers, assisted by a large staff of surveyors, not only laid out the route of the canal, but supervised its construction, prosecuting the work with such energy that within the short space of four years he had connected Kingston, then the key to Upper Canada, with Montreal, the commercial metropolis, by an efficient waterway, entirely independent

of the St. Lawrence, and secure from all danger of invasion.

This Rideau Canal, which was the beginning of Ottawa's prosperity, is quite unique in its way, the total length of one hundred and thirty-five miles, with the exception of sixteen miles, being made up of a chain of lakes, rivers, dams and aqueducts linked together by massive locks. Rideau Lake, the grand summit level, is no less than two hundred and eighty-three feet higher than the Ottawa River, and one hundred and fifty-four feet above Lake Ontario, requiring in the rise and fall nearly fifty locks, each one hundred and forty-two feet long. There are twenty dams along the route, which, by the reflux of the waters they create, have strangely altered the natural face of the country. In several instances, a dam not more than twenty-four feet high has thrown the river and rapids above it into a still sheet of water for a distance of twenty miles. These dams have also backed up the water in creeks, ravines and valleys, thus making many short canals, as well as

one long one, and so aiding in the development of a very fertile district.

The army of engineers, surveyors, and laborers that gathered at Entrance Bay, as the point of junction of the canal with the Ottawa was called, soon composed quite a settlement, which first received the

name of Bytown in honor of the master builder. As the years went on Bytown thrived and grew apace, until in 1851 it could boast of over 8,000 inhabitants, and three years thereafter obtained incorporation as a city. The new-made city then seemed to realize that her increased dignity demanded a more stately appellation, and so, adopting the soft sounding title of the noble river beside whose rushing waters she had risen, was henceforth no longer Bytown but Ottawa.

The circumstances under which Ottawa came to be selected as the capital of Canada are of quite romantic interest. For years after Upper and Lower Canada had united, the



THE CHAUDIÈRE FALLS.

country was without a fixed capital, and the question arose as to which of four jealous rivals for that honor should be preferred. Toronto, Kingston, Montreal and Quebec all put in their claims, Toronto as the most enlightened, Kingston the strongest strategically, Montreal the most convenient, and Quebec the richest in historical associations. The question proved a vexing one, which threatened to set the whole land in a flame, and many were the shifts resorted to by successive legislatures to effect an amicable solution of the difficulty. In 1841 Kingston was made sole capital, but soon gave deep dissatisfaction. In 1844 Montreal obtained the privilege, as being more centrally located, only to forfeit it again in 1849, when the sanction of an obnoxious bill by Lord Elgin, then governor-general, so infuriated the Tory mob that they pelted His Excellency with paving stones, smashed his carriage in the street, and finally wound up by burning the Par-



RIDEAU HALL.



THE RIDEAU FALLS.

liament buildings to ashes. This little ebullition the sapient law-makers construed as a decided notice to quit, and they soon shook the Montreal dust off their feet forevermore. It was then arranged that Toronto and Quebec should be the capital alternately, each for four years at a time; but such an itinerant system could be neither pleasant nor profitable, and finally the despairing legislators, in 1858, agreed to refer the whole question to Her Majesty, who, to the utter surprise and consternation of all concerned, adopted a similar course to that pursued at the decisive conventions in Presidential campaigns, where there are often so many candidates possessing strong claims to the nomination that the only possible issue is to nominate none of them at all, but some "dark horse" hitherto unnoticed. In like manner, Queen Victoria, evading the responsibility of deciding between the four chief claimants already mentioned, and aided, it is generally believed, by her trusty Duke of Wellington, gave judgment that "a certain modest

village town, perched meekly on high bluffs and intervening valleys between the spray and roar of headlong waterfalls," should be the capital of Canada.

"Few persons could have believed," says a local historian, "that the present capital could have been so favored as it has been. When the question of placing the seat of government at Ottawa was first brought up in Parliament, spectators in the gallery will remember the speech of a Canadian statesman, who said: 'I tell you candidly, gentlemen, you might as well send the seat of government to Labrador.' Yet, strange to say, there were not wanting those who, as far back as 1827, predicted that it would be what it is to-day. Sir John Franklin and Colonel By were the prognosticators. The first-named gentleman declared it on the occasion of the laying of the foundation stone of the Rideau Canal locks; and the latter, when a certain Mr. Burke insisted on getting more land than the colonel was disposed to give him. 'Sir,' said the colonel, 'this land will be very valuable some day: it will be the capital

of Canada.' " The gallant Franklin certainly never displayed more courage than in making his prediction, for at that distant day a confederation of the provinces was not even dreamt of, but his prophecy has had a fulfilment beyond his wildest hopes.

Ottawa to-day presents a striking illustration of how two highly civilized peoples—even though their forefathers fought in fierce rivalry for the land they now peaceably share, and they themselves continue to be as dissimilar in language, religion and manners as they are in race—may, under favoring circumstances, make common cause for mutual welfare. You will find the English and the French each having their own quarter of the city, their own shops, their own schools, their own churches, yet united harmoniously under the same municipal, provincial and federal government. With few exceptions it may be laid down that, of the three divisions into which Ottawa naturally falls,—Lower, Upper and Centre-

town,—the first is sacred to the French, while the other two contain the English elements of the population.

In general configuration Ottawa resembles other cities built up beside a river bank, in that its length much exceeds its breadth, and business is chiefly confined to one long central street, which, commencing at the Chaudière Falls, pursues a devious way under various names until it reaches the Rideau River, three miles distant. Lying parallel with the middle portion of this long thoroughfare is Wellington Street, a broad and well-kept avenue, having on one side the splendid Parliament buildings, and on the other many handsome banks, clubs and other edifices, the whole forming an architectural vista of which any city might justly be proud.

Parliament Square is, of course, the *pièce de résistance* in Ottawa's scenic and architectural exhibition, and thither will we first betake ourselves. Though not so vast, ambitious or elab-



BOOMS OF LOGS ON THE OTTAWA RIVER.

orate as the capitol at Washington, or even as some state capitols, the Houses of Parliament, with their attendant departmental buildings, uprising from amidst a wealth of flower, leaf and lawn, present a picture rich in harmony and grace, and artistically perfect. In 1860, two years after Ottawa had been made the capital, the first stone was laid by no less a personage than His Royal Highness Albert, Prince of Wales, whose adventurous voyage from home to open the great Victoria Bridge at Montreal thrilled all loyal colonists with intense enthusiasm and delight. It goes without saying that these big buildings enormously exceeded the original estimate of their cost; little discrepancies of this kind seem to be inseparable from the construction of public buildings, and especially capitols, as witness Albany's. In the case of Ottawa, the original estimate was \$300,000, while the outlay upon the buildings in their present form has been over \$5,000,000,—clearly showing that Canadians are not a whit less enterprising than their republican neighbors when they get a fair opportunity.

The buildings stand well back from the street, forming three sides of a spacious square, which is laid out in velvet sward intersected by broad paths and drives and dotted over with brilliant beds of fragrant flowers. The Houses of Parliament occupy an ample terrace, raising them well above the level of the other blocks and throwing their stately proportions out into bold relief. They are built principally of a cream-colored sandstone found in the vicinity, which affords an appropriate setting for the warm red Potsdam and Ohio free-

stone with which the windows, doors and corners are adorned. To view this edifice aright you must stand on Major's Hill on some glorious summer evening when the swiftly sinking sun invests it with a halo of mingled gold and fire. Then, as one by one the dainty towers, pinnacles and buttresses fade softly, the "symphony in red" becomes a "harmony in gray," and so remains until the rising moon converts it to a "nocturne in silver and gold."

Capacious as the Eastern and Western departmental buildings seemed, they were not long in proving inadequate to the needs of the rapidly



TIMBER SLIDE.

growing government service; and in 1883 what is called the Langevin Block was built on Wellington Street facing Parliament Square, at a cost of three-quarters of a million dollars. Within these three blocks and several other buildings near at hand are housed the different departments of the Civil Service, numbering twenty in all, and including nearly two thousand officials, from deputy ministers down to junior messengers. As will



LUMBER DOCKS AND BARGES.

be readily understood, the Civil Service constitutes a very important element in the city's population from both the economic and the social point of view. The salaries paid its members are moderate enough, the very highest being \$6,000 per annum, and the figures ranging from that down to \$300 per annum; but in Ottawa rents are reasonable, food cheap, and education practically free, so that officials with a turn for thrift can get along very comfortably.

The sessions of Parliament usually begin in February or March and last three or four months. During this period Ottawa is at her best, and richly rewards those who then pay her a visit. Decked in the snow-white garb of winter, her stately buildings and innumerable cosey homes of warm red brick present a most attractive picture, while the surging tide of life that animates her streets and fills to overflowing her commodious hotels gives one a vivid impression of her importance. From Nova Scotia

to British Columbia the bustling members of the Commons and their potent, grave and reverend seniors, the senators, have come together, and the intense feverish body-mind-and-soul-exhausting life of the session is in full swing once more. Then are the Parliament buildings thronged with pompous politicians, sagacious statesmen, wily wirepullers, pertinacious lobbyists and all that miscellaneous multitude of interested individuals who bear much the same relation to legislative assemblies that camp followers bear to an army.

The constitution of Canada closely follows that of the mother country, there being the governor-general, the Senate and the House of Commons, to correspond with the Queen, Lords and Commons of the older land. The House of Commons is naturally the centre of interest, seeing that it is the actual centre of government. Here the great majority of the ministers of state have their seat, and here the fiercest forensic battles are fought

VIEW OF CHAUDIERE FALLS AND HULL FROM THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS BEFORE THE FIRE.



during the session. It is a distinctly representative assembly. Every member of it is put there by popular vote, and retains his seat only so long as he retains the confidence and support of his constituents. Two hundred and thirteen members constitute the House of Commons, of whom the Province of Ontario sends 92, Quebec 65, Nova Scotia 20, New Brunswick 14, Manitoba 7, British Columbia 6, Prince Edward Island 5, and the Northwest Territories 4. They meet in a spacious, handsome chamber, rectangular in form, with the members' desks arranged on either side of a broad central passage and rising in successive tiers, so that the rear line is the highest of all and every seat commands a clear view of the whole arena. Around the four sides run galleries, those over the speaker's chair being sacred to the press, while the others are reserved for the friends of the members, and the senators, or are open to the public. Whenever a debate of any special interest is on, these galleries are crowded with a deeply interested audience, and when a decisive division is expected, the spectators will remain far on into the small hours of the morning rather than miss it.

After many years of languishing in the cold shades of opposition, the Liberal party at last succeeded in gaining power, in July, 1896, and they are now evidently enjoying the sweets of office keenly. The premier is the Right Honorable Sir Wilfrid Laurier, than whom no finer type of French Canadian has appeared in public life, and who is the first of his race to attain the premiership since the forming of the Confederation. Associated with him in the conduct of affairs are the best and strongest Liberals the different provinces could supply, such as Sir Richard Cartwright and the Hon. William Mulock from Ontario, Messrs. Sydney Fisher and Joseph Tarte from Quebec, Messrs. William Fielding and Frederick Borden from Nova Scotia, An-

drew G. Blair from New Brunswick, Sir Louis Henry Davies from Prince Edward Island, and Clifford Sifton from Manitoba. At the general election on November 7, the Liberals were again successful, and the Conservative defeat rendered particularly crushing by the failure of the Conservative chiefs, Sir Charles Tupper, Mr. Foster and others, to retain their seats. The opposition is now led by Mr. Borden, an able and honorable man from Nova Scotia, assisted by Mr. F. D. Monk, who, notwithstanding his name, is a French Canadian.

The House of Commons usually meets in the month of February, and the sessions continue from three to five months, according to the progress made with the public business. The day's proceedings open at three o'clock with prayers, and continue until adjournment, with a recess for dinner from six to eight o'clock. No sittings are held on Saturday except under special circumstances, and of course Sunday is rigidly observed as a day of rest.

The great bulk of the proceedings are of course tame enough to the disinterested observer, but there is no telling when a lively debate may spring up, and when it does the speaking is usually of a high order and well worth close attention. An official report of all that is said and done is made by a staff of expert stenographers, and published from day to day in pamphlet form. It goes by the name of Hansard, in imitation of the records of the British Parliament. With few exceptions, all bills originate in the Commons, and when passed there are sent on to the Senate, which meets in a superb chamber in the other wing of the building.

There are only 81 senators, of whom Ontario and Quebec each contribute 24, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick 10 each, Manitoba 4, Prince Edward Island 4, British Columbia 3, and the Northwest Territories 2. They are the direct ap-



THE SENATE CHAMBER, VICTORIA TOWER AND THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

pointees of the government in power at the time, and hold their seats for life, being thus entirely independent of popular support. As a usual thing, in the event of a vacancy in the Senate it is filled by the appointment of one who has served his apprenticeship in the Commons as a faithful supporter of his party, although this is not always done. The function of the Senate is to consider the bills forwarded from the lower House, making any amendments that may seem expedient, or rejecting them altogether if they do not command its approval. Whenever the latter course is taken with any government measure, there is sure to be a great hub-bub in the Commons, and much talk of reforming or abolishing the Senate will be indulged in, the normal attitude of the Commons being that the Senate is all right so long as it simply approves of the transactions of the other House, but when it presumes to differ or to obstruct, then it is a

nuisance which imperatively demands summary abatement.

At the present time the Conservatives hold a commanding majority in the upper chamber and can, if they choose, throw out any bill coming up from the Commons, no matter how large a majority may have supported it there. This state of affairs is due to the long reign of the Conservative party, during which the senators became practically all of the same political complexion; but now that the Liberals have the power of appointment, they are losing no time in filling every vacancy that occurs with trusty adherents, so that if they only retain office long enough they will ultimately have a senatorial body quite to their own liking.

The leader of the Senate is the Hon. David Mills, minister of justice; and the leader of the opposition, Sir Mackenzie Bowell, at one time premier of Canada; and although the proceedings of the Senate are usually

conducted with more state and solemnity than those of the other House, still on occasion very warm debates take place, which fill the spacious galleries that otherwise present an array of empty benches.

The cope-stone of the Canadian government pyramid is the governor-general, who represents royalty and is appointed to this high office directly by the imperial authorities without hint or suggestion from those over whom he is to rule in the name of Her Majesty. No bill can become law,

to Lord Stanley during the latter's term a dozen years ago. He then made himself thoroughly popular, and now in his more elevated position will undoubtedly fulfil the kindly expectations entertained of him.

Rideau Hall, the residence of the governor-general, is situated on the outskirts of the city, in the midst of a pleasant park, which insures the privacy that is desirable. It is in no sense an imposing edifice, being simply the country mansion of a lumber king, enlarged by successive addi-



THE LIBRARY OF PARLIAMENT.

nor order-in-council take effect, without his assent, and he may at any time reserve a bill for the consideration of the home government, so that theoretically he has a great deal of power, although as a matter of fact he rarely uses it, preferring to abide by the advice of his council, upon whom the real responsibility devolves.

The present occupant of the vice-regal chair is the Earl of Minto, who will have little to learn about the duties of his office, as he was secretary

tions, a ballroom at the right, a dining-room at the left, and ranges of bedrooms in the rear, until it has become a very commodious and comfortable, although decidedly heterogeneous pile, which serves its purpose fairly well, but will no doubt some day give place to a worthier structure. Here for half the year a very liberal hospitality is dispensed by their Excellencies, in the form of dinners, balls, private theatricals, skating and tobogganing parties, garden and



THE LIBRARY, HOUSE OF COMMONS AND GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS FROM NEPEAU POINT.



DEPARTMENT BUILDINGS.

tennis parties, and so on, according to the season. These constitute the most important social events of the season, and have the right of way over all other entertainments, an invitation to Rideau Hall being considered one which cancels all previous engagements.

While in no wise rivalling in public interest the absorbing subject of politics, literature nevertheless has her own following in Ottawa, and must be reckoned with in any comprehensive account of the city. For literary men the Civil Service has many attractions. The salaries may be small, but they are sure. The hours of work are short, the duties mainly routine, and when the clerk closes his desk for the day he need think no more about it until the morrow, and consequently has his mind free for other things. Such being the case, if his bent is literary, these favoring circumstances, conjoined with the proximity of the finest library in the country, should inspire him to make good use of his ample margin of leisure.

The Marquis of Lorne recognized this when, during his occupancy of the vice-regal chair, he initiated the Royal Society of Canada, which meets annually at Ottawa, and has for its object the promotion of the literary and scientific development of the Do-

minion. This Royal Society has done and is doing good work, and the published proceedings are held in high esteem by similar societies in Great Britain and Europe. Its able and energetic secretary, Sir John G. Bourinot, is himself one of the most successful of Canadian authors, his many contributions to the leading English and American

reviews and his excellent historical works having thoroughly established his reputation as a pleasing writer and a sound authority on all matters pertaining to the past and present of Canada.

As custodian of the great collection of books gathered beneath the splendid dome of the Library of Parliament, Mr. Martin J. Griffin has every facility for literary work, and it seems a pity that thus far he should have contented himself with contributing delightful essays to the high-class periodicals and not have concentrated his powers upon a *magnum opus* that would constitute a permanent memorial of his learning and literary grace.

Several of the best-known names in the Canadian literature of to-day are borne by members of the Civil Service. Mr. Archibald Lampman, whose exquisite poems of nature and life have won for him a high place among modern singers, and whose recent death so many are now mourning, was an official in the Post Office Department. He published two volumes of poems, "Among the Millet," and "Lyrics of the Earth," which have commanded wide appreciation.

Mr. Duncan Campbell Scott, who holds an important position in the Department of Indian Affairs, has made a reputation both as a writer of



THE SENATE CHAMBER, HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT.

short stories and a poet, his volume, "The Magic House," published in London, having been cordially received by the critics.

Yet a third votary of the muses is Mr. William Wilfrid Campbell of the Privy Council Department, who first attracted attention by poems descriptive of the glorious scenery of the Great Lakes, whereby he won for himself the title of "The Poet of the Lakes." His first published volume bore the name of "Lake Lyrics." It has been followed by "The Dread Voyage" and two tragedies in verse, "Mordred" and "Hildebrand." Mr. Campbell has also written no small amount of excellent prose in the form of criticism and fiction. His poem, "The Mother," contributed some years ago to *Harper's Monthly*, made a profound impression and is certainly one of the notable poetic achievements of recent years.

Until last year Ottawa had the honor of being the home of a historian whose monumental work merits a place beside such undertakings as Froude's History of England or Bancroft's History of the United States. It seems one of the tragedies of life and literature that William Kingsford should have passed away just as his tremendous task was approaching completion. After an active professional career as an engineer in many lands and in both private and public service, he settled down in Ottawa to write a history of Canada from the earliest times to the union of Upper and Lower Canada in 1841. The work grew upon his hands until no less than ten imposing volumes were required, the first volume appearing in 1887 and the last in the same year that he died. Al-



THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.



THE LANGEVIN BLOCK.

though not possessing the charm of Froude nor the brilliancy of Macaulay, Mr. Kingsford's work is thoroughly sound, accurate and impartial, and must remain the standard authority for the period covered.

A chronicler of men rather than of events is Mr. Henry J. Morgan, for many years an official in the Department of the Secretary of State, but now devoting all his time to literary pursuits. "Bibliotheca Canadensis," a manual of Canadian literature, "The Canadian Parliamentary Companion," "The Dominion Annual Register," and, latest of all, "Canadian Men and Women of the Time," are all valuable books of reference essential to a Canadian's library.

But the *littérateurs* of the Civil Service do not all come from English stock. There are several French Canadians who have also achieved distinction with the pen, of whom Benjamin Sulte and Alfred D. DeCelles may be taken as worthy representatives.

Mr. Sulte, who holds a high position in the Department of Militia and Defence, has been an exceedingly active writer throughout his life, and the list of his published works, prin-

cipally in the realm of history, is imposing and creditable. He has also brought out two collections of his verse. His great achievement is of course his "Histoire des Canadiens Français" in eight volumes, upon which he may confidently rest his title to enduring fame.

Mr. DeCelles is associated with Mr. Griffin in the direction of the Parliamentary Library, and he has made good use of the opportunities thus afforded to prepare and give

to the public scholarly and trenchant studies of historical periods and personages. His essay, "Les Etats Unis: Origine, Institutions, Developments," was in 1897 awarded the highest prize in the gift of the French Academy of



WINTER ON PARLIAMENT HILL.

Political and Moral Sciences, a signal honor to be won by a colonial writer.

Passing from the lighter side of life to the more practical and prosaic, we find two features of Ottawa's industrial development deserving special consideration; namely, her vast lumber mills with their allied concerns, and her remarkable equipment in regard to electric light and power.

Shrewd Philomen Wright, in the



A ROW OF BANK BUILDINGS.

early part of the century, was the first to harness the Chaudière Falls; but he has had many imitators, and to-day huge mills crowd each other on the rocky ledges, and the buzz and throb of mighty machinery cease not day or night for the greater part of the year. These lumber mills afford a very striking spectacle, which every visitor to the city should witness. The most interesting time to visit them is at night, when work is carried on under electric illumination, investing the busy scene with a weird pictur-esque ness to which only Dore's or Fuseli's pencil could do justice. The swift swirling torrent of the mill race, the dark mysterious pools wherein, all innocent of their coming fate, the rough red logs lie huddled close, the startling shouts of brawny workers, the ceaseless roar of ponderous machinery, all bathed in pure white glow or plunged in darkest shade, unite to form a picture which photographs itself forever on the memory. Another writer has so graphically described the operation of log-sawing, that I cannot do better than to appropriate his language:

"Set thirty or more in a row, these tremendous saws form what is called a 'gate,' and toward this un-

compromising combination the logs, having first been drawn out of the water on an inclined plane, deftly handled and coaxed into position, are irresistibly impelled, one succeeding the other, day and night. For a moment the glistening steel dances before the forest innocent—a veritable 'dance of death'; then with a crash and a hiss the ugly

looking teeth make the first bite, and for five or six minutes eat their way steadily through the tough fibre, till that which entered the machine's mighty jaws a mere log emerges as sawn planks, and after a few more rapid operations becomes well-trimmed lumber, ready for the markets of the world."

So many million feet of sawn lumber are produced here every season that Ottawa may justly claim to be one of the most important lumbering centres on the globe. Indeed it is very doubtful whether any other place exceeds her in the magnitude of her operations.

In close proximity to the mills, an experience of thrilling novelty may be enjoyed, which no enterprising



THE WATER SHUTE AT QUEEN'S PARK.

tourist would do well to neglect, namely, "shooting the slides," an operation that not inappropriately might be likened to tobogganing on water. First of all, a few words as to the slides themselves. Besides rough logs for sawing purposes, the river carries down large rafts of splendid square timber, which go on to Quebec for shipment across the ocean. Each raft is composed of many "cribs," a crib containing about twenty "sticks" and being thirty feet in length by twenty in breadth. Now an ordinary raft will include at least one hundred such cribs, and, of course, so unwieldy a concern could not possibly pass the falls without complete disintegration. Hence the necessity for these sides, which are simply gigantic water-troughs inclining steadily downward, with here and there an abrupt "drop" of half a dozen feet, until the lower level is attained. Through this trough the raft comes, crib by crib, to be made up again below and resume its journey seaward.

To "shoot the slides" is full of pleasurable excitement, not unmixed with danger, as the loosely compacted crib may at any time resolve itself summarily into individual sticks,—and then woe to the ill-starred passenger who is not smart enough to leap on shore ere the faithless craft breaks up. Ascending to the slide's summit, you jump aboard a passing crib before it is fairly under way. Soon you are conscious of gathering speed; the slide slants sharply downward; the water begins to ripple and splash beside you; in another moment, with a sudden shock, your rude bark, having taken its first plunge, is gliding down the smooth descent at a pace that makes you hold your breath and tightly hug the biggest beam. Now you have reached the bridge; and as you shoot beneath, you just have time to see what is before, and feel your heart leap to your mouth as with a shudder and a groan the great crib, poised for an awful moment on the

watery verge, dives headlong into the dark foam-flecked whirlpool. The timbers strain and spread apart, the waves burst fiercely up beneath your feet, the spray springs high and falls in drenching showers. For one harrowing second you bitterly repent your rashness; then with quick buoyancy the crib rises again, shakes off its watery burden, and hurries onward, dipping and rising, until with one last dive the venturesome passage is over, and you are floating quietly out on to the placid river. Many distinguished visitors have the cribs thus carried down, including the



THE SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY'S  
OTTAWA OFFICE BUILDING.

Prince of Wales and the Princess Louise. The writer himself has made the exciting trip; and as the supply of square timber is rapidly diminishing he would advise all visitors who are possessed of sufficient nerve to seize the earliest opportunity of "shooting the slides."

The other noteworthy industrial feature, the electrical equipment of the city for purposes of both light and power, may be set down as due jointly to the proximity of the Chaudière Falls and the enterprise of two men, Thomas Ahearn and Warren Y. So-

per, whose rapid rise from the ranks to positions of affluence and wide reputation presents one of the romances of commerce. Realizing the enormous advantage of having an exhaustless water power at command, Messrs. Ahearn and Soper, whose partnership was a happy combination of inventive genius with executive talent, did not rest until they had given their city a most thoroughly fitted and admirably managed electric railroad, and also an extensive system of electric lighting. Ottawa can boast, as the statistics show, of having a larger number of incandescent electric lights per capita than any other city in the world.

The industries at the Chaudière were visited by a severe calamity last year, which changed the whole appearance of the district as well on the north as on the south bank of the river. On the twenty-sixth of April, 1900, fire broke out in a small house in Hull, and a strong northeast wind blowing at the time caused it to spread with great rapidity among the wooden tenements. The flames soon crossed the river, seized upon the lumber mills on both sides, and finally enveloped the whole of the western portion of Ottawa. By sundown an area three miles in length and from a quarter to half a mile wide was burning. Fifteen thousand people were rendered homeless, and property worth ten million dollars was destroyed. The insurance companies paid claims amounting to four millions, and private contributions in a short time ran up to a million. The burnt district has been largely rebuilt, but the bare and charred walls of many a stately mansion and solid industrial structure still remain to witness silently the devastation wrought on that memorable day.

In still another direction the capital of Canada has of late been making rapid strides; namely, as a railway centre. Not so very long ago it was a whole day's journey to Montreal, and double that to Toronto. Now the

first city can be reached in two hours and a half, and the second in a single night. In every direction the lines of steel radiate. The Canadian Pacific enters from the east, west and south. The Canada Atlantic, Parry Sound, Pontiac and Pacific, Ottawa and Gatineau, and Ottawa and New York roads all come to Ottawa; so that there is practically unlimited accommodation for passengers and freight. The interests of the city are certainly in no danger of suffering from lack of attention in the matter of transportation facilities.

The New York and Ottawa is the newest railway to tap the Federal Capital from the south, and gives Ottawa a direct connection with New York through the glorious Adirondack region, where the tourist will be tempted to stop off en route and stalk some of the big game to be found. The road is now about completed and extends from Ottawa to Tupper Lake, N. Y., a distance of one hundred and twenty-nine miles, where it connects with the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad. It operates through a fine section of Ontario on the north side of the St. Lawrence, which river is spanned at Cornwall by a mammoth new bridge.

The main bridge is 1,437 feet long, having one cantilever span of 556 feet, arm spans of 247 feet each. These spans rest on piers built on bed rock. One of the piers is one hundred feet high. The north approach is upwards of half a mile long, being composed of heavy timber and steel trestle, the latter resting on concrete substructure. The south approach, from the end to the Central Station in the city of Ottawa, is over half a mile in length and for the most part is cut out of solid rock, the outside wall for the entire length being built of heavy dry masonry, in some places fifty feet high and crossing one street with a heavy steel trestle three hundred feet long. The main bridge is sixty-five feet wide, having one steam track in the centre and foot passages, electric

tracks and roadway for vehicles on each side, the wagon road portion having independent approaches to each city from the main bridge. The engineer was Guy C. Dunn.

The combination of well-nigh unlimited water power with such complete railroad connection is already bearing fruit in the growth of manufacturing interests, which bid fair ere-long to bring the city into the front rank as an industrial centre.

The principal streets of the city are full of attractions for shop-goers. Within the past few years the departmental store has reached a high stage of development, without, however, eclipsing other establishments, such as furriers', haberdashers', jewellers', etc., which continue to flourish in the face of competition. One of the finest mercantile buildings in Ottawa is that of John M. Garland, Son & Co., situated on the corner of Queen and O'Connor Streets. It was only completed two years ago and is consequently modern in every detail. It is an imposing structure of seven floors, and is the headquarters of the only general wholesale dry goods establishment in the Federal Capital. The firm is of twenty years' standing

and the handsome new edifice is a substantial proof of its prosperity. As regards facilities for amusement and recreation, Ottawa is unusually rich. Both summer and winter sports are actively engaged in. Clubs for the promotion of rowing, canoeing, cricket, golf, tennis, football, lacrosse, snow-shoeing, tobogganing, skating, curling and hockey find enthusiastic and liberal support, and many a championship honor has been won by the representatives of the capital city. In the matter of parks, moreover, Ottawa is exceedingly well off, having the stately Parliament Square and beautiful Major's Hill Park in the very centre of the city, while in suburbs are Rockliffe, Rideau, Lansdowne, and Victoria parks, all places of delight, and all rendered easily accessible by a most efficient electric service.

Ottawa is particularly fortunate in having in close proximity several places which in summer are oases of coolness and comfort. Chief of these is the village of Aylmer, on the shores of the beautiful Lake Deschenes—an enlargement of the Ottawa River. Richly endowed by Nature is this quiet spot, and the enterprise of man has placed it within easy reach of the Federal Capital. The intervening distance of nine miles is covered in half an hour by the cars of the Hull and Aylmer Electric Railway, and several days can be pleasantly passed on the shores of the lake, where stands a modern hotel, the Victoria. The tourist visiting Ottawa in the summer time should not miss seeing Aylmer and the rippling water of the lake.

The leading hotel is the Russell, situated in the very heart of the city, opposite the post office and a stone's throw from the Parliament buildings. Aside from its magnitude and elegance, the Russell is a noteworthy institution as the most frequented political rendezvous in Canada. All the public men make their headquarters at the Russell, and there the manifold deputations from all parts of



THE JOHN M. GARLAND BUILDING.

the country congregate and marshal their forces before proceeding to the offices of the government. Within the rotunda many schemes are originated long before they are promulgated in the House of Commons.

In 1861 the population of Ottawa was short of fifteen thousand. In 1891 it had risen to forty-five thousand; and the municipal census taken in September, 1900, showed the gratifying total of fifty-eight thousand one hundred and ninety-three. No other city in Canada east of Winni-

peg can boast of such astonishing progress in population. The increase in assessed values has fully kept pace with it. In 1867 the assessment was \$5,167,686; in 1893, \$18,616,985; and in 1900, \$25,000,000. At this rate, the years will not be many before Ottawa takes rank as the third city in the Dominion; and it may safely be predicted that, considering her natural advantages, the agencies coöperating therewith, and the energy, enterprise and loyal faith of her citizens, she will hold fast that which she hath attained and move steadily forward.

## AN EDICT IN MODERN ACADIA.

*By Holman F. Day.*

FATHER VIMONT to be taken away! The bishop had thus decreed it. The people of the broad Attegat parish could scarcely believe the report. Plr-r-rt! How it did travel, though! They need no newspapers in the Madawaska section. A certain high state official has told me many times that he can collect an audience more quickly in the Maine Acadia than in any other section, plastered deep with daily papers though that other section may be. From farm to farm, winging over fences in a shrill hail, dropping from the seats of Canadian buckboards into dooryards, the few words of patois, nervously uttered, spread the report. Rumor even seems to travel by wireless telegraph in that country. Start a story in Upper Madawaska, and, ride like John Gilpin though you may, down the valley of the St. John, that report will keep doggedly ahead. It will be awaiting you in Van Buren's village square. Below Van Buren it will not travel. Van Buren is the southern limit of modern Acadia.

Now this report—it was a report of ill omen, a report that set heads to shaking and tongues to wagging; and, yes, it evoked hoarse oaths from some of the browned "habitants."

Father Vimont removed? Le Reverend Père Vimont sent away to that little parish down in the lower end of Aroostook County?

"Ah-h-h, ba gar! Eet don' sim lak dat couldn't be so," cried Felix Archambeault over the bars of his gate to Peter Cote, the Fort Kent stage driver.

Father Vimont turned out of his new house—and after he had built the addition to the church? Sent away after he had established a tithe system satisfactory to his entire parish, from Fish River to Frenchville? And there, too, was that new granary that he was just building with his own money as a storehouse for those tithes! Oh, le bon Dieu, was ever such a thing heard of since the Englishmen read that edict to their forebears in the church of the meadow of Grand Pre?

And who was coming to take the place of the good Père Vimont? Why, a little priest with a red head and who was named—sacre, what name was it? Why, Houlahan.

Oh, how that report did travel! And it was true! Père Vimont sadly, yet with stern dignity, stated that it was true, when some of his parishioners ran to the big, white,

green-blinded parochial residence to make sputtering, anxious inquiries. And why? Politics. It had been a curious legislative campaign in the Attegat parish. The conditions that prevail up there in the Madawaska territory of Maine are singular, anyhow. The broad upper St. John valley furnished the asylum to which fled the refugees from Acadia when occurred that historic deportation from the land of Evangeline. The ancient Acadian prejudices, the quaint conservatism of old days, are there lurking yet in these descendants. Sixty miles of forests separate their homesteads from the nearest Yankee farmers in the Aroostook. The Yankee farmer has sulky ploughs, reapers and top carriages. The Acadian habitant cradles his wheat and his barley, flails the harvested crop and rides to the village on a buckboard. In Aroostook there are pianos; in modern Acadia still whirls the flax wheel, nipping at the laden distaff.

In this Acadia lived a tall, keen-eyed Yankee, with white, patriarchal beard, bluff speech, rugged oaths on occasion, but he had the warm heart and the manners of the old-fashioned gentleman. When Madawaska was still more than half forest, he emigrated from a Massachusetts city. He cast his lot with the people of Attegat. He rode to his new home on a raft adown the waters of the Allegash. On the raft were machinery for a mill and stock for a store. Now at ninety he had been for forty years the Attegat member of the state legislature. "Outside" in politics he was facetiously called the "Duke of Attegat." He lived in the great frame structure that had been the officers' barracks in the bloodless or Aroostook war. The old blockhouse was in his dooryard. His early speeches on the floor of the House were reported by James G. Blaine when the latter was a young newspaper man on duty at the state capital. The old man was the loquacious, reminiscent

link between the politics of the past and the present. He had seen Blaine, Fessenden, the Morrills grow into fame; he was their friend in their prosperity; he was one of the legislative eulogists when each had died. To him at the commencement of each session was allowed the rare complimentary privilege of first choice for seat. It was at the desk nearest the speaker. With bland confidence he asked from each legislature more and more money for the schools of Madawaska. It was given. He asked for money to improve the highways, to help the farmers, the struggling habitants. The state even went to the ends of purchasing fifty thousand acres of timber land from the land barons and practically gave this to the squatters whom the landowners had been fighting with law and firebrand. The aged legislator's colleagues grinned sometimes as his bills went through the House; sometimes they swore half humorously at "old Dixon's Canucks"; but the appropriations were allowed. Thus it came to be an accepted belief in the fields and the homes of Attegat that "le bon Père Dixong" told the state of Maine in general what to do in all matters. His title, "le Duc," was accepted by them not as Yankee satire, but as well earned distinction. His title of major came from early service in a militia company.

Now, ah, this campaign! Think of it!—a dapper young Frenchman, half lawyer, half trader, just back from school and telling the people that they as Frenchmen ought to be ashamed of themselves for sitting back and allowing a designing old Yankee to boss them year after year! Ah, he had learned some things since he had been away, the youngster told them. This patriarchal Yankee, he was a plotting emissary. He had taken this money of the state and had established schools to teach the Cyrs, the Pelletiers and all the others of the stanch old Acadian stock this Yankee language. The great training school

at the "Fort"—what did it teach except the English tongue? Ah, were they not being taken in finely, these Frenchmen? Now, then, it was time for all good Acadians to rally, to protest and to send one of their own race to the "corps législatif." He himself would go down there in place of that tyrannical old graybeard. He would tell them some things—those Yankees who made laws! He would tell them that henceforth French and French only must be spoken in the schools of Madawaska—the good old French of the sixteenth century, the French that their forefathers brought across the sea and left to them.

Yes, a singular legislative campaign was that in Attegat. The young Frenchman flirted the tails of his graduation frock coat at all hours on the village square and at every opportunity was fiercely gesticulating and loudly declaiming of the bonds of race, the ties of common language, common religion.

One morning a huge tricolor appeared hanging across the village street. One end of its rope was attached to the gable of the building containing the United States post office and the customs office of the United States government. No, the young Frenchman declared that he did not put it up; but now that it was up, he argued that all good Frenchmen should rally under its folds against the arrogance of this white old Yankee, who sought to make all of them Yankees like himself. That tricolor was torn down secretly several times, but it reappeared with great persistency. And that declamatory young man with his appeals to prejudice and religion did at last stir in the breasts of the peasantry remembrances vague and uncomfortable. He was a modern Basil the blacksmith. The embers of old race hatred began to glow. The habitants growled, one to another. Were they—the descendants of the old Acadian martyrs—were they not being fooled and betrayed again? Ah, they would

see about this when election time came, so they would! And this way and that swayed discussion, along the highways, over the fences of the narrow farms, between the occupants of dusty buckboards as these locked their yee-yawed wheels on the roads that the state's money had built.

At last, o' Sundays, when the whole parish flocked to the church, twelve hundred strong, the waves of that discussion beat against the big doors, as the chattering disputants massed themselves on the sward before the broad steps. Therefore, one Sunday Father Vimont, graduate of St. Hyacinthe and cultured, courtly man of letters, friend of schools and progress,—Father Vimont talked to his people of the one great matter. They listened in the dim old church, breathlessly.

"My children," said he,—and so deep was the silence that his rosary seemed fairly to clank against the sides of the speaking-desk as he turned from side to side,—"my children, do not be led into error by demagogues. You are citizens of the good state that has given so generously to you. Our future aim



"MY CHILDREN," SAID HE, "DO NOT BE LED INTO ERROR BY DEMAGOGUES."

should be to do away with the differences of tongue that exist; we should try to be like our brothers to the south. And the man who has told those brothers of your needs during all these years and who has procured so many gifts from them for us is the good Major Dixon. My sons, be not hasty to forget good service. I shall be disappointed in you if you desert the worthy man who has done so much for you and your children."

Now that discourse—there was much more of it—was noted down by the frantically scrabbling pencil of the young Candidate Lajeunesse, who sat behind a pillar. It was as frantically written out that evening in good black ink on foolscap paper; it was rushed away by mail next morning to the bishop of the diocese.

It chanced that the bishop that very week had been meditating on what he considered the bigoted attitude of the Protestant lawmakers of Maine. He had been discussing the matter with his council of fathers.

"Here are the Catholics of the state paying a good third of the taxes," grumbled the bishop, "and yet those folks up at the capital will not give us a cent in appropriations for our parochial schools. To all practical intent and purpose they tax us as much as themselves, and then in addition fine us because we choose to educate our children in our own way at our own schools. That is a moral outrage, and at the same time they keep denouncing us."

"Quite true," said the council, "and they laugh at our claims."

And as the bishop happened to be in that mood when the letter from Attegat arrived, it is easy to understand in what spirit he viewed worthy Father Vimont's defence of "one of those legislative old snags." The bishop—even great minds get into the narrows occasionally—looked at only one side of the matter thus presented to him. His lips grew grim. His five feet two of height was hooked over the edge of a huge chair,

before a huge desk in the centre of a huge apartment. He pulled further to the edge of his chair. He seized his pen, and—scratchy-scratchy—a letter to the vicar-general. And the vicar-general attended to the decapitation by forwarding another letter to the offending priest. In five hours after its arrival every one in Attegat knew that the good Father Vimont had been ordered away to another parish.

\* \* \* \* \*

"If you do anything of that sort, it will be misdirected zeal," said Father Vimont to "the good Major Dixon," who had hurried over and now paused for breath after an indignant explosion and subsequent seething of five minutes' duration. The father continued: "It will do no good. You do not understand our church's discipline thoroughly, I fear, my good major,"—and the father smiled wanly. He was very much broken up, was the good Father Vimont. The major twisted his hand in his white beard. "You see, you don't understand, major," repeated the priest.

"By —, I understand one thing, and that is, they ain't goin' to turn you out and put that little red-headed drunkard in your place," blurted the bluff politician. "That bishop, he don't dare to do it."

"He has already done it," corrected Father Vimont.

"Well, then, he'll take it back," shouted the major. "—, do you think I've got to be ninety years old without having something to say about how things shall run in this state, and in Madawaska first of all? Now, Father, you go right into the house, and to quiet your nerves you just keep on with that mail chess game you was tellin' me about, and I'll—"

"But, my dear major, you'll only make matters worse for me and—"

"Don't you say a word. You got into this scrape on account of me, and now I'll have you out of it, or damme,

I'll shut up every school in Madawaska." And the father, with the misgivings of a devoted churchman, saw the irascible old man stump away, shouting at the same time for Peter, his hired man.

What a night that was in Attegat! Ten men mounted on long-haired Canadian horses galloped away one by one in different directions. From one end of the broad parish to the other they scurried. Along every by-path, through every stretch of woods, into every clearing, to every farm, a rider went; and after the loud hail at the door, the awakening of the people in the little two-room houses, the explanation and the painful scratch, scratch of the names on the soiled papers—well, there was no more sleep in the household. The courier gone, père and mère and the children—a dozen in almost every group—sat until morning and talked, their voices rising higher and higher, till the chickens were awakened and cah-dawed in sympathy.

And the conversations were all alike. Oh, the good major, to think of this plan and to thus intercede with the great bishop! "The good major" was much too shrewd a politician to lose this opportunity of herding once more his wandering sheep. The couriers had received kindergarten instruction from him ere they had started. Oh, the scamp of a La-jeunesse! They would—they would—well, see if they wouldn't, that was all! And, oh, the encomiums heaped upon "le bon Père Vimont!"

Already all had forgotten the legislative contest, its troublesome doubts, its prejudices. The removal of their beloved priest alone stood out so horrifying in its distinctness that all the causes leading up to it were lost sight of. What had all the fuss of the last three weeks been about? Pr-r-rut! They didn't know now. They didn't care. They simply said each to each through the long hours of the night that the parish would go to the dogs

if the good Father Vimont was now to leave his children.

At seven o'clock the next morning the major was just pasting the last strip of names at the foot of his petition to the bishop. And the heading of the petition was couched in the strongest language that a legislative experience of forty years could suggest. There was some reading there that might cause even a bishop to think twice. The major's son, a grizzled veteran himself, was counting. "Seven hundred and twenty-two names, father," said he at length. The major leaned back, poising his mucilage brush.

"That's what I call a devil of a petition for one night's work through a parish reaching from St. Francis to Frenchville," he roared. "And the bishop will say so himself," he added in a tone of deep conviction. "He'll feel like a river driver who has stuck his peavy through a hornets' nest. And here are seven letters, too, one from each trader at the Fort. Blast him, he da'sn't throw us down."

At eight o'clock that morning Vetal Pelletier was aboard the stuffy



"THAT'S WHAT I CALL A DEVIL OF A PETITION."

little combination car of the Temiscouata railway, bumping away down the river valley. Father Vimont had thought the major's son ought to go with the petition. What, send a grizzled old farmer like Vetal?

"Best to send one of 'em right out of the bunch—the real Canuck article," said the shrewd major when the question of the messenger had been discussed. "Vetal Pelletier can't talk Yankee,—he's never been out of the brush here; but he's honest and trusty and won't get drunk and forget what he started for. Send Vetal! You wait and see. There's science in handling bishops and other chaps like that. I haven't been in the legislature for nothin'."

Vetal held one hand on the bundle of papers in the pocket of his flannel shirt. Waistcoat and coat were jealously buttoned over. What a wonderful trip that was to Vetal, summoned suddenly out of his garden and shoved aboard the train! He had never been below Edmundston before. And there was a curious flutter in his breast, a throbbing in his temples, a tingle up and down his backbone when he reflected that he, Vetal Pelletier, now bumping along past the familiar hillside farms of Attegat and St. Basil, was two days later to be in the presence of "*le grand bees-shop*." All day long, and till late at night,—then the Aroostook shire town. Vetal had his food in a basket. He munched the bread in a corner of the railway station. There would be no train to take him along until morning. The seats there in the station were not made to lie down upon; but he curved his legs around the arm-irons as best he could, and in a waking doze he lay there with little thrills of excitement quivering over him every time he remembered that he must see and speak to "*the great bishop*." For breakfast, more food from the basket, washed down with tepid station water. Then train time—the hundred miles of forest and lake shore—the hundred miles

of field and village—towns growing larger—more highways—and at last, at dusk, the snug metropolis of Penobscot county! More lunch from the basket—dry now—but what did Vetal care? He didn't even taste the food. For that matter, it might as well have been sawdust. He sat at the window of the railroad station as he munched. Electric cars, flashing weirdly, went galloping past with rocking motion. The lights of the city flared up, spread out in banner-like rays on the sky. Bustle and hurry—even that little city appeared very, very wonderful and bewildering to Vetal Pelletier, eating his Acadian barley bread.

Then the all-night ride across Central Maine. No sleep in the wide-open gray eyes of the old farmer. Half wistfully, half apprehensively, he watched the queer scenes of the smoking car, the drummers pitch-playing interminably, language he couldn't understand,—and better so, perhaps,—the snoring passengers, the groups changing with every station, the state capital on the Kennebec, that wonderful place where the good Major Dixon secured so much money for the people of the Madawaska territory! Vetal pressed his face against the car window and tried to peer through the blinding glare of the outside lights, to see if he could behold that gilded dome of which the major had told his people. But, no;—here, high buildings; and the other side, a lofty granite retaining-wall.

At gray dawn the echoing train shed of the metropolis of Maine, the broad paved square, the galloping express horses, the early roar of the city! Vetal started forth aimlessly, following the throng from the train, and walked on and on along a street that seemed interminable. Queer figure, he! his trousers of rough gray wool, his short coat, his peaked hat and the lunch basket on his arm! No other luggage; he wouldn't have known what to do with those articles that the ordinary traveller considers so indispensable. Besides, the idea of

going to a hotel had never occurred to him. And when he came to a great building with broad steps, he sat down there and munched his crusts, and watched the stream of early morning travel. At six o'clock—it seemed late in the forenoon to Vetal of Acadian habits—he stood at the foot of the steps and timidly accosted a passer.

"Dat bees-shop, where he be?" he asked.

The man looked at him with puzzled stare. "Beer shop?" he asked.

"Dat bees-shop—de Catholique bees-shop," repeated Vetal seriously.

The man laughed at his own mistake; but Vetal, not understanding, continued grave. "Oh," said the man, "Bishop Feeley." He pointed over the roofs to a spire. "There," said he, "there's the church. Bishop's house side of it."

Vetal, his eyes desperately fixed on the big golden cross of the spire, walked down the street with nose in the air. People made way for him or cursed as he bumped against them.

Rap, rap! on the door; he saw no bell, looked for none.—no bells and barred doors in hospitable Acadia. A



"THERE," SAID HE, "THERE'S THE CHURCH."

father just back from early mass opened to him.

"L'Evêque, m'sieu," Vetal commenced timidly.

"My good man, you cannot see the bishop at this unearthly hour," growled the father, closing the door. "Nine—come at neuf," he snapped through the narrowing crack.

Vetal sat on the steps at one side till the hour arrived, patient, unblinking, feeling now and again at the bulge in his breast pocket. Then, tap, tap! more timorously on the broad door. He was admitted to the bare anteroom.

"Now, what do you want?" asked a father.

"J'aimerais a voir l'Evêque, s'il vous plaît," he said huskily. "J'arrive d'Attegat pour m'informer à propos du Reverend Père Vimont." While he spoke he struggled at his pocket and drew forth the papers. The priest took them, looked at them, then stepped to one side and discussed them in low tones with another father.

"The bishop has settled that matter," said that priest unconcernedly. "It's the matter he was speaking about the other day. The man may as well go away."

"Still, it may be best to show the paper to His Reverence," said the other, "he might—"

The second father retired, his black robe dragging on his heels. In a moment he came back, put the papers in Vetal's trembling hands and said, "The bishop is ill; he can do nothing."

Vetal stared at him. He evidently did not understand. The father pointed to the papers, shook his head so violently that his house cap wagged awry, and pointed to the door. And Vetal, still not exactly understanding that he was dismissed finally, went forth,—back again to the steps of the huge building where he could see the great cross of the church. He wanted to keep at least that landmark in sight. And there he sat and

thought unutterable things, and tears ran down his bronzed, wrinkled face.

A man—a well-dressed, alert man, who passed, looked at him—walked on, and then came back, saying under his breath: "If I remember anything of the Madawaska country, that is a St. John river Frenchman;" and he addressed Vetal in his own tongue. Vetal, leaping up, seized the stranger by the arm and poured out his story; and one can understand with what interest the lawyer and politician listened when he heard this tale about the good Father Vimont on whom he had called two years before, one of a party with the governor of the state and his executive council.

What, the stranger knew Father Vimont? When Vetal heard it, he hailed his new acquaintance as a savior. But the lawyer—Catholic as well as Vetal—explained as they walked back to the bishop's residence that when His Reverence had once made up his mind there was very little hope of making a new impression. Still, v'là— The lawyer went up to the bishop's sanctum alone. Vetal sat trembling on a bench in the anteroom.

The bishop was on the edge of his huge chair. At the lawyer's first words, the head of the diocese waved a hand in protest, the sleeve of his cassock slapping wearily.

"No, no; no, no! The case is out of my hands. I have closed it."

"But—"

"I can do nothing."

"Then, good morning, bishop."

In the anteroom below, the lawyer was explaining his failure to Vetal, when behind them they heard the deep, slow tones of the little bishop.

"Is this the man?"

"The bishop!" whispered the lawyer. Vetal fell on his knees, frantically dragged out his papers and, with the ready tears of a simple man starting to his eyes, held up the packet. His hands trembled till the papers crackled. The bishop calmly pushed the brown hands aside.

"My good man, I am sorry you

have come so far on this needless errand. But I am ill. I haven't the strength to go into this matter. Take back my blessing to your good neighbors. Take him away, my dear sir," he added in a weary tone to the lawyer. And Vetal sobbed when the new friend put him aboard a street car, and told him his train would start in an hour.

Ah, what could he say to his people, to the good Major Dixon, to the good Father Vimont? And the lawyer, half an hour afterward, as he tried to write a brief, was obliged to stop and think of the honest face convulsed with grief. It floated between him and his broad sheet of paper.

"What a foolish performance of the major to send a man like that on an errand of that sort!" thought the lawyer. "Seems to me he's been in politics long enough to know better."

"Bishop Feeley!" chirped his office boy.

The quaint little figure of the bishop stood in the centre of the office. His Reverence's hat, too large for him, pressed down upon his ears.

"I have been thinking about that Madawaska man," he said. "Ought I to have seen him?"

"Well, your Reverence, he came a long way," the lawyer suggested modestly.

"Where is he?"

"I sent him to the railroad station."

"Can we get there in my team before the train leaves?"

"We have ten minutes."

"Come with me, please," said the bishop, clattering away down the stairs. The people on the Congress Street sidewalks, who heard the riprap of hoofs, thought that the patrol was coming. But 'twas a big chaise with a little man whipping along a white horse; 'twas the bishop of the Roman Catholic diocese; and the people marvelled at his unwonted haste.

Between the slishings of the whip the bishop said: "The simplicity of that man, so thoroughly typical of his

people, his pitiful face when he went away, has haunted me so strangely that I feel compelled to talk with him. I feel that I must not allow that poor man to go back to his people in this way."

The lawyer looked at the dasher and thought: "Ah, that shrewd old political dog of a major!"

"But I cannot—I must not interfere with what has been done," resumed the bishop stoutly. "I will hear him, however." And the lawyer watched the swishing whip and kept his tongue between his teeth. He could see where humble Vetal Peltier was unconsciously performing a feat that the governor of Maine himself couldn't achieve.

Vetal the lawyer found curled up disconsolately in a seat in the smoking car, the corner seat, that no one else seemed to want. His hand still clutched his breast pocket.

"Come," said the lawyer; and Vetal, dumb, hopeless still, came.

For two hours, up in the big room of the bishop, the lawyer interpreted the story that Vetal eagerly told; and never did that lawyer put tongue to words with intenser desire to convict. Even in that last great murder case, his sympathies had not been so engaged, his eagerness to convince so great. And he seemed to be merely interpreting. But the bishop of Maine, sitting on the edge of his chair behind his huge desk, could almost believe that he was looking into the plain little homes; he could hear the buzz of the spinning wheels, the chatter of children, could see the quiver of the blue haze of the broad St. John valley above the hillside farms, and the dust-covered procession of Father Vimont's parishioners winding along the Sabbath roads to the plain old church there on the northern forefront of Maine. He could catch the intense excitement of that night of couriers. He could feel the eager wistfulness of that waiting people, all of them, from St. Francis to Frenchville, listening for the news that was

to come from that big room of his down by the sea. An entirely new sense of responsibility, a thrill, almost, of authority came across the bishop. Madawaska—that isolated country—he had almost forgotten his sway over it!

While Vetal talked on, with the big lump in his throat, the bishop, always slow, always grave, drew to him a broad sheet of paper and, dipping his pen, made the diocesan cross with firm stroke at the top margin. Then he wrote. There was no sound in the room but the roar of the paved street without. He passed the paper to the lawyer.

"Read it to him outside," said the bishop. "Now, leave me, for I am not well: Benedicite."

And Vetal, bewildered, went tip-toeing out, crushing his rough hat in his hands, not daring to hope. You must understand, of course, what the bishop wrote. But what Vetal said to the lawyer when the paper was explained to him—oh, it cannot help the story; and more than that, it would be almost unintelligible without illustrations by the biograph.

Then Vetal started again for home, with just that thin slip of paper underneath his waistcoat in place of the bulky packet. But a wonderful hotel dinner, supplied by the lawyer, swelled that waistcoat to its old proportions.

The lawyer wired the news to the major, and added a complimentary phrase that only politicians can understand and appreciate. And Vetal, who had forgotten all about telegraph wires, burst from the Temiscouata combination car two days later, waving his paper—and was immediately crestfallen to find that the great, the wonderful news was forty-eight hours ahead of him! But the bonfires were still burning. The barrel of "morson," furnished by some munificent unknown, (could it have been the major?) was not wholly exhausted. The people were still celebrating. Vetal did not miss the whole of it.

## WITHOUT A COUNTRY.

*Katharine Lee Bates.*

**T**HIS story ought to be called "The Man Without a Country," but a great teller of tales and still greater doer of deeds has made that title immortally his own. Now this bit of human life I am trying to relate is hardly a story at all; but it is true, every word, and it really is about a man without a country.

In the summer of 1898, in the hottest July weather, I was at Santiago de Compostela, the sacred city of Spain. In the Middle Ages, only Jerusalem, for the sake of the Holy Sepulchre, and Rome, for the tomb of St. Peter, were held in greater reverence. The cathedral of Compostela, it was believed, possessed the body of St. James, whom the Spaniards call Sant Iago, and multitudes of pilgrims came thronging from all over Europe to bow before his wonder-working shrine. The times have changed; and yet, on this evening of my story, which is, I repeat, hardly a story at all, there had been high festival, in those gray streets and squares, for seven days past,—magnificent processions, wonderful fireworks, tinkling of tambourines, skirling of bagpipes, peasant sports and dances, ridiculous parading of mediæval wicker-work giants, all in honor of the anniversary of St. James's martyrdom.

But now the annual merrymaking was over. The peasants had broken up their noisy camp and trudged away in their bright holiday garb—canary petticoats, sky-blue blouses, carmine kerchiefs, purple trousers—over the green uplands of Galicia to the foul hovels which they share with their pigs and poultry. The gentry from Coruña and other neighboring towns, wedged together in two cramped rows in the long, narrow diligences, had rattled out through the carven gates, with a pack of dusty

beggar-boys scampering after and screaming for pennies in the name of Sant Iago. The pilgrims from distant provinces of Spain, from Portugal and France, even from Italy and Germany, strange, story-book figures, with cockleshells and tinsel medals sewn all over their broad hats and shoulder capes, and with queer little gourds fastened to the tops of their staffs, had one by one kissed the colossal image of red granite that has sat for seven centuries enthroned above the great white altar, and gone their several ways.

Now at last I had time to realize that my plucky comrade, who had seen all the sights and trailed after all the processions, snapping her camera at pilgrims and giants, was ill. The days had been so full of novelty and excitement, the heat so intense, the incessant torment of vermin so bewildering, that I had been but dimly aware of her chills and flushes, heavy, unnatural sleep and choking cough. But now I remembered with a shock of contrition how seriously we had been warned against the Spanish fever in this venerable haunt of unsanitary ignorance and miracle-seeking disease. It was clear that my friend, before matters went worse with her, must be hurried off to the nearest health resort, to Vigo with its Atlantic breezes. Yet she seemed in no fit state to travel, and we consulted a Compostela physician, whose manners were courtly, but whose syrups made her so much worse that we poured them out of the window. (In Santiago, everything is poured out of window. That is one reason why people have the fever.) Then, in desperation, we bought tickets for Vigo on the new railroad line, which had been opened that week, although it was not half in running order, and, the even-

ing before our departure, went to the most promising drug store in the city, to see if we could not find for ourselves such simple remedies as we had known at home. For many Continental apothecaries keep a more or less antiquated stock of English drugs on some back shelf, and bring them out by the handful for English customers, cheerfully bidding you choose what you like. Of course, the invalid ought to have been in bed; but our beds were pre-tenanted by the descendants of mighty insects that bit Charlemagne and the Cid in their pilgrim days, and the very restlessness of her fevered blood made the stifling heat and creeping odors of the hotel intolerable. So she went out with me into the cool dusk, and we found our way along the silent, ancient streets, paved with great blocks of granite, to what she was pleased to call "a three-cornered square." Here a *sereno*, a night watchman, most impressive with his big slouch hat and long black cape, his twinkling lantern and fierce, axe-headed pike, was lounging in front of the very door we sought. And now, at last, I am coming to so much as there is of my story.

Having passed the doorway, we stood in a large, flagged court, whose further side was crossed by a narrow counter. The shelved wall behind glistened with well arranged jars of white powders and sparkling crystals and with vials of many colored liquids. The clerk was engaged for the moment with other customers, and we tucked ourselves into a recessed seat near the door to wait his leisure.

"What is the matter with that boy's face?" one of us asked of the other.

"It looks as if it had just been struck,—all blank and strange," came the answer slowly. "How pale it is—almost gray—and startled—yet not that either. There must be some deformity; but no, the strangeness is in the expression, I suppose; for the features are right enough. I think he has seen a ghost."

The unconscious object of our scrutiny was a slender young Spaniard, with coal black hair and eyes and some curious, pallid dismay, an indescribably shocked look, baffled, broken, stamped upon his face. I wondered for an instant, while I went forward to the counter, if the lad were quite sound in his wits, but was promptly ashamed of my suspicion as he turned to me with the grave courtesy of his race and helped with quick intelligence in the selection of medicines. Yet all the time, even as he spoke and smiled, that ghostliness stayed fixed.

My brief courses of instruction in the Spanish language had taken no account of drugs, yet we managed to understand each other fairly well until it came to the matter of an atomizer. Why had no one ever taught me the Castilian for atomizer? Let the Berlitz Method and the Meisterschaft System take notice. I was reduced to a description which was probably ludicrous enough; but Spaniards do not laugh at a stranger's blunders. The young man listened attentively and finally produced an atomizer—a very wheezy one—which I hailed with joy by its English name.

"I know a little English," he said at that, "though this word is too long for me."

"And where did you learn English?" I asked.

"At Manila," he replied.

"Manila!" I exclaimed involuntarily. "Were you there at the time of—" I checked my heedless tongue, remembering a certain Saturday in Boston when the country, after that wearing week of suspense, had gone mad with joy over Dewey's cablegram, when bands were playing patriotic airs all up and down the streets of our staid New England city, when the Stars and Stripes were flying everywhere, and the throng upon the pavements cheered and laughed and all but cried in the abandon of relief; remembering, too, how I had gone to my appointed Spanish lesson, still

dizzy with the popular elation, and been confronted by the white, drawn face of a teacher to whom our multitudinous joy was lonely bitterness.

"Yes," said the clerk, "I was in the great fire,—not actually in the sea battle itself, you understand. I was of the land force, ranged up along the shore all that morning, helpless, useless, watching our comrades die."

That strange, shocked look grew vivid on his face. He stood erect behind the counter and his dark eyes stared at something that I could not see. My friend, forgetting her weariness, had come forward.

"You were drafted young for the service," she said; for she knew how the Spanish youths of even the remotest mountain hamlets must, at stated times, plunge arm into urn and draw a number, which usually means three years of soldiering, but may, by lucky chance, denote exemption. Our clerk, so slight of figure that we had thought him still a lad in his teens, had evidently drawn the common lot, and the two hundred dollars of redemption money had not been forthcoming, though many fathers burdened themselves with lifelong debt to save their boys from the demoralization of the barracks or the perils of the field. So this lad and his comrades, like the boyish conscripts we had often seen in our wanderings over Spain, would have flushed their courage with festival cups of wine and tramped arm in arm, followed by crying women, about the familiar streets, chorusing with a fine show of manliness:

"We're chosen for Alfonsito;  
We serve the little king.  
We care not one mosquito  
For what the years may bring.  
How steel and powder please us,  
We'll tell you bye and bye.  
Give us a good death, Jesus,  
If we go forth to die."

"Not so very young, señora," he was answering,—"not so young as many others. My term still lacked two weeks at the date of the great fire.

I was twenty-one years old that first of May,—and I kept my birthday cursing Spain." We had nothing to reply to this, and after catching his breath an instant he went on with a passionate rush of words: "The government had sold the men on those rotten ships. Could they fight without ammunition? Could they defend themselves with rusty guns? Could they aim without training? We knew with the sunrise that they must perish. We stood drawn up in rank to see them shot, to see them drown, to see them burn, to see them murdered,—not by the Yankees, but by Spain herself! There were gallant fellows among them, as gallant as any on earth, as ready as any to shed their blood for a decent country, for an honest country—pah! The government cared no more for those brave lives than for so many rats." He struck his fist against the counter, making the brass scales ring. "I stood there through those dreadful hours, cursing Spain. I hated Spain so utterly, it left me no force for hating the enemy. Spain was our enemy more than the Yankees. Ah, but they are fortunate. Among the Yankees, a man counts for something, because he is a man. Ability counts. Character counts. But we—oh, we are chained down to the lives we were born into; we are crushed with taxes; we are left to grow up without knowledge, without skill; and then we are flung like dogs to the cannon to be blown to—red splashes on the deck. *Maria Santisima!*" He shuddered from head to foot, staring at that sight we could not see. "I swear to you, señoras, since that day, my birthday, the day I came of age, I have not been a Spaniard. Gladly would I have turned my back on Spain for ever and ever,—not to set foot again, while day and night should last, on her disgraced, polluted earth. But what can the poor do? My father! my mother! I am their only son. They are here, they must be here, they know not how to gain the bread away from

here. Their need of me was all that brought me back. So I walk on Spanish ground,—but I am no Spaniard. I am nothing. I have no country. Foreigners come here for the *fiestas* of the Apostle. Germans come, and French, and English, like yourselves; and I envy all, for all have countries. But I have none."

We glanced at one another doubtfully. English like ourselves? Should we tell him? Oh, what use? His wound was too deep, too sore for careless touches. We held our peace, while he raved on.

"When we were coming home in the transports, we were glad, my comrades and I, for we said: 'Now, at last, the people will understand. Cavite has told the story. The people have pulled in the traces like beasts; but now they will break free like men. We shall arrive to find the government, the cruel, selfish, corrupt government, the government which counts our lives no better than straws for the fire,—we shall find this government overthrown. We shall find all the people in war against Madrid; and we shall do our part.' So we laughed, and were eager to reach shore. But we came and—Heart of the Seven Sorrows!—it was the same, the very same. No insurrection; no protest. There was no lodging for us when we landed, no food, no help. Some of us died on the way to our homes. But, believe me, señoras, the blow will yet be struck. I know not when, nor by whom,—if by Don Carlos, or another. But if ever there comes the chance to spring at the throat of this unnatural country, who feeds on the vitals of her children, I—"

A hand was laid upon his quivering shoulder. His father had entered from the room beyond the court, a tall, spare, dignified man, with that look

born of long endurance, a proud, sad look of resignation as characteristically Spanish as the vehement passion of the son.

"Your mother waits for you," he said gently, but with distinct authority. "I will serve the ladies." And the lad, checked instantly in his fierce torrent of speech, saluted us with a half-dazed gesture and went out.

The father looked us over keenly, and was apparently satisfied that his son's seditious utterances had done the house no harm. Whoever we might be, we were not the sort that tattle to the police. But had we been so minded, the worst we could have said, in speaking our belief, would have been that the shock of that terrible scene at Cavite had crazed a young man's brain, or, perhaps, to put it more sharply, broken a boy's heart.

As we walked back through those hushed streets, so recently a-roar with wild festivities that boasted Santiago's legendary victories over the Moors centuries ago, and utterly ignored the disasters at Manila and in that Cuban bay called by the patron saint's now ineffectual name, we felt as if there were moral fever, as well as physical, in the air. This mediæval city, for all its picturesqueness, was unwholesome. For us there was prompt escape to Vigo and the free Atlantic; but what for that young Spaniard, whose loyalty to father and mother was proof enough that Heaven had meant him for a patriot? We shall never know the outcome of his tragedy; but when, from month to month, we read of Carlist uprisings and popular disaffections, sternly trampled down by the military power of the government, in northern Spain, we wonder whether that strange, blanched look of the man without a country might be found upon the rebel side.



## CONFessions OF A LAYWOMAN.

*By Marion Forbes.*

IT is generally admitted that an honest confession is good for the soul; but perhaps it is not so commonly observed that the tonic value of the confession is seldom confined to one individual. Its frankness is apt to provoke frankness from others. A minister's wife, writing for one of the magazines, lately took the public into her confidence as to the experience and observations of her station; and her word has been much discussed in the religious newspapers. Without laying any claim to courage equal to hers, yet convinced that the subject involved, the conduct and maintenance of our churches, is one of singular interest and much in need of airing, I, a laywoman, am moved to make some confessions as well.

Explicitly stated, I am one of the "plain people" whom the minister's wife notes as the "working bees in the religious hive," and for a period about as long as that covered by her activities I have given, if not my body, at least my time and strength, "to be burned" in the service of the church. Just how I came to accept the rôle, since my husband's business is in no-wise connected with ecclesiastical affairs, must be explained primarily, I suppose, by the fact that I am a New England woman, a direct inheritor of that inexorable conscience supposed to be left by the Puritans as a permanent legacy to their descendants, especially to such of them as first see the light in the vicinity of Boston. That I should be early drawn into the historic church of the fathers was inevitable; and I well remember that the step was to me a joy as well as duty. That the church was the special instrument of God for righteousness in the world, and before all others adapted to bring to pass the kingdom

of peace and good will among men, was a cardinal belief in my youthful mind; and to join a church seemed to me an act demanding a fealty but little short of marriage itself—an endowing of the beloved object with one's worldly goods and a cleaving to it for better or worse till death, or something else inexorable, should us part. Such a view was not inconsistent with the habits of the home in which I grew up. My father would have left his plough in the furrow at any time to bear his part in the consideration of a question affecting the welfare of the parish, and I am sure his family would unhesitatingly have been put on a diet of bread and milk if such economy had been necessary to enable us to contribute our full proportion to the support of the church. Since then I have been connected with churches in other parts of the country, and it is mild to say that I have not found any such conception of duty a prevailing one among church members. Nor can I claim that I have myself preserved that early thought of the church as an instrument perfectly adapted to promote the ends of righteousness in the world. As to-day organized and maintained, its efficiency is to my mind very greatly in doubt, and with the doubt comes the more personal one as to the value of services which its members generally, and women in particular, render constantly in its support. Indeed, there have been moments when, in the distrust and exhaustion of its labors, I have questioned seriously—I trust I may not be misunderstood—whether I might not have been a better Christian had I been less a worker in the church.

Of the churches I have known, I suppose that at least seven out of eight have been engaged in a des-

perate and perennial struggle to meet running expenses; and this has not been in mission districts, but in flourishing towns of the West. The question will instantly rise, Are not the churches multiplied beyond the real need for their existence? I believe they are in many places. But that is not the root of the trouble; nor do I find it in the demand for sumptuous buildings and luxurious trappings, which the minister's wife criticises so justly. In my observation, churches which have never aimed at anything beyond a simple edifice and modest scale of living are quite as apt to have difficulty in meeting their current expenses as their more ambitious neighbors. The decline of the church-going habit and the lack of any general sense of duty in the matter of supporting the church are the deep and prevailing cause.

If the resulting financial straits are bad morally and intellectually for the minister, tempting him to sensational methods and striking at his independence of utterance, as pointed out so ably in the confessions to which I have referred, the effects are equally bad on the working member of the church. Harassed by the questions how to meet the certain deficit if pew rentals are given up and plate collections fall off, he learns to listen, not for himself alone, but with an ear sensitive to catch the utterance which may offend his neighbor. He grows timid regarding the discussion of any public question, even when its issues turn primarily on moral considerations. The sight of empty pews depresses him almost as much as it does the preacher, and the melancholy conviction that the latter is not going to "draw" fills him with dismay. If the minister has been called at a salary of three thousand a year, on the basis of the revenues during the last pastorate, and the income of the church drops to a point when two thousand can scarcely be raised, the "working member"—especially if he is on the board of trustees—is at his

wits' end. An appeal to the constituency for increased subscriptions fails of response. The fact may be disgraceful, but fact it is, and the burning question becomes, What can we do about it? Very likely the church borrows money, hoping, as the borrower always hopes, that some turn in affairs may revive its revenues; but the immediate relief being past, the difficulty of meeting its obligations becomes still greater. Economy is attempted, beginning perhaps with the paid singers in the choir; but the diminished attractiveness of the service still further reduces the audience, and the decrease in expense is more than offset by the decrease in the wherewithal to meet it.

In this crisis of affairs—or probably earlier—the women of the church brace themselves to the issue. Loyalty to the organization, loyalty to the men who stand helpless and bewildered before a situation which no ordinary methods of business give a clew to solving, above all loyalty to the minister himself, inspire them to a self-devotion, to labors and sufferings, which I venture to say can hardly be surpassed on the field of battle. The awful bazaar, the awful church dinner, the progressive supper, the broom drill and the rummage sale follow each other with nerve-straining rapidity; and the summer vacation finds the women whose toils have wiped out the deficit on the verge of nervous prostration. Whisper it softly, but I have wondered sometimes in the weariness of my soul that any manly man could earn his bread in a calling which taxed so terribly the unpaid labors of the weaker half of society. If they could realize it in advance, I believe the schools of the prophets would be wellnigh deserted. Is it folly, this back-breaking struggle on the part of the women? Yes, folly and sin I verily believe much of it is; but short of deserting the church, short of the reformer's part of striking at the very organization itself, and striking through hearts we

love, what is there for us but to bear and do?

In such a state of things as this—and I submit it is no fancy sketch, but a truthful picture of the chronic state in multitudes of our churches—is it strange that the minister's power in drawing audiences comes to be so generally made the test of his efficiency? It is hardly fair to say that his eloquence is expected to produce the revenues from which all the bills of the church shall be paid. The standing of the church in the community, its social atmosphere, the presence there of persons known and respected, are assets of some value in estimating resources. Yet it is true, and increasingly so, that the quality of the preaching mainly decides whether or not the church shall be constantly facing a depleted treasury. Deplore it as we will, with all its miserable train of consequences, yet, looking at the matter candidly, is there not still a point of view from which the financial gauge as measuring the value of the minister's labors is not wholly mercenary?

I once knew a home missionary who refused to take pay from the Board which sent him out, for his labors in a rough young mining camp, on the ground that if he was giving the people anything they really wanted they would be willing to pay for it; if he was not giving them anything they wanted he ought not to be paid. The audacity of his position makes one gasp a little; but the result of the experiment was that he actually did receive an income quite sufficient for his frugal wants, and held the post in right valiant fashion till the competition with denominations later in the field than his made him feel it his duty to withdraw. His case will not be fairly stated without the additional word that he had, at the time, no impedimenta in the shape of a family! Since then he has married and I believe has accepted a salary in the places where he has later pursued his calling. Certainly if we are right in

our cherished Protestant belief that the minister will be better equipped for his work by having full knowledge of the common experiences of human life, not to mention the hope that he may find some solace in his trials by the joys of home, we can hardly require that our preachers should adopt a rule so heroically indifferent as that of my friend to the question of wage. His logic too will be challenged by the proposition that men do not always desire what they need, and that it is the duty of those clear-sighted people who *do* see what others need to put it within their reach, even at the cost of footing the bills themselves. Obviously we are stepping here on ground which may lead us into dangerous places. But leaving such questions to the doctors, and taking the case, not of missionary ground, but of the well established community, having its full proportion of intelligent, religious men and women busy about their work and possessed of the average desire to pay as they go for the work of other men and women, so far as it contributes to their necessities or satisfaction, is it not clear that, if the church fails to reach the masses and derive its support by normal and reasonable means, the church is not giving the community what it values? One must write himself a pessimist at once who holds that the world is less clear-sighted as to its obligations or less honest in meeting them than in the generations gone. For myself, I believe that much of our preaching concerns itself with issues too remote from the conscious daily needs of average humanity to be recognized as true and helpful. I believe there is in it too much of Paul and Apollos,—whom, be it known, I deeply revere,—too much of Old Testament worthies, and too little of life as we know it in the stress and struggle of to-day. Is there not also too much of creed, too much straining to keep old forms in which the thought of the masses no longer clothes itself? This also seems plain to me. In the average preach-

ing of to-day, in the unresponsiveness of the pulpit to the actual life which surges around it, I confess I find largely the underlying cause of that indifference to church service which has such widespread possession of us at the beginning of this twentieth century.

But the question follows hard, How far is our ecclesiastical system responsible for the blinding or the binding of our clergy? It is here that the minister's wife finds the root of the mischief; and it is certainly in the name of the system that we of the laity are constantly exhorted to the bearing of our burdens. That the system is held up to us as expressing the very spirit and method of Christ himself does not ease the fact. Which of us is willingly permitted by the powers to be our own judge as to whether the system does so present the founder of Christianity? May I, oppressed with honest doubt, in the light of the present distresses in China, as to the wisdom of sending missionaries to that field, questioning indeed whether their labors there do work the peaceable fruits of righteousness, may I stand up in a woman's missionary meeting—though my sympathy with the cause has long been proven—and set forth the arguments as they lie in my mind? The faithful will grieve over my injudicious stirring up of disturbing questions, and if, perchance, my doubts should find response in the minds of others, and the collection for the year fall off, will not the society be besieged with bewailing and rebuking letters, begging us not to desert the cause of missions in her hour of need and not to bring yet heavier burdens on others by failure to do our part? Ah, me, the list of established benevolences set down for the support of the church, each controlled by its central organization and bringing its pressure to bear on every unit of the denomination—all excellent in design, no doubt, all helpful, let us hope, in general working, yet crowding so hard

on the individual member of moderate means, and conflicting so often with the demands that come to him in his private and civic relations! I have thought sometimes that, if these causes have really the first claim on the charity of the church, her liberal support of them being a prime credential of good character, then the covenant we make when we enter the church should be revised. Would it not be better if, instead of promising to so order our lives "that the church shall suffer no reproach" in us, we should pledge ourselves to meet her deficits when the income falls short of her current expenses and contribute without questioning to her approved benevolences?

I am one of those who believe that society in general has been fearfully overorganized in our day and generation; but I see nowhere the danger of machine methods to the very pith of the enterprise involved so clearly as in the case of the church. We Protestants boast loudly of our freedom from ecclesiastical authority in matters of belief, and our right to determine our duty by the light of our own consciences. We must guard our freedom from the fetters of too imperious an organization, or the boast will be an empty one. To maintain things as they are, to preserve the uniformity of belief and method which prevents disturbance of social and financial interests, is always the struggle of the organization when once it is well established. If a church must make the keeping up of its organization a chief consideration, then I submit that the Catholic policy, with paid workers in every department and the right to tax every member of the communion for support, is the only sufficient one. "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it" is possibly as true of the church as of the individual; and perhaps the author of that startling paradox might be as little careful to qualify it in the one case as the other.

It is this constant looking to the

support of the organization which I believe to be largely responsible for the inefficiency of the Sunday-school in the teaching of the Bible. The minister's wife is right when she says that as an educational institution it is a failure; but she does not add what is equally true, that as a feeder for the church it is invaluable. I have been a teacher in the Sunday-school, so, these many years, and I believe I may fairly claim the right to express an opinion as to its value. I was drawn to the work from a deep conviction that the Bible was the best of books and the one most worthy of study; furthermore, that our public schools could not with propriety give its teachings the attention they deserved, and the Sunday-school seemed the appointed place to supply the lack. In spite of the most persistent and painstaking efforts, I have never been able to do any work there which I felt to be at all satisfactory. The shortness of the time allowed for class study—twenty-five or thirty minutes in the course of a week—would in itself make difficult the getting of any but the most superficial knowledge of the subject; but the text-books, or rather the text-leaves, employed, measured by the standard of text-books in any other line of work, would be found miserably faulty and inadequate. I have attempted sometimes to map out for my classes a line of study more coherent, or to employ helps which seemed to me of better scope and method, than those used by the school at large; but I have always been conscious of a grieved and deprecating attitude toward my work on the part of officers and other teachers. The International Lessons hold their own against all comers on the ground of the uniformity of teaching which they compel in Sunday-schools throughout the country.

Lest I should seem to underrate the amount of biblical knowledge gained in our Sunday-schools, let me cite the testimony of a teacher of literature in one of our high schools.

She tells me that the simplest allusion to biblical matters usually falls flat on the great majority of pupils in her classes. When thirty-five out of forty fail to catch the significance of such a line as that of Longfellow in "Flowers,"

"Stand like Ruth amid the golden corn,"  
she has sometimes put the question, "How many of you have been regular pupils in Sunday-school?" and found that nearly every hand in the class would be lifted. I shudder to think of the depths of ignorance which might be revealed by pupils of my own, were they put to the test in the public schools. I would not go bond for it that some of them might not hesitate on the question whether the sea in which those fisherman disciples cast their nets were the Red, the Mediterranean, or the Sea of Galilee. And as for technical knowledge of the various parts of the Bible, I have no such wild illusion as that they could easily find Ezra—which even to a canny Scotchman may appear at times to have "jumped clean out o' the Bible"—but humbly hope that they might not fumble too long in locating the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount. The lack of time, the lack of good manuals of instruction, the lack of competent teachers, do not constitute the sum total of difficulties. The general feeling on the part of pupils in Sunday-school that they do not come there to study, the want of preparation at home, and the distractions provoked by restlessness, which cannot be controlled by any ordinary method of enforcing order—all these things pull fatally against the educational value of the institution. I know a boy who from his infancy has been a terror in Sunday-school. He has worn out the strength and courage of a succession of teachers, and for a hundredth part of his misdemeanors would have been suspended long ago from any public school; but not a suggestion of such a course can be tolerated here. Is

there fear that he will go to the bad if dismissed from Sunday-school? Not at all. His home is more than ordinarily surrounded by religious influences. This is what would happen: he would go to a Sunday-school of another denomination in the neighborhood of his home, where most of his comrades already attend. Perhaps later his family might be drawn in the same direction.

Is there, then, any use at all in our Sunday-school system? Oh, yes, something of kindly and cheerful influence is undoubtedly cast about the pupils. Its gentle moralizings can scarcely all be thrown away. For my part, I am convinced that the work of a teacher in our Sunday-schools requires so high a degree of self-sacrificing patience that the teacher who holds to her task year in and year out can scarcely fail of doing some good to her pupils, however poor her teaching or crude her "religious concepts." It is the growing tendency to add to her labors as teacher those of a constant getter up of entertainments that fills me with despair. The city Sunday-school to-day must have not only its Christmas entertainment and its special doings for Children's Day and Easter, but its socials, its picnic and its parade; otherwise it cannot compete in attractiveness with the Sunday-school of other denominations, and it will be weighed in the balance and found wanting by the children. It is needless to say that it is upon women that the additional burden largely falls. Heaven help them; but they are probably the very ones on whose shoulders rest the labors of the aid society, and the missionary circle!

The suggestion is sometimes made that the church means more to women than to men, and that therefore they find the struggle of sustaining it both less irksome and better rewarded. I think there is truth in this. The average woman does get more help and comfort from the ministries of the church than the average man. But let

me sound the warning that the widening activities of woman, the opening to her of all lines of business, the multiplication of clubs and the growing opportunity for civic and political work are drawing away from the service of the church the type of woman that in the past has borne most largely the peculiar labors of which we have been speaking. The raising of money by the church bazaar requires executive ability of no mean order, and some aptitude for public performance. I am conservative enough to doubt the benefit to either the community or my sex from the trend of things which draws woman more and more into occupations outside the home; but I confess I am not sorry to believe that her strength and ingenuity will become less and less factors in solving the distressful problem of how to raise church revenues. It was said of a woman of my acquaintance, one who added to singular devotion of spirit an extraordinary faculty for managing affairs, "Mrs. —— is one of the bottom facts of that church." The statement was true, and might almost have been made in the singular number; but she told me once, in a burst of confidence, that she doubted whether any of her children would follow in her steps. "My son declares he'll have it nominated in the bond that his wife shall not be a church worker, and my girls are beginning to question frankly whether the sort of work I've done so much of really pays."

There is a line in one of the old hymns which runs:

"Oh Lord, and shall we ever live at this poor, dying rate?"

I think we shall not. I think decay and dissolution impend for multitudes in our churches unless radical reform is brought soon to their spirit and methods. Let the reform come from within, or it will fall mercilessly from without. I should be sad indeed if I did not believe that such reform will somehow take place; although I confess

that I cannot see in just what manner or in what quarter it is to begin. I have here unburdened my soul by setting down some of the things in which, taught by long and hard experience, I feel great and almost revolutionary

changes to be imperative; and I ask those in the church to whose eyes my word may come to read it as the word of one who warmly loves the church and is deeply concerned for her real welfare.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

FROM 1875 to 1900 we have been in an almost constant round of centennials. We now come to a millennial—the millennial of the death of Alfred the Great. To all men of English blood, any commemoration of Alfred has high significance. As we call George Washington the father of his country, so we may properly call King Alfred the father of the English race and of English political institutions. "Alfred," says Sir Walter Besant, "is and will always remain the typical man of our race—call him Anglo-Saxon, call him American, call him Englishman, call him Australian—the typical man of our race at his best and noblest. I like to think that the face of the Anglo-Saxon at his best and noblest is the face of Alfred. I am quite sure and certain that the mind of the Anglo-Saxon at his best and noblest is the mind of Alfred; that the aspirations, the hopes, the standards of the Anglo-Saxon at his best and noblest are the aspirations, the hopes, the standards of Alfred. He is truly our leader, our founder, our king. When our monument takes shape and form, let it somehow recognize this great, this cardinal fact. Let it show somehow by the example of Alfred the Anglo-Saxon at his best and noblest—here within the circle of the narrow seas, or across the ocean; wherever King Alfred's language is spoken; wherever King Alfred's laws prevail; into whatever fair lands of the wide world King

Alfred's descendants have penetrated."

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Alfred was born at Wantage in Berkshire in 849. On the twenty-fifth of October, 1849, a public meeting was held in the town of Wantage to celebrate the millennial of his birth. Twenty thousand people gathered for that celebration. A select number of one hundred persons dined together on that day at the Alfred's Head near Wantage and declared to the world that the name of Alfred, who on that spot first saw the light, should not be forgotten. This meeting was attended, we read, "by guests from every part of England and from America, that hopeful mother of future Anglo-Saxons, as well as from Germany, that ancient cradle of our common race;" and it was then and there resolved "that a Jubilee Edition of the works of King Alfred the Great, with copious literary, historical and pictorial illustrations, should be immediately undertaken, to be edited by the most competent Anglo-Saxon scholars who might be willing to combine for such a purpose." Various learned societies had repeatedly before this taken into consideration such a plan; a few of the leading scholars in Anglo-Saxon history and literature had had intentions in this direction; and transcripts of several of Alfred's works had been made by certain persons and were

actually almost ready for the press. Under the impulse given by the millennial celebration at Wantage, these various forces and ambitions were united and organized; and the fine edition of the complete works of Alfred, in two volumes, published a few years later, was the result.

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\* \* \* King Alfred died in October, 901; and it is proposed to hold in England the present year, the millennial of his death, a national commemoration much more general and more important than the commemoration of 1849. The commemoration will indeed be more than national. All who use the English tongue are asked to join, without distinction of creed, race, nation or party, to do honor to the great soul who, living so strenuously for his people away back in the English twilight, with the noble wish "to live honorably while he lived, and after his life to leave to the men who were after him his memory in good works," stands by the general acclaim of English thinkers as the best representative of the English race.

Three years ago the preparations for this millennial commemoration began. A meeting convened by the Lord Mayor of London was held at the Mansion House in March, 1898. The resolution in favor of the commemoration was proposed by the Bishop of London, Dr. Creighton,—whose death all historical scholars are now mourning and who endeared himself especially to New England by his part in the restoration of the Bradford manuscript,—and seconded by the Hon. James Bryce, also so dear to our part of the English-speaking world. Among other speakers at this Mansion House meeting were the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Winchester, Sir Frederick Pollock, Dr. Clifford, Professor Burrows, and Mr. Louis Dyer. Mr. Dyer, we read, represented the Chicago Historical Society; but, as he belongs so largely to Harvard University and to Boston

as well as to Chicago, we may perhaps regard him as representing America generally, and be thankful that America thus had a part in this preliminary meeting. Since then a special committee has been appointed by the American Historical Association to coöperate in the commemoration. Upon the committee appointed in England to arrange the commemoration, a committee of nearly three hundred, we notice such names as Sir Edwin Arnold, Mr. Balfour, Beerbohm Tree, Sir Walter Besant, Augustine Birrell, Andrew Carnegie, Stopford Brooke, Dr. Cunningham, Professor Dicey, Conan Doyle, Professor Gardiner, Dr. Garnett, E. L. Godkin, Edmund Gosse, Sir William Harcourt, Thomas Hardy, Frederic Harrison, Hon. John Hay, Sir Henry Irving, Lord Roberts, Rudyard Kipling, Sir John Lubbock, Justin McCarthy, Canon Rawnsley, the American ambassador, the Lord Chief Justice, the Chief Rabbi, and doctors, dukes and bishops galore, almost every important phase of English scholarship and life finding representation. A national memorial was decided on, and it was later unanimously resolved by the committee that this memorial shall be at Winchester, and consist of a statue of King Alfred, together with a hall to be used as a museum of early English history. An exhibition of objects relating to the Alfred period, to be held in London during the present year, has been under consideration, together with a historical pageant and other means of commemoration. The site considered most appropriate for the statue was at once given by the unanimous vote of the corporation of Winchester; and an appeal was made for £30,000, which it was felt was the sum required to provide a memorial worthy of the nation.

"It seems unnecessary to urge," wrote Sir Walter Besant, "that a monument to Alfred must be set up in Winchester, and not in London or in Westminster or anywhere else."

Here lies the dust of the kings, his ancestors, and of the kings, his successors. Thirty-five of his line made Winchester their capital; twenty were buried in the cathedral. In this city Alfred received instruction from St. Swithin. The city was already old and venerable when Alfred was a boy. He was buried first in the cathedral, and afterwards in the abbey, which he himself founded, hard by. The name of Alfred's country, well-nigh forgotten except by scholars, has been revived of late years by a Wessex man, Thomas Hardy. But the name of Alfred's capital continues in the venerable and historic city of Winchester, which yields to none in England for the monuments and the memories of the past."

The secretary of the committee on the King Alfred commemoration is Mr. Alfred Bowker, who was the mayor of Winchester at the time the committee was formed, in 1898. He has been most earnest in advancing the interests of the commemoration and memorial; and he is the editor of the little volume on King Alfred, which was published two years ago by the direction of the committee, who considered it advisable that a publication should be issued with a view to diffusing as widely as possible public knowledge of the king's life and work. The book is admirably conceived for its purpose, and admirably executed. There is a preface by Mr. Bowker; a general introduction by Sir Walter Besant, which is in substance the address delivered by him in the Guildhall of Winchester at the first public meeting held in Winchester in behalf of the commemoration; and this is followed by a series of special essays on the various aspects of Alfred's life and work: "Alfred as King," by Frederic Harrison; "Alfred as a Religious Man and an Educationalist," by the Bishop of Bristol; "Alfred as a Warrior," by Charles Oman; "Alfred as a Geographer," by Sir Clements Markham; "Alfred as a Writer," by Professor

John Earle; "English Law before the Norman Conquest," by Sir Frederick Pollock; and "Alfred and the Arts," by Rev. W. J. Loftie.

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America is happy in welcoming to her borders at this time Mr. Frederic Harrison. We honor him for his life-long devotion to scholarship and to humanity; we honor him especially now as one of the Englishmen who, amid the aberrations and infidelities of the last two years, has worked so nobly, if so unsuccessfully, with Bryce and Morley and their strong associates, to keep England true to the high traditions of Anglo-Saxon freedom and honor as represented by the apostolic line which extends from Alfred and De Montfort to Washington and Gladstone. On Washington's birthday he gave in Chicago an address on Washington, which was the most noteworthy word on Washington spoken by an Englishman since Freeman's address on "George Washington, the Expander of England." In Boston and Cambridge he has given two addresses on Alfred the Great—a special address on Alfred's writings, before Harvard University, and a more general address on Alfred's life and work, before the Twentieth Century Club of Boston. We wish that these addresses might be heard in a hundred American places in this millennial year; for they would do more than anything else to awaken in the minds of our people an adequate sense of Alfred's political and intellectual significance. But with Mr. Harrison back in England, we can be thankful that his essay in the little volume on Alfred edited by the mayor of Winchester covers much which he touched in his address in Boston, and that Professor Earle's essay in the same volume covers much which he touched in his address at Harvard. Mr. Harrison's admiration of Alfred is unmeasured. "No people, in ancient or modern times," he says, "ever had a hero-founder at once so

truly historic, so venerable, and so supremely great." Again: "It is a commonplace with historians—and with the historians of many countries and different schools of opinion—that our English Alfred was the only perfect man of action recorded in history; for Aurelius was occasionally too much of the philosopher; Saint Louis usually too much of the saint; Godfrey too much of the crusader; the great emperors were not saints at all; and of all more modern heroes we know too much to pretend that they were perfect. Of all the hyperboles of praise there is but one that we can safely justify with the strictest canons of historic research. Of all the names in history there is only our English Alfred whose record is without stain and without weakness—who is equally amongst the greatest of men in genius, in magnanimity, in valor, in moral purity, in intellectual force, in practical wisdom and in beauty of soul. In his recorded career from infancy to death, we can find no single trait that is not noble and suggestive, nor a single act or word that can be counted as a flaw."

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Indeed, all students of Alfred seem to be at one in the preëminent praise which they bestow and the preëminent place which they assign him among Englishmen. "It is no easy task," writes Thomas Hughes, "for any one who has been studying his life and works to set reasonable grounds to their reverence and enthusiasm for the man." As Mr. Giles, one of the best of his English biographers, justly says, "with one consent our historians agree in characterizing him as the wisest, best and greatest king that ever reigned in England." We have quoted the judgment of Sir Walter Besant. Says Mr. Green in his History of the English People: "Alfred was the noblest as he was the most complete embodiment of all that is great, all that is lovable, in the English temper. He

combined as no other man has ever combined its practical energy, its patient and enduring force, its profound sense of duty, the reserve and self-control that steadies in it a wide outlook and a restless daring, its temperance and fairness, its frank geniality, its sensitiveness to affection, its poetic tenderness, its deep and passionate religion." The German Pauli, the most scholarly and critical of Alfred's biographers, writes: "No king nor hero of antiquity or modern times can be compared with Alfred for so many distinguished qualities, and each so excellent. His figure remains one of the most perfect ever held up by the hand of God as a mirror to the world and its rulers." "Amidst the deepest gloom of barbarism," wrote Gibbon, "the virtue of Antoninus, the learning and valor of Cæsar, and the legislative genius of Lycurgus shine forth united in that patriot king."

The learned article upon Alfred in the Dictionary of National Biography was written by Freeman; and in this article Freeman says: "Popular belief has made him into a kind of embodiment of the national being; he has become the model English king, indeed the model English gentleman;" and he adds: "Even the legendary reputation of Alfred is hardly too great for his real merits. No man recorded in history seems ever to have united so many great and good qualities." "The most perfect character in history," is Mr. Freeman's verdict expressed in the yet more eloquent passage on Alfred in his History of the Norman Conquest. "A saint without superstition, a scholar without ostentation, a warrior all whose wars were fought in the defence of his country, a conqueror whose laurels were never stained by cruelty, a prince never cast down by adversity, never lifted up to insolence in the day of triumph—there is no other name in history to compare with his." He institutes careful comparisons with Saint Louis

of France, with Charles the Great, and with the English Edward, all to the advantage of Alfred. "The virtue of Alfred," he says, "like the virtue of Washington, consisted in no marvellous displays of superhuman genius, but in the simple, straightforward discharge of the duty of the moment. But Washington, soldier, statesman and patriot like Alfred, has no claim to Alfred's further characters of saint and scholar. William the Silent, too, has nothing to set against Alfred's literary merits; and in his career, glorious as it is, there is an element of intrigue and chicanery utterly alien to the noble simplicity of both Alfred and Washington."

These superlative tributes are not tributes which have accumulated about some mythical Alfred. The lines of the portrait drawn at the beginning are the same. Florence of Worcester, writing in the century after Alfred's death, speaks of him as "that famous, warlike, victorious king, the zealous protector of widows, scholars, orphans and the poor, skilled in the Saxon poets, affable and liberal to all, endowed with prudence, fortitude, justice and temperance, most patient under the infirmity which he daily suffered, a most stern inquisitor in executing justice, vigilant and devoted in the service of God."

To these high tributes we must add two from the poets, the first from Wordsworth a hundred years ago, the second from the present laureate yesterday. Wordsworth wrote:

"Behold a pupil of the monkish gown,  
The pious Alfred, king to justice dear;  
Lord of the harp and liberating spear;  
Mirror of princes! Indigent renown  
Might range the starry ether for a crown  
Equal to his deserts, who, like the year,  
Pours forth his bounty, like the day doth  
cheer,  
And awes like night, with mercy-tempered frown.  
Ease from this noble miser of his time  
No moment steals; pain narrows not his  
cares;  
Though small his kingdom as a spark or  
gem,  
Of Alfred boasts remote Jerusalem,

And Christian India, through her wide-spread clime,  
In sacred converse gifts with Alfred shares."

Alfred Austin's poem, "To the Spotless King," stands at the forefront of the volume on Alfred, edited by the mayor of Winchester, and is as follows:

"Some lights there be within the heavenly spheres  
Yet unrevealed, the interspace so vast.  
So through the distance of a thousand years  
Alfred's full radiance shines on us at last.

"Star of the spotless fame, from far-off skies  
Teaching this truth, too long not understood,  
That only they are worthy who are wise,  
And none are truly great that are not good.

"Of valor, virtue, letters, learning, law,  
Pattern and prince, his name will now abide,  
Long as of conscience rulers live in awe,  
And love of country is their only pride.

"But with his name four other names attune,  
Which from oblivion guardian song may save:  
Lone Athelney, victorious Ethandune,  
Wantage his cradle, Winchester his grave."

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The little volume prepared by the English committee for the purpose of stimulating interest in the millennial observance of the present year will do great service in directing attention anew and in so interesting a way to Alfred's many-sided activity and influence. We wish that more attention might be given, however, to the edition of Alfred's writings which was the fruit of the celebration in 1849 of the millennial of his birth; for it is here, in his own writings, in his work for the culture of his people, that we come into closest touch with him and best perceive the real greatness of his mind. We shall here turn the pages of these volumes with our readers.

pausing here and there to hold some representative or striking passage.

Alfred's various great services are recorded in the books and known to the reader of English history. He was the deliverer of Saxon England from the Danes. The long story of his humiliations and defeats is like the story of Washington's Jersey campaigns; Athelney was like Valley Forge; and the fortitude and patience of Alfred through it all were like the fortitude and patience of Washington. "What follows," to use the words of Besant, "is like a dream. Or it is like the uprising of the French under Joan of Arc. There had been nine years of continuous defeat. The people had lost heart; they had apparently given in. Yet on the reappearance of their king they sprang to arms once more; they followed him with one consent, and in the first encounter with the Danes they inflicted upon them a defeat so crushing that they never rallied again. In one battle, on one field, the country was recovered."

Alfred was the founder of the English navy. He was the real founder of London as it was during the middle ages and as it is to-day. His code of laws stands out preëminent—laws based upon the Laws of God and incorporating the Golden Rule. He desired universal education, and worked strenuously for it,—the education of the people, based not on Latin but on English. "My desire is that all the freeborn youths of my people may persevere in learning until they can perfectly read the English Scriptures." He sought to bring his island people into touch with the general civilization of Europe. He was the founder of English literature.

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We have in these two volumes of Alfred's writings the great king's Will, the various Charters which bear his signature, his version of the historian Orosius, his version of the Venerable Bede's "Ecclesiastical History of the English Nation," his version of

Boethius's "Consolations of Philosophy," a portion of his version of Gregory's "Pastoral Care," his Blossom Gatherings from Saint Augustine, his Laws, and the preface to his version of Gregory's "Dialogues." A few other works have been ascribed to Alfred. Their authenticity is discussed by Professor Earle in his essay upon "King Alfred as a Writer" in the little volume published two years ago, to which we have referred.

The work is almost entirely translation. But Alfred was the freest of translators. Sometimes, he tells us himself, he gives us word for word, sometimes meaning for meaning. Sometimes, too, he makes important interpellations, short and long, his author simply serving him as a text or point of departure; and he often omits sections which he thinks will not be of service to his people. At a time when learning was almost dead in England, he looked about for the things which would give his people the most valuable information and the best inspiration; and these things he translated into the language of the people, with the help of the best scholars whom he could summon, and circulated by the best means which the conditions of the time made possible. We know that a copy of his translation of Gregory's "Pastoral Care" was sent to every bishop in England. On the whole, perhaps he could not have made a better selection for his purpose. A glance at the list will show that he gave to his people something in their own English history, something in general history, something in geography, in philosophy and in religion.

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No general history of the world was so well known or so highly esteemed in the time of Alfred as that by Orosius. Indeed it continued to be held in high esteem down to the time of the invention of printing, being one of the first works that was selected for the press. Orosius was a learned

Spanish priest, born in the latter part of the fourth century, the friend of Jerome and of Augustine. When Rome was captured and pillaged by Alaric the Goth in 410, the Romans accused Christianity of being the cause of the affliction and ruin which had befallen the empire. It was to meet this charge that Augustine wrote his "City of God," which is really a philosophy of history, pointing out the increasing providential purpose which runs through the ages and the actual amelioration which had come through Christianity. At Augustine's request and to strengthen the argument, Orosius wrote his compendium of history in the same spirit, covering human history from the beginnings down to his own time; and this is the work, occupying two hundred pages of our volume, which Alfred translated into Anglo-Saxon. The spirit and purpose of the work are those of one "impressed with a proper sense of justice and humanity, deprecating ambition, conquest and glory gained at the expense of human blood and human happiness," and who does not fail to see the horrors and injustices behind many of the vaunted glories of old Greece and Rome. Here is one striking passage, as Alfred gives it:

"I know, said Orosius, what the boast of the Romans chiefly is,—because they have overcome many nations, and have often driven many kings before their triumphs. Those are the good times of which they always boast; just as if they now said, that those times were given to them only, and not to all people; but, if they could rightly understand it, then they might know, that they were common to all nations. If they say that those times were good, because they made that one city wealthy, then may they more truly say that they were the most unhappy, because, through the riches of that one city, all the others were made poor. If they do not believe this, let them then ask the Italians, their own countrymen, how they liked those times, when they were slain, and kept down, and sold into other lands for one hundred and twenty years. If they do not believe them, then let them ask the Spaniards, who were bearing the same for

two hundred years, and many other nations; and also many kings, how they liked it, when they drove them in yokes, and in chains before their triumphs towards Rome for their own glory; and afterwards they lay in prison until they died. And they harassed many kings, to the end that they should give all that they then had for their wretched life. But it is, therefore, unknown to us and not to be believed, because we are born in that peace, which they could hardly enjoy with their life. It was after Christ was born that we were loosed from all slavery, and from all fear, if we will fully follow him."

The first chapter of this history is a general geographical survey of the world. Into this chapter Alfred inserts a description of Europe, all his own, which is one of the most important of his original writings, and perhaps the most important contribution made in his time to geographical science. "So far as his personal knowledge extended," says Sir James Markham, president of the Royal Geographical Society, "Alfred was a trained geographer. He was also in a position to increase the information derived from his own personal experiences by diligently collecting materials from those foreigners who frequented his court, and by reading." His account of the voyages of Ohthere, a Norwegian of his time, around the North Cape, and of Wulfstan in the Baltic Sea, and his general description of Europe or, as he calls it, Germania, are of unique value. The chapter containing these accounts has just been added to the series of Old South Leaflets, and in this way will be brought under the eyes of many of our students. The section of the Venerable Bede's Ecclesiastical History of England, translated by Alfred, which gives the account of Augustine's preaching of Christianity in England, is also printed in the same series.

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The translation of Bede occupies more than two hundred pages of our volume; and the translation of Boethius more than a hundred.

Boethius lived a century after Orosius; and his "Consolations of Philosophy" was written in prison, where he had been most unjustly thrown to await execution, after a life of distinction and power. His noble nature offered much with which Alfred found kinship. The translation of his work was clearly a labor of love; and the many interpellations afford some of the most significant pieces of self-revelation which have come to us from Alfred's pen. The following brief chapter (xvii) is memorable on account of its closing words:

"When Wisdom had sung this lay, he was silent, and the mind then answered and thus said: O Reason, indeed thou knowest that covetousness, and the greatness of this earthly power, never well pleased me, nor did I very much yearn after this earthly authority. But nevertheless, I was desirous of materials for the work which I was commanded to perform; that was, that I might honourably and fitly guide and exercise the power which was committed to me. Moreover, thou knowest that no man can shew any skill, or exercise or control any power, without tools, and materials. That is of every craft the materials, without which man cannot exercise the craft. This, then, is a king's materials and his tools to reign with; that he have his land well peopled; he must have beadmen, and soldiers, and workmen. Thou knowest that without these tools no king can shew his craft. This is also his materials which he must have beside the tools; provision for the three classes. This is, then, their provision; land to inhabit, and gifts, and weapons, and meat, and ale, and clothes, and whatsoever is necessary for the three classes. He cannot without these preserve the tools, nor without the tools accomplish any of those things which he is commanded to perform. Therefore I was desirous of materials wherewith to exercise the power, that my talents and fame should not be forgotten, and concealed. For every craft and every power soon becomes old, and is passed over in silence, if it be without wisdom. Because whatsoever is done through folly, no one can ever reckon for craft. This is now especially to be said; that I wished to live honourably whilst I lived, and after my life to leave to the men who were after me my memory in good works."

There exists a poetical as well as a prose version of Boethius, the versi-

fication clearly having been done after and from the prose. Both versions are ascribed to Alfred, although there is a question about the poetical one. Our readers will be glad to see one of these poems, as closely rendered from the Anglo-Saxon by Mr. Tupper. Thirty of the poems are given in the first of our two volumes. This is upon "True Greatness"; and its spirit and purpose almost make us think of Burns.

"All men and all women on earth  
Had first their beginning the same;  
Into this world of their birth  
All of one couple they came.

"Alike are the great and the small;  
No wonder that this should be thus;  
For God is the Father of all,  
The lord and the maker of us.

"He giveth light to the sun,  
To the moon and the stars as they  
stand;  
The soul and the flesh He made one,  
When first He made man in the land.

"Well born alike are all folk  
Whom He hath made under the sky;  
Why then on others a yoke  
Now will ye be lifting on high?

"And why be so causelessly proud,  
As thus ye find none are illborn?  
Or why, for your rank, from the crowd  
Raise yourself up in such scorn?

"In the mind of a man, not his make,  
In the earth-dweller's heart, not his  
rank,  
Is the nobleness whereof I spake,  
The true, and the free, and the frank.

"But he that to sin was in thrall,  
Ilddoing wherever he can,  
Hath left the first lifespring of all,  
His God, and his rank as a man;

"And so the Almighty down-hurl'd  
The noble disgraced by his sin,  
Thenceforth to be mean in the world,  
And never more glory to win."

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It is not possible to make place here for the preface which Alfred wrote to Gregory's "Pastoral Care," when he had copies of his translation of that work sent to all his bishops, to be kept in their minsters for the use of the people. Professor Earle says justly

that "among the many precious evidences which time has spared for the perpetuation of a noble memory, the first place must certainly on the whole be accorded to this Preface." It is in the nature of an address to the bishops, recalling the better conditions of learning in England in past times and lamenting the existing decay, and making a noble plea for the education of the people, especially in their own English tongue, by giving them the best literature in good translations.

Nor is it possible to speak as we should like of Alfred's Laws. The student will find it profitable to read this code, beginning with the Ten Commandments and gathering together the best laws inherited from early times and new ordinances of the king's own. True English conservatism speaks along with the spirit of progress, in the prologue:

"I, Alfred the king, gathered these laws together and ordered many to be written which our forefathers held, such as I approved, and many which I approved not I rejected, and had other ordinances enacted with the counsel of my Witan; for I dared not venture to set much of my own upon the statute-book, for I knew not what might be approved by those who should come after us. But such ordinances as I found, either in the time of my kinsman Ina, or of Offa, king of the Mercians, or of Ethelberht, who first received baptism in England—such as seemed to me rightest I have collected here, and the rest I have let drop. I, then, Alfred, king of the West Saxons, showed these laws to all my Witan, and they then said that they all approved of them as proper to be holden."

We come into first-hand touch with Alfred in the old Saxon Chronicle and in the Life of Alfred by Asser, his friend and bishop, whose authenticity is now generally conceded. It is in the Saxon Chronicle that we have the beautiful story of the boy Alfred prompted to learning by his mother. Our readers may like to see the famous story of the cakes in the words in which Asser tells it:

"At the same time the above-named King Alfred, with a few of his nobles, and certain soldiers and vassals, used to lead an unquiet life among the woodlands of the

county of Somerset, in great tribulation; for he had none of the necessities of life, except what he could forage openly or stealthily, by frequent sallies, from the pagans, or even from the Christians who had submitted to the rule of the pagans; and as we read in the Life of St. Neot, at the house of one of his cowherds. But it happened on a certain day, that the countrywoman, wife of the cowherd, was preparing some loaves to bake, and the king, sitting at the hearth, made ready his bow and arrows and other warlike instruments. The unlucky woman espying the cakes burning at the fire, ran up to remove them, and rebuking the brave king, exclaimed: 'Ca'sn thee mind the ke-aks, man, an' doossen zee 'em burn? I'm boun' thee's eat 'em vast enough, az zoon az 'tiz the turn.'\*

The blundering woman little thought that it was King Alfred, who had fought so many battles against the pagans, and gained so many victories over them."

\* \* \*

Perhaps the most careful and thorough of the biographies of Alfred is that by the German Pauli. He says in his preface that it "was written by a German for Germans." It was conceived when he was living at Oxford in 1848. That was a time when all thoughtful Germans were anxious indeed as to the future of Germany. It seemed to Pauli that what German princes and the German people needed was the spirit of the English Alfred; and to commend that great soul to their attention he wrote his book.

Twenty years later Thomas Hughes wrote the life of Alfred which most of us love best. His work, he said, remembering Pauli's word, was the work of "an Englishman for Englishmen." It was at a juncture in European politics which seemed likely to prove as serious as that of 1848,—the eve of the Franco-German war. Events had "forced on those who think on such subjects at all the practical need of examining once more the principles upon which society and the life of nations rest." The hollowness of imperialism, as exhibited under Louis Napoleon in France, had be-

\* This is in the Somerset dialect.

come obvious to all earnest men. How was democracy to be kept strong and righteous? How is righteousness to be the sovereign power among the nations, "alike those who have visible kings and those who are without them"? With this question and this anxiety, Mr. Hughes addressed himself to the study of the spirit which controlled Alfred the Great a thousand years ago.

Thirty years more have passed; and the world stands at a far more important juncture in its politics than that of 1848 or 1869. It is a critical juncture especially for the Anglo-Saxon race. In both its branches it finds itself engaged in wasteful and disastrous wars of conquest, in policies of imperialism opposed to the teachings and example of Alfred and of Washington. It is a fatal coincidence by which the two parts of the English world thus find themselves at once embroiled in ventures opposed to the high English traditions and imperatives; and it is a fatal coincidence which seems not less than providential, by which at such a time the whole Anglo-Saxon world is called back, on this thousandth anniversary, to sit at the feet of the great Anglo-Saxon man and learn of him. For Alfred belongs to all Anglo-Saxondom alike. "Alfred's name," says Frederic Harrison, writing for England, "is almost the only one in the long roll of our national worthies which awakens no bitter, no jealous thought, which combines the honor of all. Alfred represents at once the ancient monarchy, the army, the navy, the law, the literature, the poetry, the art, the enterprise, the industry, the religion of our race. Neither Welshman, nor Scot, nor Irishman can feel that Alfred's memory has left the trace of a wound for his national pride. No difference

of church arises to separate any who would join to do Alfred honor. No saint in the calendar was a more loyal and cherished member of the ancient faith; and yet no Protestant can imagine a purer and more simple follower of the Gospel."

Not only representative of all phases of the life of England, but representative of our race—"call him," as Besant says, "Anglo-Saxon, call him Englishman, call him American." He is our political ancestor as he is theirs. He belongs to New England, to America, as he belongs to Old England; and for America as for England is the lesson of his life. "Alfred," says Frederic Harrison, "was a victorious warrior whose victories have left no curses behind them." In an age of war and conquest, he never waged a war save a war of defence. "He is the first instance in the history of Christendom," says Green, "of the Christian king, of a ruler who put aside every personal aim or ambition to devote himself to the welfare of those whom he ruled. So long as he lived he strove 'to live worthily'; but in his mouth a life of worthiness meant a life of justice, temperance, self-sacrifice. The Peace of Wedmore at once marked the temper of the man. Ardent warrior as he was, with a disorganized England before him, he set aside at thirty-one the dream of conquest to leave behind him the memory not of victories but of 'good works,' of daily toils by which he secured peace, good government, education for his people. His policy was one of peace."

Peace in England, peace on earth! —the good government, the education and the welfare of the people, the constructive way: that is the lesson of the Alfred millennial for the Anglo-Saxon world.







JAMES G. BLAINE.

See "The Presidential Campaign of 1884 in Mr. Blaine's Home City."

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## AMONG THE SOUTHERN APPALACHIANS.

*By Frank Waldo.*

THERE has recently been inaugurated a movement towards the establishment of a national park in the southern Appalachian Mountain region. Chiefly owing to the activity of the Appalachian National Park Association (with its headquarters in Asheville), Congress appropriated a sum of money to defray the expenses of a preliminary study of the region by experts. The report of these experts was submitted to Congress during the last session; and there are many reasons why it is to be hoped that sufficient government funds will be set aside to make the project a reality.

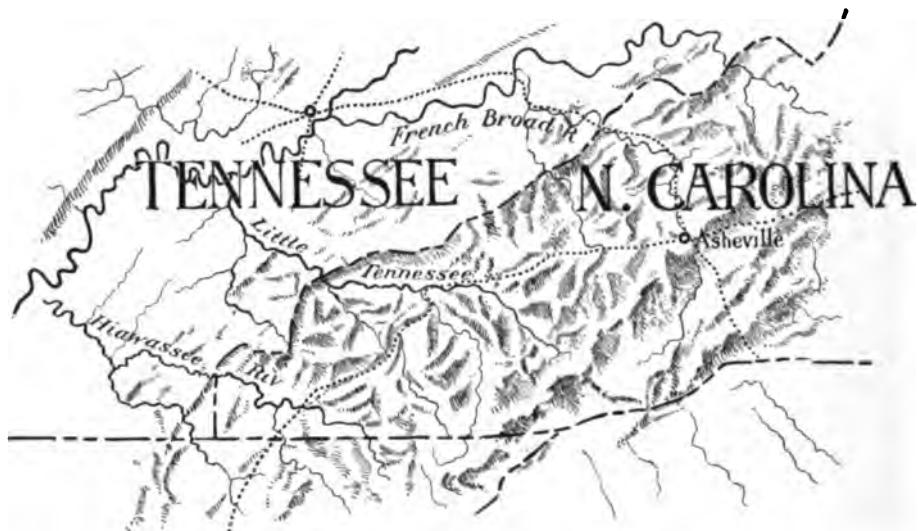
These southern Appalachian Mountains, south of the Roanoke, were but little known previous to about 1880, when the railroad now running nearly east and west through the heart of the region was constructed. This railroad is the one which passes through Asheville and it has been the means of making that city the most important mountain health resort in America.

In addition to its natural attractions, a great advantage of this region for park purposes is its convenient accessibility by rail from the whole eastern United States. A sweeping radius of only four hundred miles with Asheville as a centre takes in Lake Erie on the north, Washington and the Atlantic on the east, the Gulf on the south and the Mississippi

River on the west. That is, with good train service the heart of this beautiful region would be only from twelve to sixteen hours distant from the chief centres of population in the portion of the United States east of the Mississippi.

There are at the present time four railroads leading from Asheville. The one towards the east connects with the main line of the Southern Railroad at Salisbury, North Carolina; the one towards the southeast connecting with the same line at Spartanburg, South Carolina; the one towards the northwest passes down the valley of the French Broad and leads to Knoxville; while the fourth traverses the mountain region in a southwesterly direction to Murphy, North Carolina, where connection is made with a railroad stretching northward from Atlanta.

It seems unnecessary to dwell upon the beautiful surroundings of Asheville. That city will undoubtedly always be the distributing point for this whole region. The first three railroads from Asheville, as above mentioned, have been well travelled, as they form through lines; and thus many people are familiar with the scenery in the regions through which they pass. The fourth line of railroad, from Asheville to Murphy, is but little known; yet it passes through the centre of the most beautiful and most interesting part of the southern



Appalachian region. It seems probable that the proposed park reservation will be located in this section, not only on account of the natural beauties of the region, but also on account of their as yet almost perfect preservation.

The entire region between the Blue Ridge Mountains on the east and the Smoky Mountains on the west, extending from the French Broad or the Pidgeon River on the north to the Hiawassee River on the south, ought to be included in the park reservation. The area thus covered would be perhaps 4,000 to 6,000 square miles; and this is none too large a section for the purpose, when one considers the possible future demands upon such a park. If, however, a smaller area is to be selected the Little Tennessee River forms a natural intermediary dividing line, and the park could be located either to the north or the south of it. A still further lessening of the boundary line could be made by confining the park to the region to the east or to the west of the railroad.

As regards topography there is a veritable sea of mountains covering the whole country between the lower Blue Ridge on the east and the higher Smokies on the west. There are mountain ridges apparently running in every direc-

tion, although the water courses all flow to the westward and finally join the Tennessee River. The valleys usually have an altitude of from two to three thousand feet above sea level, while the mountain ridges and peaks rise to an altitude of from four to six thousand feet. Most of the valleys are ravine like, deep and narrow, and consequently the mountain slopes are very steep, though rarely forming high cliffs. The mountain streams are numerous and swift running, although individually not of great size; the water, especially in the higher section, is remarkably clear and sparkling.

One gets a very good idea of the topography of this whole country in riding on the train from Asheville to Murphy. Perhaps four-fifths of the entire distance, about one hundred and twenty miles, is through narrow gorge-like valleys and beside rapid streams flowing through them; but meanwhile two mountain ridges have to be climbed and their steep sides descended. The two most notable features of this ride are the passage through the Nantahala River Gorge and the entrance into the beautiful valley of the Valley River.

The scenery of this region resolves itself into three phases. The narrow ravine-like valleys furnish a most bewitching array of sylvan beauty, in which the delicate tracery of graceful



ONE ASPECT OF ASHEVILLE AND ITS MOUNTAINS.

Photograph by Sprague and Hathaway.

undergrowth is intermingled with the brilliant sparkle of the mountain brook, the whole overshadowed by the giant forest trees, the branches of which meet each other far above. Such a scene puts one hand in hand with nature and forms a paradise for the woods lover.

The widening of the narrow valley into a gorge, or the farther enlargement into an amphitheatre, gives one a more or less distant view of the mountains themselves. In the latter case the mountains are close enough to display to the observer the details of their rugged and often savage nature, and their varying moods in sunlight and shadow appeal to him in their full power; thus their effect is stimulating and stirring. In the former case distance softens details, and one sees but the smooth undulating outlines which are so restful to both eye and mind: one never tires of it. In either case the coloring due to

light and shade is truly wonderful, the greens especially showing the most marked contrasts, ranging from a deep black to a light shade of almost neutral tint.

The third phase is the view from the mountain top, where billow after billow of forest-clad earth rises in dimmer succession until they fade away on the horizon. The details of the adjacent valleys are plainly visible; but beyond the nearest mountains one sees nothing except the succession of blue ridges, with here and there a peak higher than its neighbors. Such a view is worth climbing the mountain for; but one soon tires of its indistinct details.

One cannot obtain, however, a true idea of the near beauties of these mountains from the beaten paths, because along them much of the vegetation has been removed or at least disturbed; and the crowning beauty of this region is the magnificence of



Photograph by Sprague and Hathaway.

THE RAILROAD FOLLOWS THE NARROW VALLEYS.



THE BEAUTIFUL VALLEY OF THE VALLEY RIVER.

its vegetable life. The primeval forest still exists here in all its grandeur, and the floral growth has almost the exuberance of the tropics; but the lumberman and the bark stripper are already hard at work, and in a very few years this beautiful region will become a waste, unless government intervention prevents it.

The luxuriant vegetation of this region is due mainly to the copious rainfall. The vegetation characteristics most noticeable to the casual observer are the thickets of laurel and rhododendron which border the water courses; the fern patches of the more open wooded slopes, sometimes many acres in extent; and the forest trees, particularly the thicket-like growth on the slopes and within the coves having a northern or a western exposure.

It is indeed a rare exception where a creek or "branch" of sufficient size to have its own ravine does not have its sloping banks covered with a growth of laurel and rhododendron to a distance of some rods at least from the water bed. These bushes intertwine and form a network, often so closely woven as to be impassable, unless a pathway is cut through them; the branches from either bank meeting over the water, unless the creek is exceptionally broad. The crowning floral display of this moun-

tain region occurs in the early summer, when the laurel and rhododendron successively bloom.

The ferns have a distinctive beauty of their own; and although one can enjoy their embodiment of grace at any time, yet every time he comes upon one of the numerous extensive patches he is again forced to express his appreciation of their exquisite beauty.

Probably upwards of ninety-five per cent of this whole region is forest covered; the trees being mainly oak, chestnut, hickory, pine, hemlock, poplar, tulip, ash, beech, maple, linden and red birch, with a sprinkling of a dozen other varieties of hard wood trees.

And what contrasts there are of forest riches within very short distances! The southern slopes almost invariably have a thin soil, which produces but a straggling or even scrubby timber growth, which, however, when of chestnut-oak becomes valuable for tanning purposes. The northern slopes, on the contrary, frequently have a soil as black as that found in the best river bottom lands of our celebrated corn belt. The trees grow tall and straight and close together; and far down in the deep north coves the mountain forest reaches its greatest luxuriance. Here



VIEW FROM WHITESIDE MOUNTAIN.

Photograph by Lindsey.

are to be found the giant poplars, some specimens of which are 150 feet high, and the mighty hemlocks. In fact, these deep, cool, dark north ravines are the "pockets" of timber wealth in this region. Since the tops of the mountains are sharp ridges, the change from one slope to the other is very abrupt.

In point of climate the southern Appalachian Mountains are most favorably situated. They are so far south that the meridian altitudes of the sun insure plenty of solar energy at all seasons of the year. But equally, if not more important is the location of this region with regard to the paths of the cyclonic disturbances which proceed in rapid succession across our country and give to certain sections of it their proverbial variability of weather. The extended cyclonic areas which traverse the northern part of the United States, at intervals of three or four days, pass too far north in the summer time to exercise much control over the weather conditions of this region; but in the winter these storm areas reach lower latitudes and carry with them the fierce storms which sometimes rage in these mountains. The cold

snows are occasionally severe, with a temperature below zero, but they are brief, and extended cold weather is unknown. The cyclones which originate in the Gulf and in the West Indies usually pass too far to the east to create much of an atmospheric disturbance in this region, but occasionally one of these storm centres sweeps across the interior of the Southern States, and then occur extended mountain storms of great severity, the high winds uprooting trees and the accompanying copious rainfall causing disastrous floods. Almost all summer storms are of local character, and are thus of short duration; some of them are of almost torrid intensity, and are accompanied by the so-called cloud bursts, their visitation being attested by the presence of extensive windfalls of trees.

In the summer time very marked contrasts of temperature are occasioned by the presence or absence of dense shade. The sun shines down with fiery intensity, and the heat sometimes experienced in the cleared valley is torrid, reaching even 100 degrees F. in the shade. Travel up and down the valley road under such conditions is about

as uncomfortable as in the hot lowlands of the South. But turn aside from the main road into the shaded paths that lead up one of the creek ravines and the air suddenly becomes so cool as to make it almost dangerous to suspend activity and enjoy the change in repose. The forest covering and undergrowth in these narrow ravines and their coves are so dense that the almost stagnant air never acquires an uncomfortable temperature, no matter how hot the air may become in the broader valley a few hundred yards away. A change equal to that thus occurring within a short distance can ordinarily be obtained only by an ascent of some thousands of feet on the mountain side. At night the air in the broader valley cools very rapidly by radiation, and thus the contrasts between the day and night temperatures are very great, almost uncomfortably so. In the

heavily shaded sections the air near the ground does not radiate its heat so rapidly, and so the night temperatures do not become so low, and the valley contrasts in temperature are avoided. Thus it is that the narrow wooded valleys and their coves, in which the shade temperatures seldom exceed 80 degrees, become the most desirable low altitude places foreclosing the intense heat of the summer. But destroy the vegetation and this unique advantage disappears. In winter, of course, the conditions are reversed and the broader valley, where thick ice seldom forms, becomes the desirable place of residence.

The rainfall of this section is somewhat remarkable, its annual amount probably being exceeded in only two sections of the United States—on the coasts of Florida and Washington. Moreover, this precipitation is very well distributed throughout the year;



Photograph by Sprague and Hathaway.

MOUNTAIN STREAM AND PRIMEVAL FOREST.

in the summer it accompanies the local storms. The result is, that this region is the best watered of any section of the country, and probably nowhere else are streams so nearly never failing. The streams preserve a remarkable uniformity of water flow, the only exception being, that they rise very rapidly after a rain (or rather with the rainfall) and fall again within a few hours after it ceases to rain.

There are in the region but few good carriage roads, but one can enjoy to one's heart's content that most delightful of pastimes, horseback riding. There are safe bridle paths in every direction, consisting sometimes of old Indian trails, sometimes of cattle trails, or again of well-beaten paths between settlements; such a luxury as a cartway where two persons can ride abreast is a rarity outside of certain beaten tracks.

There are two things that one quickly learns in riding across these mountains, to keep to the ridges and not to attempt short cuts across the creek ravines. The ridges have usually a gradual slope and an open woods, while the creek beds are very rough, with cliffy banks and horse-proof laurel thickets.

The climate, beauty, healthfulness and accessibility of this region make it the natural summer resort for the people of the South; and if the existing beauties can be protected, it is destined to become as popular with the southern people as the White



SOME RESIDENTS OF THE MOUNTAINS; AND GROUP OF CHEROKEE INDIAN WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

Mountains are with those of the North. The mountain streams are still peopled with brook trout, and deer and bear are still to be found on the mountain sides; but some system of conservation is necessary to preserve them.

The greater portion of this whole section is at present owned by comparatively few individuals, mostly non-residents, who are holding the lands for the purpose of speculating in their timber and mineral wealth, and the region can thus be diverted to park purposes without causing undue hardship to the local population. Moreover, the lands can now be obtained for but a fraction of the prices which they will command when the present rapid development places them within easy reach of markets.

There is another side to this interesting region which has not yet been mentioned, viz., its inhabitants, who

have been so aptly termed our contemporary ancestors. We have been made acquainted with the southern mountaineers through the older writings of Charles Egbert Craddock (Miss Murfree) and the more recent contributions to literature by her followers, notably John Fox. So much of Miss Murfree's character sketching applies to this proposed park region that one cannot do better than to refer the interested reader to her writings for the details, and I shall merely point out some of the features brought out by her. It must be borne

tains." In fact, with the single exception of "Where the Battle was Fought," Miss Murfree's writings will probably be referred to in our literature as "Stories of the Tennessee Mountains," and the specific titles will merely serve as aids to their further differentiation. A knowledge of the local geography of the region is a necessary aid to the proper appreciation of the settings of the various stories. We must keep in mind, however, that Miss Murfree has as much idealized the ordinary life of the mountaineer as the author of a so-



A MOUNTAIN CATTLE RANCH.

in mind, however, that the mountaineers of Eastern Tennessee and Western North Carolina (*i. e.*, Miss Murfree's people) are very different from those of Eastern Kentucky and Western West Virginia (John Fox's people).

Miss Murfree has been singularly happy in her selection of titles for her stories; she has not only made them attractive in themselves, but has given in them suggestions of the true local atmosphere. At the outset she gave the keynote to the whole series in the title, "In the Tennessee Moun-

tain" novel idealizes the actual humdrum existence from which he draws his material.

In her earlier works, Miss Murfree has allowed us to view her mountains from the distance and from the neighboring valleys, and has permitted us to climb up their foothills and look out over the Tennessee lowlands stretched at their feet. At first she has not even introduced us to the backbone of the Appalachian system, the Great Smoky Mountains, but has held us to the far tamer Cumberland Mountains. Gradually, however, she



Photograph by Sprague and Hathaway.

A MOUNTAIN SETTLEMENT.

takes us closer and closer to the Great Smokies; she allows us to climb their lateral spurs, between which lie the "coves," to penetrate the coves themselves, to enter the deep notches through which the rivers break through this mountain chain, to climb the mountain sides, and even make ascents to the crest: but it is only by occasional allusion that she makes known to us that vast wilderness which lies to the eastward of those crests, the region which now has our attention. She gives us no view of it, and yet a stretch of nearly a hundred miles intervenes between the "Smokies" and the "Land of the Sky." Thus it is by degrees that the author has arrived at her perfect mountain atmosphere, and the condition of complete saturation is not arrived at previous to "In the Clouds." In this book Miss Murfree literally reaches the highest pinnacle of her mountain description. In carrying us up thither she has chosen for her topic the only native theme which, besides hunting, is applicable to that region; that is, cattle herding. Here she has given perhaps the first printed description of what may be termed mountain ranching, and which is found to be very different from the

cattle ranching of the plains. She has shown herself so thoroughly familiar with the details of the life of the mountain cowboy that it seems a pity that the progress of her story has not allowed her to dwell longer on it. In fact, if she were to write a book on "The Cattle-herders of the Great Smoky Mountains," she would be obliged to keep at the highest level that descriptive power which she has so wonderfully applied to lower altitudes.

The whole atmosphere of "In the Clouds," even aside from the elevated cattle range, is farther up in the mountains than the previous books,—one criterion for which is, that the region of apple-jack has given way to that of brush whiskey. In speaking of the "still," however, while no fault can be found with Miss Murfree's method of tapping it, yet she is very far out of the way in supposing that the men who got the product did not know whence it came.

If Miss Murfree's most perfect mountain atmosphere is that given in "In the Clouds," her best example of character drawing among the mountain people is that given in "The Despot of Broomsedge Cove." How finely she has pitched the keynote of the opening chapter in introducing the strongest and most forcible individual among her mountain people! We are made to feel with Teck Jepson the sentiments of the Old Testament expressed in the local surroundings, and to realize the necessity for their outward expression by a nature so powerfully dramatic as his. Such mountain men are rare; but they do exist.

There is one perplexity which pervades Miss Murfree's sketches and which requires mention. She very properly makes a marked distinction between the mountain and valley folks; but she does not always keep them in their right places. There is a tendency towards a shifting of the scenes from those middle high lands, the Cumberland Mountains, to the great highlands, the Smoky Mountains, without a corresponding change in the characteristics of the people. For instance, she has correctly portrayed the feeling of awe that the true

part of the civilized world do these questions come into more prominence than among these mountains. Nowhere are men more willing to risk all for the sake of revenge or for the meting out of what they individually consider justice. In no other region, in such close proximity to all of the refinements of advanced civilization, are the characteristics of frontier life, hardiness, fearlessness, alertness and the dependence on one's own self for protection, even to the preservation of life, more strongly developed than there.



Photograph by Lindsey.

AN ISOLATED MOUNTAIN FARM.

valley people have for the mountain heights; but this feeling decreases with the nearer approach to the great mountains. The author herself evidently so deeply feels this awe that she cannot drop it when she enters the realm of the true mountaineer.

Miss Murfree is so fully endowed with the dramatic sense that she has seized upon the chief opportunities which her subjects and their surroundings afford to present powerful scenes to her readers. Such dramatic effects can only be secured where questions of life and death are to be dealt with, and probably in no

The inhabitants of this region lead such an extremely narrow existence that a portraiture of their ordinary lives would naturally consist of the relation of homely minutiae, which would speedily grow tiresome unless relieved by the contrasts furnished by nature or invention. In order to accomplish this the author uses several distinct aids.

First, she has made use of the grandeur and more subtle charm of the mountain scenery. Here she has been compelled either to address the reader directly, or to speak to him aside; for the beauties of the moun-

tains could not, except in rare cases, as for instance, in that of Jepson, speak through their influence on the mountaineers, because most of the latter have become, through familiarity, utterly impervious to impressions of this kind. It is the note of the mountains which she almost invariably sounds in giving the call to "attention" at the beginning of her stories; and it is the mountains in their various moods which she has presented with such poetic variations in her subsequent descriptions.

Secondly, the author appeals to immediate surrounding nature, both animate and inanimate. She almost always keeps the out-of-door atmosphere, however, and makes the same use of the buzzing of the bee, the chee-e-e-e of the locust, and the hooting of the owl, that Miss Wilkins makes of the purring of the cat, the singing of the teakettle and the squeak of the hearth cricket; and we are seldom out of hearing of the music of the mountain brook.

As regards the location of the settlements, Miss Murfree has kept too closely to single instances which have impressed themselves strongly on her mind. Her typical location for the settlement is beside a swift moving mountain stream, with the fields themselves perched on the steep mountain side, which extends up, almost interminably to the summit in cloud altitudes; while on the other, the lower side, the descent is sheer. This cliff is the *bête noire* of the inhabitants, and they handily use its dangers as a threat; among them the expression, "I'll throw you over the cliff," appears to be as frequent



OFF FOR A DAY'S SHOOTING.

as "I'll throw you into the canal" would be to the dwellers along the Erie Canal. The country road meanders past this hamlet in the best way that it can.

Such a condition is usually to be met with on the side of the mountains which is turned towards either the level country or a very broad valley. Thus, Miss Murfree's description is accurate if we bear constantly in mind that she is referring to the bold western front of the mountains and not to the conditions obtaining in this region to the eastward. In the latter case the settlements are almost invariably found either in the almost shut in valleys which have the steep acclivities, but no immediate cliff-like declivities, or else they are in the small coves which render permanent habitation there possible in some of the roughest sections. The descriptions of cove life apply to the whole region; and the cove being a *cul-de-sac*, it affords that relative seclusion which one obtains in a "place" or little used street in the city. Cove life is therefore the side street or suburban life of the mountains.

Thirdly, Miss Murfree makes use of the native wit. The mother wit, literally speaking, of the mountaineers is the most direct and caustic imaginable, and has the flavor of Irish wit doubly distilled in a moun-

tain still; but, like the output of the latter, it is an extremely shy product and can only be obtained on intimate acquaintance. This woman's wit Miss Murfree has at first too frequently put into the mouths of the men, where it does not naturally belong. The wit of the men is neither so keen nor so pat as that of the women.

Among such a sober-minded people wit is mainly sarcasm, and is never in the abstract, but always at some one's expense; and, as Miss Murfree has shown, the enjoyment consists in seeing the subject suffer, between the extremes of "being taken down a peg" and the remorse which follows the repentance of some irremediable act.

Among the mountain people there are no social distinctions which depend on their vocations, and they do not recognize such distinctions among others. Natural ability counts more

with them than acquirements, and they consider the mechanic the equal of the professional man of like strength of personal character. Nevertheless, very great differences exist among the people themselves. We are too prone to imagine that since lack of means enforces a common style of living among them, they are all on the same plane intellectually and morally. There is an aristocracy of the mountaineers just as of people elsewhere. This is well expressed by the remark of an aged and wise mountain woman, who once said: "There's scrubs amongst our people as well as amongst our cattle, and any person that's looking for scrubs

can easy find 'em, but the person that thinks we're all scrubs is mistaken." This woman was herself a refutation of the charge, "all scrubs," for she would have been a leader among whatever degree of people her lot might have been cast.

From Miss Murfree's writings one would gain the impression that dialect talk is the only speech among the mountaineers of all degrees. This idea is not correct. One may indeed meet with all the peculiarities which the author has put into the mouths of her characters, but not so universally as she has represented. "You 'uns" is very infrequently heard, and even the distinctive "thar" is not used by some families. The speech of the better class of mountaineers contains far fewer noticeable peculiarities than that of the uneducated people of the southern lowlands. This may be attributed to the absence of the black population in the mountains, as well as to the deliberate and formal manner of speech among the mountaineers.

It is not safe to say that Miss Murfree has drawn better pictures of her men than of her women. We see the characteristics of the men boldly displayed in the court room, at the crossroads store, in the tavern, on the mountain top, or by the fireside; but to understand the women requires a long residence among them and on a familiar footing.

In reply to the question put to the young girl by the stranger visitor, "Do you always stay at home? Do you never go anywhere?" there comes the simple reply, "No, I hev no call



THE SPORTSMEN'S LODGE.



INTERIOR OF THE SPORTSMEN'S LODGE.

to go nowhar ez I knows on." This expresses briefly but succinctly the condition of some of the women of the region. Some of them have never been farther from home than the crossroads, and many have never visited the county seat, which in some cases consists of a group of not over a dozen houses.

The attitude of the men towards the women, rather than the real ignorance of the women, is shown in the following criticism by one of Miss Murfree's men in the "Despot of Broomsedge Cove": "I never hearn afore of a gal takin' the 'lection ter heart same ez men folks. Ginerally gals dunno what thar kin folks air runnin' fur, an' pays mo' 'tention ef the henhouse war blowed over in a high wind, or a mink hed throttled the fowels, 'n ef thar dad air 'lected or beat. Wimmen ginerally dunno ef jedge air higher'n sher'ff, or sher'ff'n constable. I never hearn tell o' sech a gal ez this hyar Marcella Strobe."

Miss Murfree's young women are too invariably beautiful and too much of heroines. Men of fine presence and girls possessed of a delicate beau-

ty and almost deer-like shy gracefulness are certainly to be found among the mountaineers, but they are not common enough to appear in every scene of the drama of life.

Miss Murfree has made constant use of the supernatural and superstition in her writings: and of the effectiveness of this element in her hands from a dramatic and artistic standpoint there can be no question; but she is not warranted in giving this feature such a prominent place among the characteristics of the people whom she is describing. These mountaineers are by no means as superstitious as the people of the southern lowlands, who have been brought up surrounded by a negro population; and I suspect that Miss Murfree's own early surroundings are responsible for this error on her part. Among these southern Appalachian Mountains the number of blacks and superstition, like the temperature, decrease with increase of altitude. A common example of this difference is the fact that while the mountaineer thinks nothing of starting off for a week's lonesome herding of his cattle with but a sack of meal on his back,

it is almost impossible in some parts of the southern lowlands to hire a man, whether white or black, to stand guard alone during the night over a flock of sheep in a neighboring pasture.

It has been so frequently represented that the mountaineers have a low standard of morality, that Miss Murfree's silence on this point may be misinterpreted by her readers. The fact is, as a rule, they are most sensitive in regard to improprieties in the relations of the sexes.

The attitude of the mountaineers towards the law, and of the law officers against offenders, can best be illustrated by a quotation or two from Miss Murfree's writings.

"I reckon you know you ain't got no right to carry concealed weapons," said the sheriff.

"Ain't got no right ter w'ar a shootin' iron!" exclaimed Tubal Sims, his eyes starting out of his head.

"Agin the law," said the deputy airily. "Agin the law," echoed Tubal Sims, his back against the wall and his eyes turning first to one, then to the other, of his companions. "Lord! Lord! I never knowned afore how far the flat woods war ahint the mountings. How air ye goin' ter pertec' yerself agin yer neighbor 'thout no shootin'-iron?" he added cogently.

"By the law," said both officers in unison.

"Thar ain't no law in the mountings, thank Gawd," cried Tubal Sims.

"There is plenty here," declared the sheriff, "and a plenty of it to go round."

"Thank Gawd!" echoed the pious deputy."

Old Groundhog Cayce expresses his views as regards the law as follows: "The Bible 'lows ez every man air a law unto hisself, an' I hev f'nd I gits peace mos'ly in abidin' by the law ez kems from within."

The efficiency of trial by jury among these mountaineers may be judged by the fact that in some counties where homicide is not infrequent there has never been a conviction which has led to an expiation of the deed on the gallows at the hands of an officer of the law. Mountain logic sees in this failure of justice the

justification of lynch law. The terrors of so-called mountain justice are not overdrawn by Miss Murfree, and she has correctly given in the clearest manner possible the attitude of the various classes of people towards this unpleasant and lowering phase of mountain life. It seems impossible for such a free feeling people to see any justice in a law which permits a certain practice in one place or by one set of men and punishes severely any infractions of the law regulating this practice.

Thus far we have considered the mountaineers themselves. Let us see in what manner Miss Murfree has dealt with the stranger who has entered these mountain fastnesses. We have a first glimpse of him as he appears in "The Star in the Valley," in the character of the careless sportsman who merely observed the mountains from the holiday point of view, and departed as light hearted as he had entered them. The mountain scenery had seemed to him a veritable fairyland, and the humble ways of the inhabitants had in such surroundings a pleasing quaintness. In contrast to this, Miss Murfree shows in "The Romance of Sunrise Rock" the feelings of the educated stranger permanently established in this region. Here we find two young professional men, who, under the pressure of poverty, had retreated from the unappreciative world to the mountain wilderness; and this is perhaps the first literary reference to the migration of such men southward instead of taking up cowboy life in the West. We find them comfortably housed and well fed, to be sure, but overcome by the immensity of the wilderness and suffering from intellectual hunger. The homely life of the mountaineer had for them assumed the shape of barren poverty under surroundings of terrible isolation. How gladly would one of them have exchanged the heaping abundance of riches offered by nature for a crust in a garret, whence he could at least now and

then issue forth and mingle with the world!

In "His Vanished Star," Miss Murfree introduces within the mountains a type of stranger which during the last fifteen years the mountaineer has learned to know quite well. It is the stranger in quest of his heritage. Some time previous to the Civil War, while there was still no railroad throughout the whole mountain region extending from east Central Tennessee to the Blue Ridge, and the French Broad and Asheville were unheard of, a considerable number of northern capitalists were induced to purchase titles to vast tracts of land in this unknown region. The inducements were that one could become, in name at least, a great landed proprietor, by the expenditure of an exceedingly small amount of cash. It was a species of gambling in most cases, and the purchaser knew little and cared less about the exact location or general nature of the land to which he had acquired a title. Some few men made these purchases in all seriousness, and made journeys afoot and on horseback, of hundreds of miles, to view their purchases, and formed great plans for their development. But the Civil War came on and interrupted all such projects, and caused the title papers to be left untouched in the most remote pigeon-hole of the secretary. Thus these titles passed down into the hands of the present generation, and more than one young fellow has exclaimed: "Well, I am going down there to see if any such land really exists, and find out if we have any claim to it whatever."

It was in some such manner that Kenneth Kenniston had come into possession of certain mountain lands, and in association with two speculators, he had decided on making it a pleasure and health resort by constructing a hotel on one of the desirable sites. With little or no knowledge of these mountain people and their ways, he entered upon his pre-

liminary work with the methods which characterize the man of affairs in the city. His experience with the possessor of an "occupied tract" which interfered with his plans for landscape attractions, the difficulties of mountain surveying, and the arousing of an antagonistic spirit among the natives in general, are given in truthful detail. But does this stranger finally conquer this wilderness and make it render up to him that financial recompense which he feels is his just due? The answer is most emphatically, no!

The most complete portrayal of the "stranger in the mountains" is given in "The Juggler." The impression that his magic makes on the mountaineers is, like most of Miss Murfree's "supernatural effects," very much overdrawn. It is when the author describes the unquenchable longings of the Juggler for glimpses of civilization, and his twenty-mile walks for the purpose of respiring just a little of the atmosphere which the hotel guests have brought with them that the full strength of her intuitions is shown.

Miss Murfree has chosen the subtle sides of mountain life for her delineations. Her themes are such as give opportunity for analysis of emotions and actions, rather than giving the exhilaration which arises from the out-of-door sports which one would associate with this wild mountain region. That phase of mountain life which, aside from mountain scenery, usually attracts one from the outside world to such a region and which occupies much of the time of the mountain men, viz., sport for sport's sake, receives but the merest mention by Miss Murfree. We do not wade with her people the clear mountain streams day after day in the keen enjoyment of that most peaceful and yet satisfying of mountain sports.—trout fishing,—returning each night to the shelter and good cheer of the log cabin, with a string of fish too marvellous in number to be received

with credulity by the fishermen of fished out regions, the streams too, having been stocked by the lavish hand of nature and not by the United States Fish Commission.

Or, in the still more exciting sport of deer driving, we do not follow the hounds or take up our position in some well-known deer stand, to give test to our endurance or nerve and quickness, and after a successful hunt, men and dogs camp on the spot and alternately eat venison and sleep, till nothing but hide and hair remain of the slaughtered deer. Nor do we

laboriously traverse the labyrinth of ivy and laurel, trying to intercept a bear in his maraudings or track him to his lair. Nor are we taken on a panther hunt, the most dangerous, as well as now the rarest, of the mountain sports.

The omission of these healthy and cheerful sides of mountain life leaves a gap in Miss Murfree's work which mars its complete faithfulness. Their inclusion would have greatly lightened the impressively sombre and dramatic coloring which she has seen fit to give to this life.



## IN THE WINTER OF LOVE.

*By Charles Hanson Towne.*

A H, yes! Love hath its June—ah, yes!  
But, Oh, dear one, there come its winter days;  
And you and I must one day feel the winds  
That sweep across the lonely moorland ways;  
And you and I must hear the plaintive song  
That gives the heart a pang of sad regret.  
But, Oh, sweetheart, the roses bloom for us  
Now in our youth; it is not winter yet;  
It is not winter yet!

Ah, Love hath had its summer days, dear heart,  
Its music and its rhapsody of peace;  
The days we hoped to keep forever, love,  
Have fled from us and found a swift release.  
And you are gone! December's lingering snow  
Has touched my heart and kissed each leafless bough.  
Since you are gone, Oh, Love, how well I know  
That June is dead, and it is winter now;  
And it is winter now!

## THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN OF 1884 IN MR. BLAINE'S HOME CITY.

*By Edward G. Mason.*

WHEN I entered the Dirigo Business College at Augusta, Maine, in January, 1884, registering as a student hailing from a country town some thirty miles distant, the coming National Republican Convention, to be held in Chicago five months later, was already a popular topic of conversation among the citizens of the Maine capital. Mr. Blaine's failure to secure the Republican nomination for the presidency at Cincinnati in 1876, and again at Chicago in 1880, had been a bitter disappointment to the great majority of his fellow townsmen. That his faithful and astute lieutenant, Joseph H. Manley (popularly known as "Joe" Manley), had determined that the third attempt to make his chief the standard-bearer of his party should not fail was well known in the city, and at least three-fourths of the population, of all ages, parties and classes, sincerely hoped that success might at last perch upon the banner of Maine's favorite son.

The struggle for supremacy at Chicago began several days in advance of the official date of the convention. As early as Saturday, May 31 (the convention met Wednesday, June 4), the supporters of at least two of the leading candidates for the presidential nomination had opened headquarters at prominent hotels. Frequent telegrams from Chicago were received in Augusta, and their contents, especially when encouraging, were soon known all over the city. The *Kennebec Journal*, a daily paper of which Mr. Blaine himself had at one time been the editor, published every morning lengthy and excellent reports from the scene of the great struggle, and the afternoon

papers from Boston, Lewiston, Portland and Bangor, which arrived early in the evening, found an unusually ready sale.

In general the preliminary reports were favorable to Mr. Blaine's success, but evidences were not lacking that, although he was certain to lead his competitors on the first and second ballots, the final outcome was by no means assured. While professing absolute confidence, there were indications that the managers of the Blaine boom were not a little fearful that their well laid plans might miscarry at the last moment. The bitter lessons of 1876 and 1880 were not forgotten; his friends knew only too well that the virulent hatred and untiring opposition of the influential enemies who had already twice prevented Mr. Blaine from attaining his greatest ambition would tell against him in the impending struggle. Disquieting reports of coalitions among his opponents were frequently heard and caused a great deal of anxiety. Wednesday and Thursday passed without a ballot, and the excitement and suspense had become so intense that everybody gave a sigh of relief when the news came over the wires Friday morning that the names of the candidates would be presented that forenoon, and that the nomination would surely take place some time during the day, unless an unforeseen and serious deadlock should occur, like that of four years previous, when Garfield came in as a dark horse.

As fast as they were received, telegraphic bulletins were displayed in the windows of the post office, nearly opposite the building in which the Business College occupied the second floor. The school was not large at

that season of the year, and what students there were left, together with the teachers, gave up all idea of work and crowded into the windows overlooking the street. By noon a very considerable crowd had collected about the bulletin board, and an hour later a large section of the street below us was filled with a dense mass of interested, anxious people. The announcement that Mr. Blaine led his strongest competitor by sixty votes on the first ballot was loudly cheered, as was also the report of a net gain of fifteen votes on the second ballot. Meanwhile the excitement and impatience increased, and it was decided to read the telegrams immediately on their receipt from a chair placed near the door of the office. Every announcement of a change of votes in Mr. Blaine's favor was heartily applauded, and the report of the final result of the third ballot, showing a net accession to his ranks of twenty-five, aroused a great deal of enthusiasm.

The fourth ballot had not been long under way when it became apparent to everybody that the ranks of Mr. Blaine's opponents were broken and there was no longer any possibility that his nomination could be prevented. The appearance of men at work swinging a flag-rope between the post office and a building on the opposite side of the street indicated that Mr. Manley (who was then postmaster) considered the result assured.

The scene which followed the reading of the dispatch, "Mr. Blaine is nominated," was not one to be readily forgotten. The crowd went mad. Men shouted and yelled and threw their hats into the air in an uncontrollable ecstasy of joy. They shook hands with one another and pounded one another on the back and head with entire disregard of physical consequences. One particularly demonstrative young man threw away his hat and coat and proceeded to fling about every person whom he met. The news was received at about 4.30

P. M., and in less than five minutes a mammoth flag, bearing the inscription, "OUR NEXT PRESIDENT, JAMES G. BLAINE," was floating over the street. We students had promised to attend to our recitations as soon as the result was announced; but under the circumstances such a thing was not to be thought of. Without waiting for permission, we rushed down into the street, the professors, no less excited than ourselves, following close behind us.

Meanwhile, as though by magic, all of Water Street below the Kennebec River bridge had filled with people in carriages and on foot, while the doors and windows of the business houses were crowded with spectators of the unusual scene, many of them ladies. Bells, factory whistles, tin horns and human voices were reinforced by a small cannon, pressed into service for the occasion. Over all the ear-piercing din roared the deep bass of the Allen Publishing House steam siren, showing that for the time being, at least, Mr. Allen, the wealthy publisher and a prominent Democrat, joined in the general rejoicing.

Of the two or three hours that followed I recall little save impressions of being swept along in a dense moving mass of humanity, and of shouting myself hoarse. Some time during the afternoon it had been reported in the Grammar School that Mr. Blaine was sure of the nomination, and the scholars had risen in their seats and given three cheers. Not long after the arrival of the final news, they, with hundreds of other youths from all the schools in the city, were rushing along the streets, the boys blowing tin horns and in every other conceivable way contributing as much as possible to the general pandemonium.

It was soon rumored that a celebration was being arranged for the evening, in which delegations from all sections of the state would take part,

and the crowds which began to appear on the late afternoon trains tended to confirm the report. It was not until past ten o'clock that the special trains from Bangor and Portland, the last to arrive that night, bringing visitors from every important city in Maine, rolled into the station. Some hours earlier the citizens of Augusta had paid their respects to Mr. Blaine and been favored with a brief speech from him in response; but most of them joined also in the second demonstration. A mammoth procession was formed, including the visiting enthusiasts and a half-score or more of bands, and marched directly to the home of the newly chosen candidate.

Up to that time the day had been a beautiful one, but indications that a thunderstorm was pending soon appeared. When the new standard-bearer was called to his porch the second time to respond to the plaudits of a great crowd of enthusiastic admirers, the sky was black and threatening and vivid flashes of lightning were darting hither and thither through the clouds. But the rain, which soon began to fall in torrents, in nowise daunted the spirits of the devotees of the Plumed Knight. They insisted that he must make a speech,—and not too brief a one at that.

I recall that scene very vividly: the commanding figure and strong face of Maine's best loved son, the brilliantly lighted rooms filled with members and friends of the Blaine family, the mass of excited, cheering men and boys whose upturned faces were now and then lighted up by a lightning flash, and the downpour of rain through the overspreading boughs of the trees on the Blaine lawn. I remember, too, the singing by a quartet from Bangor of an improvised song, whose limping rhyme did not prevent it from being loudly applauded by the crowd. Its repetition was demanded, and Mrs. Blaine requested as a special favor

that it be sung the third time. I also remember the laughter and applause which greeted a remark from somewhere back in the darkness, in response to a reference Mr. Blaine had made to the inclement weather: "We've been waiting for this shower for eight years."

A few days later, a party of Pacific Coast delegates, fresh from the Chicago Convention, arrived in Augusta to pay their respects to the man whom they had so faithfully supported. Their special train, the locomotive and cars profusely decorated with bunting and a fine picture of Blaine serving as a headlight, bowled into the station late in the afternoon of Monday, June 9. All through the day regular and special trains had been pouring crowds of visitors into the city, and the station and all the avenues leading thereto were densely packed with human beings. Several bands were present, among them the famous Chandler's Band of Portland, the National Soldiers' Home Band of Togus and Pullen's Band of Augusta. There were speeches at the depot, two of which were especially well received; one of them by the venerable and beloved ex-Vice-President Hannibal Hamlin, and the other by Judge Knight of California, a fine appearing man and brilliant orator. In introducing Mr. Hamlin some one called attention to the interesting coincidence that in 1860 as in 1884 Maine and Illinois had furnished the Republican candidates, though in reverse order. The speech-making was renewed at the Blaine residence an hour or so later, and again in the evening, when the visitors were serenaded at their hotel, the Augusta House.

Mr. Blaine's colleague, General John A. Logan, arrived in Augusta, Monday, June 24, accompanied by Senator Hale of Maine. For some reason his visit had not been widely announced, and the crowd that collected at the station to greet him was not a large one. I had heard the

rumor of his coming earlier in the day, and with several boy companions was on hand to meet him when he appeared. Walker Blaine, the oldest son, was in waiting with the family barouche and met the visiting statesman when he stepped from the train. On his way to the carriage General Logan was intercepted by an old soldier, considerably the worse for liquor, who grasped his hand and insisted on shaking it vigorously, meanwhile assuring "Jack" of his delight at seeing him again. It was said that the veteran had at one time been in Logan's military command. Although evidently embarrassed by the episode, the general remained perfectly good natured throughout the ordeal. In the evening the usual serenade was tendered the distinguished visitor, and both the candidates spoke briefly. The popular nicknames for General Logan—"Black Jack" and "The Black Eagle of Illinois"—were very appropriate. Having myself seen and marvelled at the inky blackness of his hair and eyes, I was prepared to appreciate an anecdote that was told me several years afterwards. At a National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic some years ago, Mrs. Logan was one of the hostesses at an evening reception to the old soldiers. Each veteran, as he was introduced, received a pleasant greeting. But among them was a man from Ellsworth, Maine, of very swarthy complexion, whom Mrs. Logan singled out from the company for a specially friendly hand-shake, remarking as he did so, "Why, you are almost as black as my Jack."

Strangely enough, although I was one of the small crowd that gathered in the street to witness the official notification of Mr. Blaine of his nomination, my recollections of that ceremony, which took place on the Blaine lawn, Saturday, June 23, are very dim. Perhaps the reason is that my mind was more occupied with anticipation of seeing the afternoon performance in the big tent of the circus

which exhibited in town that day than it was with the graver affairs of national politics.

The great opening rally of the Republican campaign in Maine was held on the shores of Lake Marancook, a beautiful sheet of water ten or fifteen miles distant from Augusta, Wednesday, August 12. It was estimated that fully fifteen thousand people were present. With the exception of Mr. Blaine, I have little recollection of the speakers. But I do remember the famous pine cone badges that were so much in evidence, and the long-haired old man, attired in a flowing white linen duster and wearing on his breast a profusion of badges, most of them bearing the names of the Republican candidates, who declared himself to be the Second Messiah.

From the day of this opening rally the campaign waxed warm and vigorous. The Democrats rallied and, though hopelessly outnumbered, made a valiant fight. Their principal organization in Augusta was a Cleveland and Hendricks Boys' Campaign Club, facetiously dubbed by the *Kennebec Journal* the Cleveland and Hendricks Infantry.

A story which appeared in a Western paper some time in August, reflecting on the character of Mr. and Mrs. Blaine, was bitterly resented in Augusta by the respectable people of both parties, and a report that the tombstone marking the grave of their first child had been so disfigured as to alter the date of birth aroused tremendous indignation. In some inexplicable manner a poem—or rather a series of doggerel verses—bearing on the alleged desecration found its way into the columns of the *Kennebec Journal*. The Blaines were seriously annoyed, and soon after the morning delivery of the papers messengers were sent out to buy them up or secure them in exchange for copies of a second edition, from which the objectionable matter had been omitted. The *New Age*, a local Dem-

ocratic weekly, promptly reprinted the verses and commented on them with great glee.

Joseph H. Manley was at this time chairman of the city School Board; and I, desirous of securing permission from him to enter the Cony High School in the fall, called at his office one day with my mother. We found the room filled with men waiting for an audience with him. Mr. Manley himself, a short man with features lighted up by a pair of brilliant eyes indicative of rare intelligence and shrewdness, was at the moment of our entrance talking with Mr. Blaine over the telephone. For some reason Mr. Blaine did not hear well, and Mr. Manley was obliged to repeat his message until he became rather exasperated. His temper was still a bit ruffled when he turned to us and somewhat brusquely asked our business.

I afterwards had experience of his graciousness and courtesy; but only a saint could have borne the heavy load of work, responsibility and anxiety that fell to Mr. Manley's lot during that strenuous political conflict without an occasional lapse into ill humor.

The September gubernatorial elections in Vermont and Maine brought joy to Republican hearts and sorrow and forebodings to the hearts of their opponents. But there was one fly in the ointment. The previous winter, the Maine Legislature had passed a law submitting to the voters of the state at the following September election a proposed amendment to the State Constitution, strictly prohibiting any and all forms of liquor traffic. The Australian ballot system had not then been adopted in Maine, and when Mr. Blaine came to the polls he was sharply watched by both the temperance people and the saloon sympathizers. It was an embarrassing position, and he probably chose the most diplomatic course possible under the circumstances in refusing to vote on the amendment

at all. He was, however, severely criticised, both sides accusing him of cowardice. The Prohibitionists made much of the incident to alienate the temperance Republicans, and in some sections equally diligent use was made of it to influence the liquor element against him.

There was a decided stir in the city a few days after the September election, caused by the appearance simultaneously in the New York *World* and the Boston *Globe* of a list of Augusta citizens who were "supposed to have sold their votes to the Republicans." So strong was the indignation aroused by the affair that the *World* correspondent wisely decided that his presence in Augusta was not desirable just at that time and soon left the city. A warrant was got out for his arrest, but I think it was never served. Not long afterward he returned and signed an affidavit, in which he declared that his published statements had been written and forwarded while he was under the influence of liquor. Nevertheless there are good reasons for the supposition that his story was based on fairly accurate information, and that it contained nearly as much fact as fiction.

Of course political feeling ran high among the high school students, and as might be expected the sentiment was overwhelmingly Republican. The day previous to the November election the boys were allowed to remain after the forenoon session and take a straw vote on presidential preferences. No sooner was the announcement made than some of the more zealous partisans began campaign work among such of their fellow students as were known to be a trifle shaky in their political convictions. It even developed that one astute youth attempted bribery,—and that, too, in the interests of St. John, the Prohibition candidate! Of perhaps fifty boys, only four voted for Cleveland, seven for St. John, and the rest for Blaine. Not to be out-

done, the girls requested a similar privilege in the afternoon. The joint ballot of the entire school showed sixty-five votes for Blaine, nineteen for Cleveland, eleven for St. John, and one for Belva Lockwood, the latter having been cast by a youthful miss of pronounced up-to-date ideas and abundant moral courage. The result of the ballot was announced in the *Kennebec Journal* the following morning, whereupon the *New Age* remarked sarcastically that the national election might as well be called off,—the Cony High School students had settled the matter.

Every effort had been put forth in September to secure as large a majority as possible for the Republican candidate for governor, in the belief that it would influence the national election in November. Ever since the rude Whig refrain of 1840,—

"Have you heard the news from Maine,—  
How she went hell-bent for Governor  
Kent,  
For Tippecanoe and Tyler too?"

resounded from one end of the country to the other, there has been a popular political saying that "As goes Maine, so goes the Union,"—a not altogether well founded superstition, which Maine people themselves cherish with considerable pride and tenacity.

The November election passed off very quietly in Augusta. All pre-election reports from other sections of the country seemed to indicate the success of Mr. Blaine, though it was evident that the Burchard incident and the unfortunate "Belshazzar's Feast" would cost him some votes. But no one supposed that a clergyman's silly alliteration and the fact that Mr. Blaine had dined with Jay Gould and a few other millionaires would alienate a sufficient number of his supporters to defeat him. It was known that the betting in large cities was favorable to him and that the Republican leaders seemed confident of victory.

I was on very good terms with Mr. Manley's stenographer, a young man some years older than myself; and early in the evening of election night I went with him to Mr. Manley's office. It was already crowded with local politicians, and we decided that it would be better to go over to Meonian Hall, where the Republicans had arranged for the reading of the election returns as fast as they were received. By half past seven o'clock the hall was jammed to the doors; but no news of any moment was received until more than an hour later. About eight o'clock a party of Democrats who had heard that New York had gone for Cleveland appeared on the streets. Naturally we were somewhat disquieted by the Democratic jubilations; but our fears were soon allayed by an announcement from the platform that the Democratic rumors were canards. A little later the reports from New York and elsewhere began to come in thick and fast, and as telegram after telegram was read, announcing large Republican gains, the excitement and enthusiasm increased rapidly.

Before eleven o'clock, a small crowd of enthusiastic partisans, led by the Blaine and Logan Drum Corps, were marching through the streets in a pouring rain. About midnight a friend who was with me in the procession suggested that we enter the Methodist Church, which was near at hand, and ring the bell. The doors were locked, but we had no trouble in forcing them open, and were soon tugging lustily at the bell-rope. To our dismay the rope broke in a few minutes, and there was nothing for us to do but to end our celebration in that quarter. I was afterwards told that the damage was not known until the sexton went to ring the bell for the mid-week prayer meeting, and that not hearing the usual summons many of the brethren failed to appear, supposing that for some reason the service was to be omitted. A sour-faced fellow student, the son

of a church trustee of Democratic affiliations, informed me later that my friend and I were to be prosecuted for our escapade; but I never heard anything further of the matter. My impression is that we should have had the hearty sympathy of a large majority of the church people.

Our next exploit was in securing entrance to the Granite Congregational Church, the religious home of both Mr. Blaine and Mr. Manley. The extensive grounds were surrounded by a high picket fence, the scaling of which I never would have dreamed of attempting under ordinary circumstances. As it was, I landed with one foot shoeless in a very considerable puddle of water, the missing shoe having securely lodged between two of the pickets. We climbed into the church through a small window from which the glass had been broken out, probably by two young men whom we found already in the belfry. My friend cut his hands severely on the pieces of glass still adhering to the sash, but insisted on having his turn at the bell-rope. The four of us kept the bell pealing for an hour, after which we returned to the hall. When I arrived home at four o'clock in the morning, there was not a dry thread in my clothing and I could hardly speak aloud.

On my way home, I overtook three men. Taking it for granted that they shared my sentiments, I remarked that I supposed they had been celebrating Blaine's election. Their replies were frank, profane and disconcerting. Evidently I was not in the company of sympathizers. Remembering the old adage, "discretion is the better part of valor," and realizing that the odds were overwhelmingly Democratic, at the first opportunity that presented itself I discreetly slipped away into the darkness of a side street.

By morning there were ominous indications that the celebration of the previous night was premature. Then

followed weary, anxious days of suspense, filled with an exasperating succession of conflicting reports, in consequence of which the emotions of Republicans and Democrats alike were kept vibrating between joy and gloom. The *Kennebec Journal* kept an enormous eagle at the head of its columns for a week or more, claiming a large majority for Blaine and Logan in the Electoral College. But it became more and more evident as time wore on that Republican hopes were growing dim and that Democratic assurance was increasing proportionately. Nevertheless the National Republican Committee still claimed the victory, and every evening for perhaps ten days after the election there were rival celebrations on the streets of Augusta. The feeling ran high and it was feared there might be quarrels and possibly bloodshed. One night as the rival processions passed each other, with a squad of policemen acting as a buffer between them, a marcher in the Democratic ranks asserted that he had been hit by a missile thrown by some one in the Republican parade. The wound did not prove serious, however, and some days later the *Kennebec Journal* declared (whether truthfully or not I never knew) that it had been inflicted by a pea shot from a pea-shooter in the hands of a small boy on the sidewalk.

I was in Mr. Manley's office the night of the last Republican "celebration." He did not approve of allowing the farce (for such it had become) to continue, and when a local Republican politician came in to collect money to buy fireworks for the crowd he exclaimed ill humoredly, "What's the use of letting them make fools of themselves any longer!" "Let them have their fun while they can," was the grim reply. The paraders got their fireworks, but those were the last.

Still we hoped against hope. The vote in New York was so close that there was a possibility an official re-

count might change the reported result, and the *Journal* refused to concede the election until that had been completed. At noon on the Saturday following election day, in accordance with the instructions of their National Committee, the Democrats celebrated their victory by ringing bells and firing cannons. But it was not until Monday, November 17, a fortnight lacking one day after the election, that the *Journal* finally acknowledged defeat. Of course it had been known for quite a time that Mr. Blaine's chances of getting in on a recount were practically hopeless; but I well remember how my heart sank when I read the fateful sentence at the head of the *Journal's* editorial columns: "Settled—Cleveland will be the next President." It sounded like a death knell; and there have been few hours in my life when my grief has been more profound or bitter than it was at that moment. Most of Mr. Blaine's supporters, particularly in his own city and state, sorrowed for his defeat not so much because they were Republicans as because they loved the man devotedly and knew only too well how deeply the iron of bitter disappointment had entered his sensitive soul.

But the most remarkable Blaine demonstration that ever took place in Augusta was yet to come. Many times during the campaign, Mr. Blaine's fellow townsmen had done him honor. It was to prove to him that their loyalty had not been daunted by his defeat that a large crowd of citizens, headed by a local band, formed into a procession on Water Street, Wednesday evening, November 19, and marched to his residence. A brief but eloquent and touching address, in which Mr. Blaine was assured of the unwavering love and respect of his fellow townsmen and neighbors, was made by the Hon. Herbert M. Heath, a brilliant young lawyer and later a state senator. The defeated candidate responded in a speech in which he dwelt

largely upon the alleged intimidation of voters in the South. Not even at a time when his ambition to become the chief magistrate of the greatest nation on earth seemed most certain of fulfilment did the beloved statesman receive louder and more enthusiastic applause than was accorded him that night, when as a rejected nominee for the presidential office he stood before his neighbors and fellow citizens and thanked them for such an exhibition of persistent fidelity and affection as few public men have ever succeeded in winning from their supporters. I was not able to be present on that memorable occasion, greatly to my regret. But I remember that the applause could be heard a mile or more away, and that as it came floating to my ears across the silently flowing waters of the lovely Kennebec, it brought such tears to my eyes as are only shed when one mourns over the new made grave of a great hope.

Of course the Augusta Democrats celebrated Cleveland's election. The Cleveland and Hendricks Boys' Campaign Club was out in force on the evening of Saturday, November 22, and many delegations from other sections of the state took part in the event. Unfortunately there were some floats and transparencies in the parade which indicated a lack of such a spirit of courtesy and kindness as would have seemed proper under the circumstances. It was also reported the following day that the procession halted in front of the Blaine home, and that some "lewd fellows of the baser sort" even yelled out insulting personal remarks; but I do not know that the rumor was true. It is to be regretted that the spirit exhibited toward Mr. Blaine during the entire campaign by a certain class of Augusta Democrats, some of them claiming party leadership, was that of bitter personal animosity, and their remarks concerning him and his family were often insulting to the last degree. But partisan politics are not

conducive to the development and display of the finer traits of human nature.

At the time of which I am writing, it was the custom at the Cony High School to devote the afternoon sessions of certain days appointed for that purpose to declamations before the students and members of the faculty. On one of these occasions a member of the junior class possessing rather unusual elocutionary talent was among the speakers selected. His declamation was Colonel Ingersoll's great speech presenting Blaine's name to the Republican Convention in Cincinnati in 1876; and he delivered it magnificently, in a voice vibrating with strong emotion. The students were worked up to a high pitch of excitement, and for several minutes after the speaker had finished pandemonium reigned in the school-room. Boys and girls alike shouted, stamped their feet, pounded their desks and waved handkerchiefs. One youth who tried to cheer for Cleveland was promptly notified that he must either hurrah for Blaine or keep quiet. Being the loyal son of a rabid Democrat, he chose the latter alternative. The principal tried hard to look displeased at the unusual demonstration, but we knew he would have been glad to cheer with us, so we felt free to ignore his perfunctory calls for order. It was a most striking because a genuinely spontaneous exhibition of youthful hero worship.

That Mr. Blaine never lost his hold upon the Maine people, and that those who had wandered from their native heath were not less loyal to him than those who remained citizens of the state, were strongly impressed upon me by an incident that took place something more than eight years after his political defeat. One evening in February, 1893, I was present at a banquet of the Sons and Daughters of Maine in a large town near Boston. Owing to another engagement I was late in entering the hall, the post-prandial speaking hav-

ing already begun. There were some two hundred persons present, with a single exception all complete strangers to me. No one had suggested that I might be called on for a speech, and until the toastmaster suddenly announced my name the possibility of such a thing had never entered my mind. I was entirely unprepared; my experience as a public speaker covered only the eight months that I had been pastor of a village church, and my attempts at after-dinner speaking had hitherto been confined to college spreads. Naturally, what to say and how to say it was a burning problem for me at that moment. I solved it by saying the things that were just then uppermost in my heart. Mr. Blaine had died a few weeks previous (January 28), a disappointed, sorrow stricken, broken spirited man, and the tragic pathos of his career had taken a strong hold on me. Inasmuch as I was speaking to an audience of Maine people and death had levelled all barriers of partisan prejudice, I felt that it would be entirely appropriate for me to pay a simple tribute to the memory of the dead statesman. That there might be no suspicion of a partisan bias in anything I said, I was careful to mention incidentally that my own political affiliations were no longer Republican. It happened, strangely enough, that no mention of the recent passing of "the best loved of the sons of Maine" had been made in any of the speeches preceding mine, and my crude, unpremeditated little eulogy, possessing no merit other than that of complete sincerity, was applauded in a way that showed how very near my subject was to the hearts of my hearers.

Thus far in her history, no son of Maine, native or adopted, has succeeded in winning from the cool headed, warm hearted people of that state such passionate, devoted love as was accorded James G. Blaine,—a love that was as unwavering through

ill repute as through good repute, that overlooked the frailties and mistakes of the man upon whom it was so abundantly lavished, that grew the stronger and tenderer as his misfortunes and sorrows increased, that would not even be separated from him at the verge of the open grave, but leaped the boundaries of death and followed his emancipated spirit into "that bourne from whence no traveller returns." It would be indeed an ambitious man who would ask for more; for the galaxy of great and good men whom Maine has honored, and who have honored Maine in return, can be matched by few of our American commonwealths. She has always been proud of her statesmen, and she has kept an almost unbroken

line of able men as her representatives at Washington. That she persists in living up to her traditions is well attested by the high standard of character and ability of her present Congressmen. No higher tribute could be paid the memory of the great, tender hearted Maine statesman, to whom Fate was at once so cruel and so kind, than simply to state this one significant fact: He was loved best by those who knew him best, as a man and a citizen as well as a statesman,—his friends and neighbors in the little home city on the banks of the beautiful Kennebec, many of whom had known him and honored him long before Fame found him out and marked him for her own.

## MORNING.

*By Myrtle Reed.*

THE magic east lies in mysterious shadow,  
A Titan dreaming fitfully of day;  
The ghostly mists are deep upon the meadow,  
Outlined against the hillside, faintly gray;  
The portent of the dawn has strangely swayed  
The silver birches, trembling and afraid.  
Too long the hosts of Dark have held the plain;  
The king of Night, reluctant, yields his reign;  
With rapturous accord does Earth acclaim  
The tidings of new life for heart and brain:  
Behold, the night hath passed away in flame!

Sea-born and strong, the winds begin to blow;  
Against the cliffs the billows break in spray;  
Returning waters meet and overflow—  
White-plumed battalions marshalled for the fray;  
Upon the beach the foaming cavalcade  
Beats yet once more with rhythmic cannonade;  
Afar, the boundless reaches of the main  
Show lines of white that fall and rise again.  
A morning song the sea's lips soon shall frame,  
Insistent and with passionate refrain:  
Behold, the night hath passed away in flame!

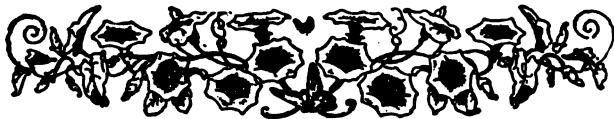
Athwart the darkened East there comes a glow,  
 A thrill, a tremble, then a slender ray;  
 A single arrow from the sun-god's bow  
 Strikes on the zenith like a star astray.  
 The signal-lights of Venus slowly fade;—  
 For night her gentle radiance was made.  
 The distant hills take on a crimson stain  
 From fire poppies, set in golden grain  
 That, wrought of light, puts harvest fields to shame;  
 Through feathery clouds there creeps a scarlet vein.  
 Behold, the night hath passed away in flame!

Reflected splendor on the sea below  
 Has blazoned through the waves a royal way,—  
 A path of glory, such as angels know,  
 That leads the wondering soul to kneel and pray.  
 Stray threads of sun are shining in the glade  
 Where dews of morning sparkle in the shade  
 And pearly webs an alien beauty gain.  
 High in the maple, down the leafy lane,  
 A robin's song, with neither words nor name,  
 Falls in a cadence like a silver rain.  
 Behold, the night hath passed away in flame!

The ramparts of the sunrise glorious grow,  
 With what imprisoned rainbows none may say,—  
 What diamonds snatched from sunbeams and from snow,  
 What violets and emeralds lost by May  
 In those far-off celestial walls are laid.  
 Imperial gates of jacinth and of jade,  
 As dreamers' castles, reared in sunny Spain,  
 Before those jewelled entrances are lain.  
 Forgotten springs may summer now reclaim,  
 While visions of the autumn yet remain.  
 Behold, the night hath passed away in flame!

"Let there be light!" the angels now ordain.  
 Far links of morning distant seas enchain.  
 Into the waiting heart new courage came,  
 And from the deep there rose a siren strain:  
 Behold, the night hath passed away in flame!





## LIFE ON THE IRISH BOGLANDS.

*By Clifton Johnson.*

With illustrations by the author.

A NARROW-GAUGE railroad from Strabane had taken me as far as Finntown, a diminutive bogland village among the mountains of Donegal, and left me stranded there. I had expected to drive on over the hills to Dunglow on the coast, fifteen miles distant. A private conveyance, however, was not to be had in Finntown, and the only public one was a slender jaunting-car that met the train. This already had six passengers when I sought it out, and besides there was a vast heap of luggage, not to mention the driver. With cheerful Irish optimism this individual declared he still had room for me; but his two-wheeled skeleton of a vehicle looked to be in imminent danger of a breakdown already. How the single horse could draw such a load was a problem, and I preferred to leave the jaunting-car to its fate while I spent the rest of the day in seeing something of the region where I then was, on foot.

It was early in the afternoon, cold and windy, and gloomy with the shadows of threatening gray clouds. The country was one of bogs and rocks that here and there on favoring slopes gave way to little patches of green fields alternating with plots of newly turned earth. The houses were low, one-story buildings, rarely containing more than two rooms, and of the rudest construction throughout. Roofs were invariably of thatch, crisscrossed with ropes of twisted

hay that were either tied to stones dangling in a continuous row along the eaves or to pegs driven into the house walls. The thatch was sometimes of rushes, oat straw or heather, but most often was of a wispy grass cut on the bogs, known as "mountainy stuff."

The Donegal soil is very wet and so yielding that horses cannot work on it. Few of the farmers own even a donkey, and all the work is done in the most laborious and primitive fashion, by hand. One man with whom I stopped to talk was carrying manure in a basket on his back from his house front to a near field. His boy, a lad of thirteen, was helping with a basket of smaller size. Often the women assist in this task, and when the land has been dotted thickly over with the heaps dumped from the baskets and these have been spread with forks, they break up the lumps and distribute the manure more evenly with their hands.

In a plot neighboring the one where I had stopped, two men were putting the finishing touches to a small patch of oats. The ground had been prepared and the oats sown and the men were now digging trenches through the field about eight feet apart and scattering the earth as they heaved it out over the seed. But at this particular season more farmers were engaged in securing their year's supply of fuel from the "peat moss" than in tilling the soil. I could see

the lonely groups bending to their work on the bog, digging out the black sods and laying them all around the cutting to stay until the completion of the slow two-months' process of drying.

Late in the afternoon, as I was passing a hillside cottage, my attention was attracted by a curious humming sound. The door was open and I looked in. There stood a woman, barefoot, in spite of the damp and chill of the hard, clay floor, spinning at a great old-fashioned wool wheel, an extremely clumsy affair, which had the appearance of having been home-made about a hundred years ago. I made my presence known, and was invited in to watch the work as long as I chose to stay, though the woman expressed surprise that I should find it interesting. To her the process was commonplace, for, like most persons brought up in these remote Donegal homes, she had been accustomed to it from childhood. She said the yarn was to be used in part for knitting and in part was to be made into cloth by a weaver who had a loom in a cabin down the road. Backwards and forwards the spinner walked, twirling the wheel with her right hand and holding a roll of fleecy wool in her left. An attenuated strand connected the roll with the tip of the spindle, which in its rapid revolutions twisted the wool into yarn. The spinner kept the yarn of an even thickness by her practised sense of touch, and every few moments she stopped the wheel, shifted the strand and gave the wheel another whirl to wind up at the base of the spindle the yard or two she had finished. Then the process was begun over again.

By the fire sat a wrinkled old woman with a red kerchief over her head, carding. She held one card in her left hand, hooks upward on her knees, and with the card in her right pulled and scratched the wool into an even fleece. That done, she loosened the wool from the hooks, took it between the backs of the cards, and

rolled it into a light puff a foot long. Her supply of material was in a sack by her side, and a little two year old girl who was tottering about the cabin floor now and then tried to help by pulling some of it from the bag and tucking it into the old woman's lap.

The man of the house sat on the opposite side of the fireplace smoking, except for occasional intermissions, when he removed his pipe from his mouth to spit on the floor. A second child, somewhat older than the other, was playing with a frayed patch on the leg of the man's trousers. In one corner of the room was a rude bed, in another a heap of potatoes. Overhead were the smoke-blackened rafters of the roof, with certain crossbeams, sticks and lines intervening, from which were suspended all sorts of household miscellany, including several of the brown bags of wool awaiting spinning. One feature of the room that seemed out of keeping with the rest of the litter was a modern sewing machine of expensive make. A tin kerosene lamp was fastened against the wall, and the man said I would find such a lamp in most homes, though there were families so poor that they used no light save pitchy fragments of fir wood dug out of the bog. Take a pitch splinter as big as one's finger, he explained, and it made a very good torch to carry about.

The old woman carding wanted to know if I spoke the Irish. Her tongue accommodated itself hesitatingly to English; for Gaelic is the common language of the mountains. I, of course, had to confess my linguistic inability. That I was from America seemed to me sufficient reason for my ignorance, but with her that would not pass. She knew well that Irish was talked in the States—sure! many and many had gone to the States who knew nothing else—and she was scarcely able to excuse my delinquency.

The family could mention a number of relatives and former neighbors



now resident in America, just as can almost every family throughout the length and breadth of the island. The Donegal emigrants return to take up anew the life on the forlorn bogs with a frequency probably unequalled in any other section. I wonder that they should, for at best they can gain only a meagre support; but they have a deep attachment for their native soil, and I suppose they miss their customary hardships and the music of the Irish language. It is generally thought that their foreign sojourn has done them no good. They do not take to the heavy manual labor as kindly as before, and they

give themselves airs in their Yankee clothes. Not till every shred of these clothes is gone does the returned traveller become entirely normal and





begin to take his proper place in the bogland world.

I spent the night at Finntown's lone hotel, a big, barren structure of gray stone overlooking a little lough, beyond which rose some bleak, dark mountain ridges. The hotel depended on its bar and a small shop for a livelihood and not on stray travellers. From the dining-room window the foreground of the view was mainly composed of a stack of peat just across the road, with a generous accompaniment of rubbish. The apartment's chief articles of furniture were a dirty lounge, a few rickety chairs and a round table covered with a scant square of oilcloth. The less said about the floor the better. On the mantel were two silent clocks. Such clocks, or those that kept time on an erratic plan of their own, were common in Irish hotels; but I did not often find two on the same shelf.

My evening meal was hardly more prepossessing than the room. There was some questionable butter with no

butter knife, a bowl of coarse-grained sugar crystals with no spoon, and bacon and eggs likewise spoonless. A single knife and fork and a tea-spoon were apparently considered sufficient for all purposes. The knife was of steel with a wooden handle, and the fork of "silver" worn down to the baser metal underneath, and its tines deformed into the semblance of corkscrews. I had my doubts about the cleanliness of the dishes. Besides, the bacon was half done, dreadfully salt, and floating in grease. The tea might have been willow leaves; the hot water tasted of the bog; and though the bread was passable and the diminutive portion of milk vouchsafed was sweet, the meal as a whole was decidedly uninviting.

The house upstairs looked like an unfinished barracks, and my chamber had sheathed walls and ceiling, paintless and wholly unornamented. The one window was uncurtained and the floor was without a carpet or rugs. That the room was ordinarily used by

some member of the hotel household seemed evident from the presence in one corner of a shrine of packing boxes surmounted with a crockery image of the Mother Mary holding the infant Christ in her arms. A soap box at the base of the shrine projected to form a convenient kneeling place. The bed was as dubious as the rest of the hotel belongings; yet, thanks to my afternoon's tramping, I slept as well as if my surroundings had been palatial.

Rain was falling in frequent showers the next morning, and the wind blew in a chilling gale. I started out in one of the brighter intervals, but had not gone far when a fierce scud drove me to beg shelter at a wayside hovel. I might as well have gone into an ancient cave dwelling, the gloom of the interior was so deep. After all,



was I in a human habitation or a henhouse? Sense of smell said the latter, though odors were somewhat mixed, and when sight returned to my at first blinded eyes this impression was strengthened. A wet, scrubby turkey stood drying and warming itself in front of the peat fire glowing low on the rude hearth. Close by a hen was sitting in a box, and, a little more retiring, a second hen was comfortably established among the tumbled rags



of a ruinous bed. On the uneven dirt floor a third hen was picking about with an industrious family of chickens; and, later, other hens, turkeys and several ducks wandered in from outdoors. Even without these feathered occupants, the room was distressing in its clutter and grime. Up above hung no end of duds and wreckage, while below was a chaos of bags, peat fragments, broken furniture, farm tools and household implements. I thought I would rather live in an American stable.

A tall tatterdemalion of a man had given me a chair and found another for himself. From behind him a small boy in a long-sleeved coat, apparently inherited, watched me furtively. By the fireside squatted a woman knitting some men's coarse socks. Presently, in a lull of the storm, a barefoot little girl came noiselessly in at the door. She was not one of the household, and she crept along the wall until she reached a tiny window that looked out on the

street. Then I noticed that a few dusty jars of candy and some other small wares were displayed there. The girl wanted a penny's worth of motto candy, and the boy who had gone to the window with her took down the jar she pointed out and carried it to his mother by the fireplace. The woman poured out the required amount of candies into her hand and exchanged with the girl for the penny, and the boy carried the jar back. As he replaced it in the window, however, he slyly abstracted one of the sweets and slipped it into his mouth.

The housewife was knitting for a shopkeeper in a town "six miles over the mountain," who acted as agent for some concern in Scotland. The Scotch firm furnished the yarn, and she got a fresh bundle at the shop as often as she finished knitting her former supply and carried the socks to be shipped to Scotland. She received for her work three half pence a pair, and nearly always took up

the money due in trade. Some of the remoter of the Donegal knitters lived fully thirty miles from the shop which gave out the work. They, as well as those who lived nearer, made the journeys to it and back on foot, with packs on their backs containing the socks or the yarn, according as they were going or returning. If it was necessary to be absent from home more than one day, they usually stayed over night with friendly wayside folk. Often they travelled in parties of ten or twelve, and in pleasant weather would only stop toward evening at some house to refresh themselves with hot tea, and then would keep on all night.

The shower which had been the



occasion of my seeking shelter at length ceased, and I had left the hut and was walking along the road, when a young man overtook me and began to ask questions as to my business. My answers did not satisfy him, and it was plain he was suspicious and excited. Finally he boldly accused me of working for the government. It was of no avail to deny the charge. He was sure; he declared he had been to Australia and all over the world and he knew! He had had his misgivings of me as soon as I came to Finntown, and now his ill opinion was confirmed and he would trace me!



So we parted, and I judged from the tenor of his remarks that when the tracing had been done something would happen. Later I inquired the reason for this flurry, and was told that strangers sometimes wandered among the mountains searching for valuable minerals, and that they were secretive concerning their object, or did not satisfactorily explain their actions to the understanding of the natives, who, therefore, have come to look on them as emissaries of the government. The peasantry have a keen antipathy to England and its rule, and these spies, as they call them, are subject to a good deal of dislike.

The Donegal folk of this particular region have had some very unfortunate encounters with governmental

power, and their bitterness, whether just or not, is natural. It was in the neighboring Glen Veagh that there occurred forty years ago one of the most distressing tragedies of Irish life in its relations between landlords and tenantry of which we have record. An estate in this glen had been recently bought by a Mr. Adair. He was, I understood, a kindly man with the best of intentions as regards his treatment of his tenants; but he had the ill luck almost at once to come into collision with them. It began with his shooting on a mountain over which another landlord claimed the sporting rights. The peasantry took sides against Mr. Adair and regarded him as a usurper and one day they came forth in a body to the disputed shooting ground and turned him off. This resulted in a

series of lawsuits, and Mr. Adair was greatly irritated by the opposition he encountered and the delays in obtaining what he believed was justice. Meanwhile he had bought more property, until he owned a tract of ninety square miles, and he undertook to stock the mountains with Scotch sheep. As an outcome, the bogs were strewn with dead mutton. Accusations were brought against the tenants, and they were compelled to part with their meagre goods to pay for sheep that, often at least, had died of exposure to the weather. But Mr. Adair was convinced that the people were banded together to do him injury, and when, in the late autumn, his manager was found dead on Derry Beagh Mountain and no evidence was forthcom-



ing to show who had committed the crime, he decided to make an example of this pestilential community. Accordingly, the following spring, he served notices of ejectment on all the tenantry of the district. Every effort was made to dissuade him; for to exile several hundred souls so summarily from their homes, and in many cases

from their only available means of livelihood, meant for them acute suffering. Mr. Adair, however, was inflexible, and the sheriff with two hundred police and soldiers took up the task and spent three days in dragging men and women out of their cabins and levelling their poor huts. The evicted tenants hung about the ruins and many of them slept for several nights on sides. Fortunately the affair was widely noticed, and relief soon came—that which was most effectual being a proposal from one of the governments in Australia to give free passage thither to all who wished to emigrate. This offer was eagerly





accepted by most of the homeless peasants, and thus the episode ended. The landlord had at last triumphed and was undisputed master of desolate and unhappy Glen Veagh.

What I saw of the Irish Highlands after leaving Finntown was not essentially different as concerns either scenery or people from that already described. There were the same bogs and sombre loughs and stony mountains and the same low cabins and tiny fields. Small holdings, subdivided by family inheritance for centuries, are the rule, the majority of them under fifteen acres. The land is too poor for the peasants to more than eke out a miserable existence in the best of times on such holdings, and when the crops fail there is great distress. Yet, under ordinary circumstances, such is the demand for land that from twenty to thirty pounds is readily obtained for the tenant rights of one of these little bogland farms. The rentals vary from five shillings to three or four pounds. This simply pays for the use of the land. The tenants themselves, after the custom almost uni-

versal in Ireland, must erect their own houses, put up their own fences and do all their own draining and reclaiming; and then, when a man has by his personal exertions increased the value of his holding, the rent is very likely raised.

Still, not all landlords are extortionate, nor are all peasants unsophisticated and unequal to the task of coping with the landowners and their agents. It is said that many farmers do all in their power to appear poor, that they come to pay their rent in their worst clothes, and are careful beforehand to get their bank notes changed into small silver, hoping the possession of only six-pences and shillings will give such an appearance of difficulty in getting the money together as to gain credence for their assertions of poverty. Then, with the whole amount due in their pockets, they try to get the agent to accept half. The case has two sides, doubtless, and both parties have their troubles and neither is wholly fair to the other.

The people live largely on what they raise—potatoes, cabbages and turnips; but most of them purchase flour, a small quantity at a time, and bake it into bread. Tea, likewise, has of late years become a household necessity for old and young. They use fish to a considerable extent, and now and then indulge in a bit of bacon. When the potatoes are gone, the poorer folk buy "Injun" meal, and the more prosperous get oatmeal. The porridge is eaten with milk ordinarily; but if the cows are not giving milk, or if no cows are owned, the porridge is eaten "dry."

Life is much the same from year to year. It is a day to day struggle, and the prospect is sober hued, always. Yet the Highlanders are an independent race and do not ask for charity. To me they seemed hardy and industrious to an unusual degree; and I could but regret that the conditions of their homeland were not more favorable.

## CAN CONSUMPTION BE CURED? A STATE'S EXPERIMENT.

*By Mrs. Rufus Phillips Williams.*

THE spring of 1895 saw the culmination of a plan long cherished by many of the physicians and citizens of the state of Massachusetts. The legislature appropriated \$150,000 and appointed a board of trustees to consider a location and plans for a building in which consumption should be treated by the Brehmer or open air method. The report of these trustees gives the points considered in making their choice:

"It was deemed necessary that the place selected should have an altitude of at least 1,000 feet above sea level; should be situated upon a southerly slope, and protected by woodlands on the north; that it should have a dry soil, be capable of good drainage, be so situated that not less than 200 acres of land could be secured, and

that within the town of Rutland could be obtained a site which met all the requirements."

The location chosen was on the crown of the rocky ridge which extends across the centre of the state from north to south. The town is a centre of historical interest; a part of Burgoyne's army was encamped here after its capture; the early home of Madame Jumel, afterward the wife of Aaron Burr, was here; it is proudly called the cradle of Ohio, for from the old house still standing near the village, Rufus Putnam, one winter's day in 1787, led the founders of Marietta, Ohio. Thus full of the history of the past, it was fitting that the Commonwealth should add to its glory by establishing here the first sanatorium ever conducted by a state for the cure of tuberculosis. The future history of Rutland we predict will be as brilliant as the past. The battles for life and health fought and gained within her borders will



should have an unlimited supply of pure water. A further requirement was that the location should possess reasonably convenient means of communication by railroad. . . . The committee decided





MASSACHUSETTS STATE SANATORIUM AT RUTLAND.

be as brave and earnest as her Colonial warfare, and her addition to the fields of science as enduring as her founding of cities. Situated in the centre of the state, with miles of undulating country stretching before it, merging at last into the blue of distant hills, stands this maker of history, the Massachusetts State Sanatorium. Opened by Governor Wolcott, October 1, 1898, it received its first patient two days later.

The part of the building occupied by patients is one story in height, and is arranged in wards stretching toward the south from a convex corridor, the kitchen, laundry, electrical and heating departments being on the north side. Each long ward contains twenty-two beds. There are small rooms for the isolation of those developing serious complications. At the end of each ward is a room having three sides of glass, in which sun baths are taken, the windows being arranged so that they can be opened at will, while beyond these are large piazzas having three exposures. These piazzas we find filled with lounging chairs summer and winter, for it is only in stormy weather that the patient cares to withdraw into the sun room. The lighting is by electricity generated on the premises, and the heating is by both steam and hot air. Great care has been taken to have the system of heating, ventilation and sewerage as perfect as possible. The corridors have no stairs, but follow the natural grade, and the corners are rounded, preventing the accumulation of dust. The wards are under the supervision of hospital trained nurses. These nurses have the entire charge of the temperature, patients not being allowed to close the windows or turn the heat on or off. The nurses also have the care of those confined to their beds, receive the patients' record books, and from these, together with their own special charts of temperature, pulse and weight, make a monthly record of the patient, which is handed the physician in charge. A written report of the condition of each bed patient is given the head nurse in the morning and at night.

The danger of infection from a consumptive is not in his breath, but in what he coughs up. For this reason sputa cups are provided, of which the nurses have the care, collecting them morning and evening and having them burned. These cups are boxes two and a half inches square, made of disinfected waterproof paper. They slip into tin frames for holding, the cover of which is provided with a spring to keep it down, thus preventing flies from spreading the disease. The tin frames are disinfected. In different parts of the grounds



A WARD.

there are large boxes made of this paper, which are collected and burned. While away from the building the patient expectorates into a Japanese napkin, depositing it in a closed rubber pouch which is easily carried in the pocket. After the burning of the contents, the pouch is disinfected and again ready for use. Thus life at the sanatorium, surrounded though one is with all forms of the disease, is much more free from the possibility of infection than the various health resorts. At the latter, persons expectorate freely around the hotels and streets, sowing the seed of consumption.

The bedding of

the ward is in care of the nurse. The allowance for patients is seven blankets each, besides the regular sheets, pillow cases and spreads. Patients can provide for themselves and use any number more, and the number thus supplied averages from two to



A DINING-ROOM.



CAMP LIFE.

four. This seems a large amount of bedding; but we must not forget that the windows are wide open and the wind blowing through the room all night. The night nurse, besides having the care of all bed patients, regulates the temperature of the wards during the night, partly closing the windows if a storm arises, and when the thermometer registers too low turning on the heat. The heat is by indirect radiation, fresh air directly from outside being passed over steam pipes and fanned into the rooms, thus being pure though warm. The heat

is always turned on at five o'clock A. M., to warm the rooms for dressing. All patients not confined to their beds rise at seven and take at least a cold chest bath, often a plunge, as is directed by the physician. The flesh is first rubbed into a glow, then cold



water applied. This is a most important part of the treatment, and soon the patients feel it as much a necessity to their comfort as others do the bathing of face and hands. Even the plunge in winter one learns to enjoy, when the water is so cold that it creates a sensation "like needles pricking one all over," as a patient said to me. Stimulation to the circulation, especially in the chest, is aided by this cold

tain amount of exercise and saves the state the expense of extra help. The tables are particularly attractive to the visitor, as here individual characteristics are sure to be discovered. One readily finds the man and woman who has left wife or husband and children at home. Their pictures are sure to be as near as possible to the loving heart that is trying to be brave enough to live for their sake, to live



NATURE'S DISPENSARY.

bathing. It also has a tendency to prevent the taking of colds.

Breakfast is ready at a quarter to eight, and after that comes the care of the ward. At all meals special diet is served when directed by the physicians; but the usual breakfast menu is a cereal, chops, steak or eggs, muffins and cold bread and butter, tea, coffee and milk. In caring for the wards men and women alike are expected to make their own beds and arrange the little table that belongs to each. This serves two purposes: it gives a cer-

here and be cheerful and happy. Here you discover a botanist with her variety of flowers, there a devotee of fancy work, here a lover of books, there one of geology.

By nine o'clock all are through breakfast and the care of beds, and ready for outdoor exercise. This, as well as every other detail of the patient's life, is under careful surveillance. Some are allowed to walk a number of miles, some only a short distance; others must lounge in the open air in hammocks or reclining

chairs. Zero weather or snow does not interfere with this order of things, heavy furs providing the necessary warmth and fresh air the stimulant that all soon learn to depend upon. At half past ten luncheon is ready in each dining-room; and it matters not if the patient has a most interesting book, or a camp is being built, or the top of a hill commanding an unlimited view is almost reached,—all must turn toward the house in time to reach there at the luncheon hour. These luncheons vary in kind and amount, and consist of raw eggs, egg-nog, beef extract and milk. This is an essential part of the "cure," building up what the disease is trying to break down. Then out of doors again for two hours, when dinner is served. This consists of a soup, a roast of meat (and on Friday fish), two vegetables, bread and butter, dessert, tea and milk. At half past three there is a second luncheon, and at quarter of six is supper, consisting of a cereal, cold meats, bread and butter, sauce, tea and milk, and occasionally cake. At quarter past eight is the last luncheon, at which is given hot or cold milk. Lights are out at ten o'clock. A diet chart is kept each month, and by this the physician is kept constantly informed of the amount and kind of food the patient can take, and the results. The record of medicines and changes in weight is included on the chart.

During the afternoon patients are expected to be out, though when it is deemed best are allowed to take a nap on their beds. Until one has tried napping in a steamer chair or hammock, one cannot know why these supersede the bed at the sanatorium. Some of the most comfortable hammocks I have ever occupied were made here of barrel staves. Two holes are bored near each end of the stave, and a rope is threaded through, being tied together when the required length of the hammock is reached. The curve of the wood fits that of the body very comfortably, with never a



PASTIMES.

need for hammock sticks, for these most excellent swings do not "double up" on you.

The special duty of each patient is to record his daily habits. For this he is provided with a small blank book, in which he notes the number of hours spent out of doors, the amount of exercise, the character of his cough, the amount of expectoration, and any symptom of special import. Under the supervision of the nurse, he takes his temperature and pulse, the nurse



A WINTER DAY.

recording these; and regularly each week he is weighed.

I am often asked, what can patients find to do? Doesn't time pass slowly? I cannot doubt that many smiling faces hide the heart-ache,—that hour after hour is troubled with anxiety. But the aim of those in charge is to have the attention engaged as much as possible in helpful employment or entertainment. There is no way in which we are able so quickly and effectually to drown our personal troubles as in trying to be actively helpful to others. Recognizing this and the benefits to be derived from it, especially here where some of the patients leave a family at home scarcely less able than themselves to bear

the burdens and cares of earning a livelihood, various clubs have been formed.

The King's Daughters! Isolated from home, what duty do they undertake? They darn socks! Think, ye women whose work baskets contain four or six darnable socks, or even ye with five pairs of busy feet to work for, what it means to conquer the number worn by seventy-five men whose duty it is to walk miles each day. Is it not enough almost to frighten this brave handful of less than twenty? Not so; for they know that in not a few instances they are relieving women at home who have cheerfully and bravely taken upon themselves the burden of supporting children and husband while the latter is here in search of health. But stockings are not all. On July 16 an invitation was issued by the King's Daughters of the Rutland Sanatorium to attend a sale of fancy articles in the pine grove near by. Repairing there, we found under the pines a charming rustic arbor about twenty feet square. Here the tables were spread with beautiful embroideries and many other tempting things, the work of this little band. A small room has been assigned to them called the King's Daughters' Room, which will be furnished with the proceeds of this sale, and all furnishings marked with their



MOUNT WACHUSSETT AND LAKE MUSCHOPAUGE FROM THE SANATORIUM.



LAKE MUSCHOPAUGE.

symbol—the Greek cross. We all know how helpful such a room can be made, how the very presence of that little cross will touch and cheer the invalid who must lie there.

There is a Literary Club, with its semi-monthly meetings. At these, usually a paper on the life of an author is read, and selections from his works. This club is composed wholly of women, while a Debating Society is made up of men. When we remember that almost every profession and trade is represented among the patients, we can readily understand that such societies can be made most interesting. The Choral Club, formed and led by one of Boston's prominent singers, is a marked source of pleasure to all. Socials are given by the members of one club to those of others.

We must not forget the rides to Wachusett, which holds its blue peak in sight ten miles away across the beautiful lake, nor the field games, nor the skating, nor the camps. These

camps!—can language convey to you their beauty and comfort? Flowers grow at every turn; hypatica and forty of her sisters run riot at the different seasons of their coming. Here the opportunity is offered for the men to prove themselves King's Sons, and we find them ready to serve most willingly. A group of friends choose a favorite spot; small trees are stripped of branches and poles nailed from tree to tree enclosing the chosen space, the lower perhaps two feet from the ground, another a few feet higher. Pine boughs are woven back and forth between these poles, until the walls of the camp are verily living green. In choosing a camping place you may be sure bright eyes have found trees that Dame Nature grew purposely for a seat, and many an attractive one is found in which the peculiarities of the trunk are utilized.

The camps in summer are without roof. The furniture partakes somewhat of the individuality of the dwell-

ers, or I might say depends upon their ability to wield hammer and saw. All abound in hammocks, in the occupancy of which the ladies have become adepts, embroidering and sewing as comfortably as in a rocking chair. On one of my visits to the sanatorium I became much interested in the ingenuity manifested in the construction of the furniture. The camp I saw at that time had beautiful rustic seats, a centre table, a newspaper rack, waste basket, music stand and various other things, all made of the boughs of birch. I spoke of their beauty and remarked that the variety of tools must have been great with which to build so much. "Oh, no," the spokesman replied, "we had only a saw, a hammer and our jackknives; and we had to borrow the saw and hammer, as there is only one of each owned by the patients." The picture which that remark presented deepened my interest. I saw men working hard day after day, trying to make beautiful things with only the simplest tools. I related the circumstance to a gentleman, and was cheered by the immediate response, "I will send them a set of tools." The tools arrived; then we were confronted with the problem how to distribute them fairly among seventy-five men and how to make each borrower responsible for their use and safe return. The library method was adopted. The tools are given out each day, and the name of the borrower is taken; they must be returned at night; so great is the demand, that sometimes three or four persons claim them at the same time.

The winter camps, which often remain through the summer and are occupied on stormy days, are also built in the woods and invariably face the south. Tramping through the snow, one comes unexpectedly upon a structure made of boards, with three sides and roof, the fourth side entirely open; the roof slants toward the back, shedding the rain or snow. The taste shown in the walls papered with pic-

tures varying in subject from reproductions of the "Angelus" to bill-posters, and the furniture made of things which any one else could not use, are interesting. Some ventilators long past their usefulness were found. What could be made of those? The apex of the cone was cut off and a stove pipe fitted, a hole cut in the side for a door, and hinges and latch made by fastening bits of sheet iron to a larger piece for a door,—and behold a most excellent stove! But the best of all is the way of creating a draught; a hollow is dug in the earthen floor, into which a bit of drain pipe long enough to extend from the centre of the stove to just outside it, is laid; this conducts the air to a point just under the fire. The implements are crude and decidedly unique, but the result is all that can be desired,—a good fire. The question arises, is it well for the patient to have these fires? The benefit derived from the exercise of gathering and chopping wood combined with the social element centring around a fire I believe fully offsets any bad effect which might be possible from a small amount of heat in a shed entirely open on one side. The camera fiend is not unknown; botany and the study of birds and bird life are enjoyed, the field for both being large.

The library is a veritable monument of sympathy, freely given by many citizens of the state. The services and incidental expenses of a lady were freely given to bring the subject before the people, receive the books, mark, repack and forward them to the sanatorium, and be responsible for the careful spending of all money donated; and there are now 2,000 bound volumes, which form a circulating library. A patient has formed a special library for the sick, consisting of 350 stories cut from papers, neatly folded, each put in an envelope on which is written the title of the story and the name of the author. Tired and weak hands can hold these without fatigue.

"The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned  
 To hew the shaft and lay the architrave,  
 And spread the roof above them; ere he framed  
 The lofty vault to gather and roll back  
 The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,  
 Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down,  
 And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks  
 And supplication."

In the pine grove Sabbath services are held in suitable weather. Protestant and Catholic have "the Word ministered unto them" in the form prescribed or chosen by each, and all dwell in harmony together.

The governing board of this institution consists of five trustees. The expense of maintenance for the past year has been \$9.24 per week for each person; of this, the patient pays \$4, the state pays the rest. The examining and visiting physicians are Dr. Vincent Y. Bowditch and Dr. Herbert C. Clapp, both of Boston; each has an assistant physician at the sanatorium.

The results of this experiment of the state are best told by quoting from the annual reports, and are most interesting, showing what can be done for consumptives in the harsh climate of New England. The trustees say: "Bold as was the inception of this, the first public hospital for tuberculous patients in this country, its past twelve months have justified its building and more than verified the prediction of its enthusiastic friends." "The sanatorium is now and ever will be a conclusive proof of the value of hyperæration, and may in time offer statistics which will settle the vexed question of climate in the treatment of phthisis."

A large percentage of applicants are rejected because of too advanced stage of the disease. Dr. Clapp calls the attention not only of the sick, but physicians, to the necessity of discovering the disease early in its development. He says: "Many applicants are refused because they come only when their disease is so far advanced that

there is little or no hope. If they would only apply near the beginning, when they are still able to work and feel fairly well; if physicians would recognize the disease earlier and send patients in the first stage, not waiting until the lungs commence to break down and the hectic, emaciation and other symptoms are so pronounced that even the laity can make a correct diagnosis, our hospital could accomplish still more. Nor is it wise always to wait until the bacilli appear in the sputum, for occasionally this does not happen for many weeks after the onset of the disease." He says further: "As to treatment, in addition to constant and copious potations of the beautiful Rutland fresh air, day and night, and the other modern hygienic measures now recognized as necessities for consumptives, medicines have been given in almost all cases, but use has been made only of those well known to our physicians generally."

The results shown by the following reports from October 30, 1899, to October 30, 1900, are conclusive evidence that consumption can be cured, and that the experiment undertaken by the state of Massachusetts has been successful.

It has been said that if the yellow fever germ can be stamped out in Havana, the world will be rid of the disease. Not so with consumption. There is no one city or town which is its breeding place; it is scattered far and wide in each state of our beautiful country, and almost every family has at least one sufferer. Europe is equally afflicted. But the message that comes to-day is full of hope. The methods for curing the disease in its early stage are simple. Follow them not for one day or two, but for the rest of your life. Live in the pure air—it can be pure in the room as well as out of doors; take regular exercise; have nutritious food, and a healthful occupation; burn all sputum. Then not only will the sick grow well, but the disease will disappear and the world will be blessed.

In conclusion, nothing can be given more eloquent and useful than a few statistics, illustrating what has been said.

From the report of Vincent Y. Bowditch, M. D., we have the following encouraging figures:

*Number of cases treated, 141.*

	Incipient.	Well-marked Incipient.	Moderately Advanced.	Advanced.	Very Advanced.	Total.
Arrested, . . .	26	13	10 (3)	3	4	56
Very much improved, . . .	3*	5 (2)	12 (3)	5 (1)	5 (2)	30
Much improved, . . .	1*	10 (2)	9 (5)	1 (1)	2 (2)	23
Improved, . . .	2*	5	8 (1)	3 (2)	3 (1)	21
Not improved, . . .	-	1	6† (3)	-	4 (4)	11
<b>Total,</b> . . .	<b>32</b>	<b>34</b>	<b>45</b>	<b>12</b>	<b>18</b>	<b>141</b>

\* Left against advice.

<sup>†</sup> Two died in sanatorium.

**NOTE.** — The figures in parenthesis denote the number of cases with active disease, that is, those with high temperature, pulse and other signs showing rapid progress.

## *Percentages.*

"Arrested" cases (56), . . . . . 39.7+  
 All grades of "improved" cases (74), . . . . . 52.0+  
 "Not improved" (11), including 2 who died, . . . . . 7.0+  
 Of the total number of purely "incipient" cases, 81.4 were arrested.

From Herbert C. Clapp, M. D., we have the same good report.

*132 Patients who remained from 1 Month to 19½ Months.*

CONDITION ON ADMISSION.	Apparently Cured or Arrested.	Improved.	Not Improved.	Died.
Incipient cases (82), . . . . .	53	28	1	-
Moderately advanced cases (40), . . . . .	6	18	15	1
Far advanced cases (10) . . . . .	-	3	6	1
Total (132), . . . . .	59	49	22	2

## *Percentages.*

Of all the cases in my service there were —

Apparently cured or arrested,	.	.	.	.	.	.	45
Improved (including much improved)	.	.	.	.	.	.	37
Not improved (including worse),	.	.	.	.	.	.	16
Died,	.	.	.	.	.	.	1

## EUDORA DRAKE'S RUMMAGING.

*By Pauline Wesley.*

THE windows of the low-ceilinged old house stood open, each framing new green vistas delicately embroidered here and there with silvery white blossoms. Eudora Drake, carefully balanced on a step-ladder before her library threshold, was astonished to catch a glimpse over her shoulder of Mrs. Harmon Pinney's little girl who had entered by an inner doorway with all the quiet unexpectedness worthy a materialized spirit.

The child remained interestedly motionless while Eudora unhooked the fastenings of a blue portière; for house cleaning, the bane of intelligent men, is a fascination and a joy to all onlookers who are too young to be of assistance. From more than one of the little town's back yards came that desultory, half-soothing sound that belongs to carpet beating, and this was blended with the energetic twitterings of happy nest-builders. At last the portière dropped. Muriel Pinney drew a deep, enchanted breath, then moistened her lips and opened them.

"Mrs. Drake; now—marm says the Tender Hearts circle of the Mission Society's goin' to hold a new kind of a sale—what's called a 'rummage sale,' next week Thursday in the academy basement. An' she says to send 'em everything you can find that you don't want, 'cause they're anxious to have a nice sale an' get lots o' money so's to buy the parsonage a parlor carpet. We looked for Max and Judy or the twins to have 'em tell you at dinner, but they'd all gone fishin' with their Uncle Basil. And their pa's off on a trip—isn't he? So's pa, an' he's goin' to stay four days. I didn't mind runnin' over though; there's nothin' 'special to do just at present. All the doors and windows

are locked an' I can't get in; marm's varnishin'. Want me to take the pin-hooks out o' the curtain, Mrs. Drake? Want me to whip it for you?"

Eudora descended a few steps, faced squarely around, and seated herself on top of the ladder. Many of the Deckleboro women held her in a kind of mistrustful awe because she preserved her girlhood looks so well and was supposed to have a sense of humor, besides being a college graduate.

"How can they," she demanded gravely, "make lots of money selling things that nobody wants?"

The little Pinney was disconcerted, but she finally managed to shrug her shoulders with a blasé air. "Dunno; they do get lots. Mrs. Tibbals says they've been the rage in cities all winter; she told marm of some society that raised pretty near enough to build a buildin' out o' nothin' but trash. I—I s'pose folks likes to see what the neighbors was silly enough to be savin', and of course they couldn't see without buyin'. And—they've got to have something to put back into the garret or 'twouldn't be a garret."

Eudora mused lazily. It was only from force of example that she kept up the old-fashioned annual house cleaning; she never threw her whole heart into the process the way other Deckleboro women did. She believed in daily sweepings, and she hated dirt, but she was really a dreamer and a philosopher disguised as a fairly efficient housekeeper and a very acceptable wife and mother. Even Cord, her husband, who had made sand pies beside her when she was five years old, never suspected her identity.

"And I suppose," she remarked, falling naturally into Muriel's speculative mood, "that it rather flatters

people to have a value put on articles which they were luxurious enough to consider worthless. Then it all serves to show," she added absently, "how neatly our lives hinge on variety in tastes. Mrs. Tibbals wouldn't care a fig about a mulberry platter while I should adore one, even if it were nicked."

"And it's a splendid chance," continued Muriel, "to give away in a noble cause a sight of old coats an' sweaters that the men folks won't let you sell to the rag man. That's what marm says."

"Well, go home, Muriel, dear, right away—I don't need help, thank you—and tell your mother Mrs. Drake will begin rummaging as soon as she can,—to-morrow morning, if possible. It strikes me as interesting, and I think I shall enjoy going into old chests and boxes that I don't usually open even in house-cleaning time."

The soft-stepping child took her forced departure with wistful eyes turned sideways. She had as definite an idea of an earthly paradise as Omar Khayyam had; and all she craved was to be a leading spirit in the rejuvenizing of home, or queen solitary amid a wilderness of chests and boxes not usually opened.

Eudora Drake communed with herself smilingly the following afternoon, shut in alone with a smell of dried catnip and lavender, the pale-hued feathery crown of a buttonwood tree on a friendly level with a row of cedar box-lids.

"If only soul searching were as popular," she was thinking, cheerfully ironical; "and it would be even more so, I'll warrant, if regrets were as easily dumped out as dry goods and furniture, and if the neighbors would buy them for the benefit of 'a noble cause.' According to Muriel Pinney's theory, we'd all have to buy, because humanity wouldn't be humanity without its limitations."

She strolled to the back of the garret and, seating herself on a scrap of faded carpet, put a hesitating hand on

an ancient leather-covered trunk that wore a cluster of half-torn, time-dimmed foreign labels. It had belonged to Cord Drake's eccentric Aunt Celesté, whose grave the children tufted every spring with daffodils. The low-ceilinged old house and the orchard-bordered gardens had also belonged to Aunt Celesté, and so had the little capital through the influence of which Cord bespoke a comfortable salary from the corporation of a beloved rolling mill. While Eudora pretended to be diverted with playful whimseys, she was trying to make up her mind to explore this trunk despite some queer, uneasy disinclinations.

"Now, in a sale of characteristics," she went on ingeniously, directing an artless glance toward the gently swaying tips of the buttonwood, "I wonder would anybody's family budget make a better showing than mine, in the whitewashed glare of the academy basement. I might be very happily surprised, though I'd hate of course to act as my own advertising agent. Possibly, however, Cord would come home, after a great humiliation, flushed with pleasure over the *new* parcels, and saying, 'My dear, we've reason to be congratulated after all—comparatively speaking.' That's his sanguine temperament. Well, it would be a thrilling rummage sale, and a slow one too. By the time the minister's family got their parlor carpet, I'm afraid they wouldn't enjoy it."

After a breathless pause Eudora's smile faded. She rested both of her slim, finely moulded hands on the dead woman's trunk, hoping to steady herself somehow in her resolve. "I've decided to look it over, Aunt Celesté," she murmured soothingly. "You gave me the things; I've a perfect right to them. That rainy day soon after the funeral when Cord and I were up here it was all so dismal that I hardly saw them. And then the twins were born; and—then Judy. The years fly past so quickly—fourteen years," she inserted half under

her breath, startled at Ned's and Bertie's twin age seen in this light, the faint herb-scented light that hovers around long unopened chests and boxes. "So long's this isn't a soul searching," she admonished herself after another pause, "there oughtn't to be a cubbyhole in the whole house that I'm unwilling to investigate." And, as though to a different listener, "The things are mine," she repeated firmly, "and if they're moth-eaten or if for any other reason I think best to be rid of them,—give them away in a noble cause,—I shall do it."

Then she turned a rusty little key in its lock, and slowly lifted the substantial old cover until it leaned secure in its own weight against the dormer-windowed rafters. A stranger looking over her shoulder would have found nothing calculated to disturb the reluctant explorer in the prosaic contents which were gradually transferred to the floor, forming a vari-colored pyramid. There was a heavy India shawl and a lighter one of magenta silk partly cut for having lain so long in creases; a silver cake basket woefully tarnished, an antiquated writing desk filled with mould-stained letters; a quantity of moth-eaten green furniture coverings elaborately decorated with worsted flowers and currants; a gorgeous French bedspread of rose brocade, an heirloom which had never been in use; a mink tippet, dispensing hairs broadcast; and there were ever so many musty boxes containing daguerreotypes and photographs, newspaper clippings or bits of broken jewellry. Still, these were *Celeste Carrier's* treasures which had twice followed her around the world. All the other things Eudora had disposed of long ago when the house was newly furnished.

Deeper down, between layers of blue cardboard, like a cherished dream too filmy for daylight, reposed Cord's mother's wedding veil—merely straight folds of tulle, snow white, but beautiful and as full of

wonder as the outdoor orchard blossoms. Yes, these were *Aunt Celeste's* treasures. Eudora Drake breathed half fearfully.

Her hand trembled as she drew from a far corner a small object cautiously wrapped in muslin paper, then in an old lace handkerchief. It was a copy of Whittier's poems, its fly leaf inscribed in immature schoolboy writing to "Aunt *Celeste Carrier*, from her affectionate nephew *Firman Drake*"; and just beneath, *Celeste* herself had feebly pencilled, "Bought with the first money he earned selling books while attending preparatory school at Beaver."

Eudora allowed the volume to fall upon her knees, and heaved a long sigh of frank discouragement. Something of this kind was what she had been ignorantly dreading. Neither she nor Cord had laid eyes on *Firman* since the day after the funeral, but she had known her husband's brothers from childhood and could easily recall the older one's face, which, if darkly handsome and intellectual, seemed less genial than *Cord's* and not so open as *Basil's*. Had her memory faltered, numerous photographs were close at hand, portraying his steady evolution from white-robed infancy to the closely buttoned coat and straight collar of finished manhood. *Firman Drake* was now a clergyman.

"She worshipped him," Eudora acknowledged. "I believe she never cared one-third as much for the other two together. Only she didn't like his wife; and she did like me. *Basil* insisted on being a bachelor and was rich enough anyhow. Well, then, am I to blame for having been born with a convenient amount of good looks and—six senses? Most certainly not. Could I have prevented her from coming straight to me in her last illness? Wasn't it natural to be kind to her? Then why in the world have I—" She rose at last without completing the question in mind, and proceeded painstakingly to overhaul the

chests and boxes in distant chimney nooks.

But before the changing sun shadows had darkened the eastern gable she was back among the shawls and daguerreotypes, wondering what her husband would say if she decided to express the cake basket and the bedspread to Firman's latest pastorate, a town in western New York. It was easy enough to prophesy his candid disgust.

Supper time approached. The children, all their ideas of parental fairness scandalized, came and banged unremittingly on the door at the foot of the stairs, relieving one another, now and then, after the manner of a military guard. Their mother scarcely heard them. She sat almost motionless until she saw the horse and buggy which brought Cord from the railway station every evening speed along above a meadow fence and swing into the turnpike. Then she went down, determined to carry out a fixed purpose, and, if necessary, to defend it with every strategy ascribed to "love and war." It was a larger purpose, too, than she had imagined a few hours since could be possible.

Her face was pale as she seated herself at table among the clamorous family and tied little Max's bib around his square neck; she felt half a stranger to herself. Basil, who had remained to tea as he often did nowadays, to vary the monotony of hotel life, dispensed the children's poached eggs with a lavish hand and joked with Cord about the house cleaning. His smooth-shaven features, while indicative of strength and discernment, were of the "don't worry" mould, and sometimes he naively attributed his gray hair to the blizzards encountered in a rough life on the plains. Children everywhere confided in him. The softly lighted wainscoted room made a picture lovely to the eyes, its bay window orchard blooms set in a pink mist of afterglow; but Eudora knew, now, that her soul had never

been thoroughly at ease in Celeste Carrier's house.

"I looked over some old trunks today for a rummage sale," she began lightly in a final favoring lull, "and I found a photograph of Firman. I've been wondering how they all are getting along, and if he has a good salary at this last place. You hear from him once in a while, don't you, Basil?"

The bachelor nodded, intent upon spreading imperious Judy a slice of bread that would prove satisfactory.

"Has he?"

"Has he what?"

"A good salary?" She avoided meeting her husband's eyes by pushing one of Bertie's elbows off the table.

"Well, that's not likely. Firman insists upon preaching a somewhat rabid socialism; consequently the only people who enthuse over him haven't very much to give away. He gets a great deal of moral support."

Cord laughed leisurely. He was slender, alert, the embodiment, tonight, of high bred content; younger looking by ten years than Basil, yet of a nervous temperament.

A becoming color suddenly flamed in Eudora's cheeks. "I think I shall send Millie a few of the upstairs things that belonged to Aunt Celeste," she remarked with apparent composure, reluctant to open her line of action before Basil, who enjoyed feminine vagaries; "I think it will please Firman. He was very fond of 'auntie.'" Then she described the less significant belongings in Celeste's trunk and chatted entertainingly of her intentions in regard to them, not forgetting the rummage sale, while everybody at the table kept an astonished silence.

"It seems odd," Cord remarked at last, his brows darkly knitted, "to think of Firman, with his frugal tastes, moving every two or three years, and forced to lug around a silk counterpane and an empty cake basket."

The woman whose tact and beauty

had captivated her husband's aunt was clever enough to join freely in the general laugh. One-third of womanhood's success in life depends upon a fair amount of gently modulated laughter that carries conviction with it whether or not the mirth is wholly genuine. "But I haven't finished," she answered carelessly. "I'm going to send them all the silver marked 'Carrier,' and the oldest tablespoons unmarked, and those pearl-handled fruit knives that Aunt Celesté spoke to me about the morning before she died. Millie will value silver if Firman doesn't; and I'll risk their carrying it around. Perhaps he'll modify his theories when he sees his possessions growing. I believe, after all, that their family has just as much right to some of that property as we have, and possibly more, considering that we had already—received so much."

"My dear madam, you'll do nothing of the kind," Cord returned with decisive promptness. "The house cleaning has gone to your brain; but I'm here, sound as a nut. A good many years ago, against my advice and Basil's, you boxed up and shipped to Millie all Aunt Celeste's furniture. And how much of thanks did you get? Not one word. And remember that the Carrier silver isn't really yours to give away; it belongs to Judy."

"Then you care nothing for my happiness and peace of mind?"

"In this one respect, absolutely nothing."

She helped sleepy Max to climb down from his high chair and quietly led him toward his uncle for the good-night kiss.

"Isn't it ridiculous, Basil?" Cord demanded, white with an indignation which he could scarcely have explained.

Basil Drake bent a grave scrutiny on his brother's wife across the child's enveloping arms. He saw a sorrowful unyielding in her face. "I wouldn't stir up that old controversy,

Eudora, if I were you," he said, and there was a very gentle cadence in his voice; "let it blow over. They don't need the silver."

Eudora's breath came quick after ascending the stairs with Max, who was tearfully objecting as a matter of form. She gathered the little boy upon her lap and pulled off his shoes and stockings in a favorite south room that overhung the leafing rose bushes. Neither her husband nor Basil had guessed the real purpose of her preliminary fencing. She was well aware that Firman's family did not stand in any pressing need of a silver tea set, embossed tablespoons or pearl-handled knives. What she had set her heart on was the hope of gradually persuading Cord to divide all Aunt Celeste's property, both real and personal, with Firman, half and half. And this was not a light decision for a woman as well balanced as Eudora Drake—for one sufficiently skilled in worldly mathematics to know the full value of material comfort, especially as applied to those whom she loved. It held no element of feverish impulse. Although of Massachusetts birth, she had often scoffed at the prevailing ideas of a New England conscience peculiar to environment. It was not a decision prompted by fanatic zeal, but she felt that it was right. She concluded not to argue the matter further at present, excepting in a casual subjective way, without too much emphasis. In fact, she knew she could remain perfectly silent in Cord's presence and let him have, if she chose, a disturbing intimation of what was on her mind. For in regard to this affair, she read her husband, to a certain extent, more correctly than he read himself.

The next day Basil left town on an indifferent business trip, which, lengthening according to his inclinations, kept him away nearly three weeks. He reached his Deckleboro inn sitting room, aptly termed "the camp," late one rainy night, and was restfully absorbing news and tobacco.

smoke when Cord put in an appearance, minus ceremony.

"Make you jump? Well, Basil, o'd fellow, I'm jumped myself." The speaker thrust his hands angrily into his pockets, pacing the room with long strides. "I'm driven."

Basil waited, wonderingly, knowing that the facts must ultimately straggle out of chaos. He prepared himself for something dubious, while his brother continued to indulge in sundry bursts of rhetoric concise yet powerful. But he was almost staggered by the full scope of Eudora's altruism as it was disconnectedly revealed. For a long time he sat speechless in the mellow light around his green lamp shade.

"She claims," Cord explained, the outward force of his unrest gradually abating, "that the old lady's mind was a little weak toward the last. I suppose 'twas. And she thinks we ought to have sent for Firman. She says if he had been on hand Aunt Celeste would probably have favored him in the will. I'm not denying it. We never, either of us, actually exerted any influence one way or another. But we were very sorry for her; Eudora—you know she'd taken a great fancy to Eudora—and—"

"That's all right, Cord; this is all very unnecessary."

"Well, I'm not here for vindication. I don't deny but that the whole question many times has been an annoyance. But, great heaven, Basil, we've got to live! If we don't worry one way we will another. Firman is happy; ten to one he wouldn't swap and take my business anxieties. To speak honestly, I think all this cant nowadays about right and wrong is run to death; 'tisn't practical. Give the Tender Hearts circle full swing in the stock exchange and see where they'll land. They're racing around to-night after microbes for another of those infernal rummage sales, and I expect by next week Deckleboro'll have an epidemic. I believe in the individual; let him take care of him-

self and trust to luck about the 'brotherhood of man.'"

He stopped suddenly in his march, gave a short laugh, then began to walk again.

"Nevertheless, against all my ideas of sanity and common manhood, I shall doubtless at the last somehow have to give in." The elder man turned towards him with an abrupt movement, but Cord held his ground. "You don't know what it is to live with a woman like Eudora and know continually that you're making her miserable—or that she thinks you are; it's the same. She says she never fretted under poverty, and, confound it all, I can't say that she did! When we were first married—"

"Man alive!" Basil interrupted, blank with amazement, "you mustn't dream of yielding—for Eudora's own sake. You've gone too far now; the way your investments are placed you'd be taking her very bread away from her—and the children's," he added quietly. "I'm sorry, grievously sorry that she has gotten this troublesome notion into her head; but it's not an opportunity for sentiment—even between brothers. You're pledged to your family."

They talked all night. Basil would gladly have lightened the situation by arranging to turn over into Cord's hands more than half his own income, for he had a nicely adequate little fortune. But he knew that to make such an offer would be worse than useless, even a dire mistake. In relation to this richer brother, Eudora's husband had always been encircled by an intense pride which the progress of time seemed unable to wear away. And it was a pride particularly awkward because of the mutual fondness and ready understanding, which, aside from the question of finance, drew them closer every year. So to-night all that Basil could do was to advise.

They finally agreed that Eudora should be allowed to soothe her "individual conscience;" and a few days

later Cord reluctantly suggested to his wife that concession.

"Well, send them the silver, dearie, if it will make you any happier," he said; "and send, if you like, the shell cameos and—that Swiss music box and anything else that you can put your hands on which can strictly be classified as 'personal effects.' And I want you to explain," he urged caressingly, "that you're not to blame for what you can't get hold of, nor for what your husband positively and most conscientiously refuses to do."

Eudora's smile was playfully disdainful, but her thoughts, which had lain for a time comparatively dormant, now bestirred themselves. "It's possible," she answered warily, "that there might be a better feeling between the families if I should take a trip to Firman's and have a frank matter-of-fact interview. Anyhow, it would be a kind of satisfaction. I think we made a mistake years ago," she added, voicing a rational regret, "in refusing to talk it over."

And unsuspecting Cord, partially relieved, said with dry resignation, "Go."

Meanwhile, instead of preparing to attach extra blame of any kind to her husband, Eudora was honestly reserving for herself the larger share. But at the same moment she had weighed with a woman's deft perception his sense of chivalry; and convinced that the path chosen was the happiest one for both, she gravely sketched upon her brain a little map that took him where she willed. Yet a fond compassion for the man grew with every hour. When she crept that night through the hushed bedrooms to look at one or another of their children, her countenance was drawn and tearful. Sleeping or awake, the faces of Max and Judy and the twins wore that calm irresponsibility which is always so engaging to inhabitants of a different world—a world all perplexed by interwoven rights and obligations.

In the morning soon after Cord's departure for the city, Eudora Drake

started on her journey to Western New York. A cool wind whispered among the trees, but the sun had an artful eye on Deckleboro gardens. As the mistress of the old Carrier house glanced backward, the latter's whole vicinity appeared to plume itself as if by magic after a night of quiet rain. She drew the corners of her mouth firmly down. This little Eden was no longer hers.

Just before she changed from the Deckleboro "local" to the "fast limited," she despatched a hurried note to Cord at the rolling mill.

It was a note which made him stern with dismay. Never had it dawned upon him that Eudora could be so quixotic, so utterly imprudent as to assume for a recognized fact, face to face with Firman, the doubtful one of Aunt Celesté's "undue influence," worse still, to shoulder alone the entire humiliating burden of it! At first the thought bewildered him. By eleven o'clock his wrath was dangerous, but another hour brought the reaction and found him staring, with an almost unconcerned calm, into a queer immutable future. He sent his wife a telegram in care of Firman,—"Coming on the noon train. Wait for me,"—and though he tried to smile from sheer indifference, he remembered now, a trifle surprisedly, that far back in the half-forgotten era of sand pies, Eudora's word, where it concerned the three little Drake boys, law or no law, had reigned supreme.

Basil, dropping in at the old house soon after luncheon to inquire about the children's welfare, was met by a few astounding lines from Cord. These were scrawled down the back of a grocer's bill and pinned above the library writing desk.

"She's gone," volunteered Ned, by way of additional information, "and a little while ago he came home an' packed his valise, an' now he's gone."

"An' they're goin' to stay somewhere over night," the other twin interposed, while the bachelor stood

stolidly immovable, "an' 'rive here together to-morrow evenin'."

"You look out for us, Uncle Basil."

"Yes, you look out for us an' you 'tay with us."

Judy and Max folded plump, moist hands around their idol's unresponsive fingers. A bowl of freshly picked hothouse violets on a table by the window sent forth an appealing perfume that quietly offset the shrill childish voices. It seemed a voice itself, familiar, strange. Violet culture was one of Eudora's fads. Eudora's sewing bag, not a fad, hung from a corner of the cushioned settle. The room was indiscriminately scattered with Eudora's books, Eudora's favorite magazines.

Suddenly a sensation more like homesickness than anything he had ever known swept over this genial, self-contained man. It surprised him; he straightened his shoulders, resisting. He was naturally quick to think, far seeing. If Cord believed that the last move had been made on the chessboard of renunciation, there remained, unaware, a masterful spectator free to carry on the game. Here, finally, after many futile years, many hours of wonderment and unrest, was an elder brother's opportunity! Cord would never know. No one who could really care would know.

"All you dicky birds stay here and watch each other," he directed calmly, "while uncle goes down to the telegraph office, and then we'll get out the ponies and the tea—I mean the bread-and-milk cart, and have a long splendiferous drive." He spoke mechanically, half dazed, yet with an effect superbly persuasive.

They followed him to the front yard, Judy, as usual, monopolizing the last challenge. "You'll hurry right back with the carriage, won't you, Uncle Basil? We'll have our hats all on; don't keep up waiting."

The operator in the small telegraph office had the pleasant local privileges of a family acquaintance born in Deckleboro. He even raised his

brows half in query at the blind brevity of the message which Miss Carrier's eldest nephew jotted down with the speed of a stenographer and the facial animation of a sphinx. It was addressed to the Rev. Firman Drake.

"Cipher," Basil remarked, laconic but conciliatory.

"Fine weather we're having," the man answered, loitering a few moments for the sake of self-respect and old times. And the other man acquiesced, heartily, though he had an odd sense of living in a dream world sweet with violets even in the dead of winter, the old Carrier house always green-embowered in the foreground.

"Weather's first rate," was what he said; "a little muddy under foot, but good—good enough for anybody."

\* \* \* \* \*

A soft-voiced, graceful woman wearing a modish suit of gray with violets on her breast and a toque veiled with silver gauze setting off her fair hair would have been effective any way in a barren little cottage parlor, her hostess dark and slender in a nun-like gown seated at one side, and at the other a severe looking brother-in-law, surprised, deferentially unbending, inscrutable. But Eudora Drake, coaxingly penitent, Cord's telegram twisted between her fingers as she leaned forward, was a study for a portrait painter.

Now that her husband's coöperation was assured, her world-breathing personality had become almost irresistible; she felt strengthened as well as justified, mollified too, and therefore comfortably triumphant. A delicate color came and went in her cheeks. The silk lining of her dress made a gentle rustling when she stirred.

Mildred Drake, usually outspoken, remained purposely tongue tied for the larger part of half an hour. Firman took the lead reluctantly.

"Well, I'll tell you how I feel about it," he remarked at last; "we always had an idea that Aunt Celeste, while

feeble, was swayed—indirectly, of course—in Cord's favor. That was a long time ago; I've scarcely thought of it for years, and you doubtless blame yourself unduly. So far as the money is concerned, if it were wholly a personal equation, I could say honestly that I'd rather not have a penny's worth of this property. My people like me to be one of them; they believe I know what I'm talking about. But Millie"—his voice was deliciously flexible, and when he mentioned his wife's name his tones sweetened—"Millie isn't over-strong lately; she's done a good deal of real battling with actual poverty, experiments and dogma counted out; and I think this is something which she's entitled to decide for herself and her children. When a man believes as I do," he continued slowly, smiling with a kind of grave steadiness, "that every individual has inherited the 'divine right' not 'of kings,' but to a decent amount of material comfort and freedom from anxiety, he's not very likely to turn the wrong end of the telescope on his own family."

Mildred was still non-committal. She said theory entered so largely into her life that she must have at least until the next day in which to decide concerning the proposed arrangement. Both she and Firman seemed to feel that the actual completion of the matter hinged on their consent, a stipulation which Eudora, absorbed in the primary features of the contract, had overlooked. There was nothing for the latter to do but settle back in her rocker and wait for Cord while her sister-in-law tranquilly made ready the spare room under the eaves, and spread her daintiest muslin on Aunt Celesté's best bureau. A long string of little girls were arrayed in clean aprons and sweetly introduced to "Aunt Eudora," but their mother was thinking all the time of the hardships which had separated Firman's life from that of his brothers. She was saying to herself that this caller, sheltered by the Carrier

home's benignant roof, had given birth to carefully nurtured children, a share of whose pleasures belonged now, by the right of law and love, to these other children. And she began to see a way more clearly along the maze which led to her decision.

When the dispatch from Basil arrived, Eudora acquired no knowledge of it, being walled in by the little girls who had loaded her down with shabby rag dolls and plush photograph albums. By the time Cord reached the parsonage the relaxation of the swift journey through the fresh green of approaching summer had acted like a charm on his pliant disposition. The late glum impassiveness was merged into an earnest good will none the less brotherly because applauded by Eudora's welcoming smile. He was almost as disappointed as his wife, when Mildred in the morning gently but positively refused to accept any portion whatsoever of Celesté Carrier's estate.

Firman fortified the besieged little woman with his quietly terse rhetoric.

"You must bear in mind," he said politely, "that there are conditions under which enforced beneficence might resemble robbery. None of us are sure what dear Aunt Celesté would answer to this question if she could speak to-day. It's better, Eudora, to have simply a spirit touched like yours 'to fine issues' than a mere conscience striving to cheer itself by imparting to another conscience the qualms of uncertainty."

Even double-charged entreaty levelled at an apparent rationalism will soon find itself, if intelligent, prodigal of time and supplies. But Eudora's voice trembled a little at the last; she had been overwhelmed by the crude discomfort of the cottage parlor, the spare room—everything.

It was a clear, balmy morning. The road to the railway station was strangely treeless, yet its flat, vacant lots and cheap architecture were

somehow refined by the free, sun-warmed air which was still permeated with the loving mystery of dawn. Five minutes after taking her departure, Eudora sent Cord ahead and hurried back to the parsonage under the plea of a forgotten handkerchief. As Firman followed her into the parlor after calling Mildred, she turned from a row of book shelves and came towards him holding open a sombre looking little volume bound in black leather.

"Firman," she said, "I hope you'll excuse me, but early this morning, quite by accident, I read the wrong telegram. The children had played with it on the stairs; they'd crumpled it into a wad; and, supposing that it was mine from Cord, I picked it up. It seemed to be from Basil, dated yesterday. I couldn't leave till I knew what he meant by 'Philemon 18,' and had had it all explained. Does—does Cord understand?" Her face from throat to brow was crimson. "I believe it concerns Cord."

Firman, at first embarrassed, suddenly gave way to a hearty laugh.

"Well, Eudora," he said good-naturedly, "you've been rummaging."

"By accident," she insisted, as Mildred entered and sank, dumbfounded, into a chair. "Tell me, Firman, did he refer to what it says here?—'If he hath wronged thee or oweth thee aught, put that on mine account.' And why should?—what—you must tell me about it."

Firman laughed again. "That was the text of the last sermon Basil heard me preach, and he heard it nearly nine years ago; I'm rejoiced to know that it made an impression. It was a talk on mutual forbearance as determined by the higher law of sacrifice, the slow-flowering bulb of true communism. We think," he confided, a little brokenly, "that he intends to make good to us, some time, all that we may or may not have lost through Aunt Celeste's will. In any event, he has often been most kind,

and we are already his debtors. But I know he didn't wish you or Cord to get an inkling of this generous offer; I'm inexpressibly sorry that the accident occurred. I can understand Cord's position and the natural delicacy of feeling which he has always shown about accepting favors of this kind from Basil. For your own sake—for—everybody's sake, you will of course help us to guard our secret."

Eudora Drake had listened, motionless. Finally she went over and seated herself on a sofa beside Mildred, looking white and helpless. She could hardly have told which moment or which words, if any, had sent an amazing suggestion, like a gleam of strong light, into her brain.

"Millie," she murmured, "I've never dreamed that Basil—if what I think Firman has seemed to imply is—true; if it concerns *me*— You must make it quite clear. I have only a few minutes left."

"Eudora, dear, if the oracles are correct, a woman always is supposed to know by intuition, isn't she, when a man loves her?"

"Not if she's married," was the stern retort, "and a mother."

Millie and her husband, just recovering from a second awkward surprise, exchanged amused glances. To tell the truth, they were not wholly regretful to see proud, upright Eudora lightly sprinkled with clean valley dust. The minister nevertheless intended to improve the situation and blundered unwittingly.

"But this was years ago," he interposed kindly, "when you were almost a child. It's a very old story; our family understood it; your mother must have thought that Basil had a fighting chance when she consented to accept his aid at the time of your father's death, in finishing your education. Perhaps this very fact made Basil backward and mistrustful. But it's all in the past. Now he's a friend; for years he's been just friendly and a

brother. Cord was far and ahead the winner, you see, before the tournament had really opened."

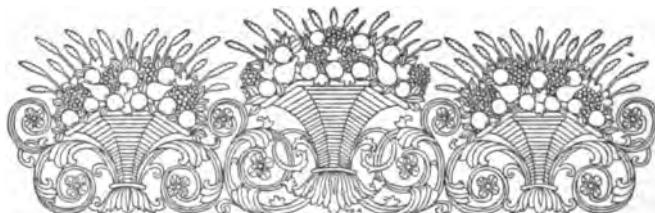
A mantel clock struck the half hour. Eudora rose confusedly. "I shall lose the train."

Her eyes were misty, and the whole world might as well have been changing its colors, but she put forward her right hand in the fashion of the day, and made her last little speech with commendable self-restraint. At the same moment, charged with a strange revolt against her mother, she had an inward vision of herself on her graduation day, carrying Basil Drake's flowers, yet looking past him always or keeping him carelessly in mind only as Cord's brother. While she spoke she was conscious too of a rug-

ged grandeur in his calm, matter-of-fact, unselfishness through the long vista of intervening years.

"This has all been quite new to me," she said softly, turning from one to the other; "all—everything. I'm greatly bewildered, but—glad you told me the truth. I hoped to return home, you know, freed from every obligation; instead, I shall have to look back now and see how many times I was thoughtless where I ought to have been—kind. It's going to make a vast difference in my life. And you can rest assured that—that the secret is perfectly safe."

Then she moved quietly towards the door, holding her head erect, and smiled hopefully as she stepped forth into the light.



## PROSPERITY.

*By Zitella Cocke.*

WHEN o'er high Alps the arching blue shines fair  
And fulgent beams illumine the mountain way,  
Monks of Bernard in solemn vigil pray  
For all who then the snow-crowned summits dare,  
Since well they know how danger veils her lair  
In subtle guise of sunlight's dazzling ray,—  
And so with pleading prayer, by night and day,  
The climber's bold, incautious foot upbear.

And when beneath serene, unclouded skies,  
Life beckons us to paths easeful and sweet,  
Whose radiant heights enchant our eager eyes,  
Shall we not guard with prayer our wilful feet,  
Knowing what peril—oh, how craftily—  
Masks in the sunshine of prosperity!



HERE is probably no other city on our entire seaboard which has so remarkable a conjunction of water power and water transportation as the city of Fall River, the largest cotton manufacturing centre in America. The city lies upon the side and back of a ridge which rises abruptly from the shores of Mt. Hope Bay and the Taunton River at their confluence. There the river broadens into a beautiful sheet of water, which constitutes the eastern arm of Narragansett Bay. The commodious harbor thus formed is easy of access, and deep enough to float ships of the largest class. Two miles back from the bay is Watuppa Lake, which extends seven miles from north to south, with an average breadth of three-quarters of a mile. The lake is fed by perennial springs, and also receives the outflow from several smaller sheets of water and a few small streams. Its outlet, the Quequechan River, is the main mill stream of the city. The value of this water power consists largely in its remarkable fall, 127 feet within less than half a mile. A dam of two feet elevation at the outlet of the lake gives an additional fall and increases the capacity of the storage basin. This river flows underneath the City Hall

and the street beside it, and from this point falls rapidly into the bay. Across its granite bed several mills are built, with their water wheels directly in the bed. The supply of water is so uniform that no damage from a freshet has ever been suffered by the structures which stand across the stream.

These exceptional advantages in respect at once to water power and water transportation, together with a climate remarkably well adapted to cotton manufacture, constitute the conditions which enterprising citizens of Fall River early seized upon to develop a great manufacturing city. Excepting the Bowenville district, in which the Fall River railway station is located, there is no considerable section of bottom land in the portion of the city yet built up. Elsewhere the ridge rises abruptly from the shore to the plateau which the city covers. At many points it affords fine outlooks upon the river and bay and over the country beyond. The country under the eye, as one looks across the broad bay, is not only of rare scenic beauty, but also of great historic interest, as the home of Massasoit and his sons, Alexander and Philip. Fall River itself, as well as the land across the bay, is closely as-

sociated with the tragedy known as King Philip's war. Under the shadows of the height to the southwest, known as Mount Hope, which is on the right as one sails down the bay, Philip met his fate, dying as a warrior dies in the last ditch.

The outlet of Watuppa Lake, whose rapid fall and large flow give the city its principal water power, divides the territory into two sections, both of which slope towards it and rise from it to an elevation above the bay almost double that of the river itself at the point where it flows under the City Hall and Main Street. This plateau has a rolling as well as sloping surface, and on the east, at the city's centre, is separated from the North Watuppa Lake by a considerable ridge. The North Watuppa Lake is naturally one with the South Watuppa, though across a natural narrow and shoal causeways have been constructed for the highway and for the railroad to New Bedford. The city's water supply is drawn from the North Watuppa. The daily average pumped in 1900 was 3,804,083 gallons. This is scarcely more than one-tenth the capacity of the lake. The water is unexcelled in purity. For the protection of its purity the city is acquiring a sufficient area adjacent to the shore line to be able to control the inflow and to give, in time, a beautiful park and drive along the western shore of the lake.

As many of the city's unoccupied lands still show, the surface of this territory was naturally rugged, with boulders and outcropping ledges, and thus difficult of cultivation; but the extensive beds of granite which underlie the city and which are easily quarried give a great abundance of solid building and paving material. Of this granite by far the larger portion of the great mills and some of the public buildings are constructed, and it has been wrought into the foundation of most of the residences and other buildings of the city. Much has also been shipped to other

places for building purposes. This granitic quality of the territory makes sewerage, street work and excavation difficult and expensive; but the sharp slopes make the discharge of the sewers and the natural wash of the streets comparatively easy problems. The exposure of the city to the breezes from across the bay tempers the extremes of heat and cold. The city is entirely free from malaria, and its health record is exceptionally good.

This region was originally acquired by white men, by purchase from the Indians. Its Indian name was Pocasset, which included the territory now covered by the towns of Fall River, Somerset, Swansea and Tiverton. By a deed signed April 2, 1658, the Indian chiefs of the region, Massasoit, his son, Wamsutta, and Weetamoe, the wife of the latter, conveyed to twenty-six freemen some thirty-six square miles of territory extending north from the mouth of the Quequechan and the line of the present Bedford Street, along the Taunton River, Assonet Bay and Stacey's Brook, some distance beyond Assonet village, and eastward four miles. This was the Freeman's Purchase, afterwards called Freetown. None of the proprietors settled on the land they acquired. On the fifth of March, 1679, the territory along Mount Hope Bay and southward from the Quequechan to Dartmouth and Seacocket, and inland from four to six miles, was sold by the Indians to a company of eight men. This was the Pocasset purchase, the township name after its incorporation in 1694 being Tiverton. One of the eight proprietors was Colonel Benjamin Church, the famous leader of the colonists against King Philip. By 1703 Colonel Church had settled in Fall River, and had improved the water power on the south side of the stream by erecting a sawmill, gristmill and fulling mill. The south end of the Granite Block occupies the place where the fulling mill stood. The lot of the Freeman's Purchase, nearest

the river, was sold in 1679 to William Earle, John Borden and Daniel Lake. Lake later sold out to Borden and Earle, who in June, 1710, divided the property between them, Borden taking the southern half. In 1714 Borden bought all the land between his property and the Quequechan, west of the present Main Street. His son Joseph soon occupied this property and built a sawmill, where the Pocasset Mill now stands. The same year, by trade with Colonel Church, Richard and Joseph Borden, sons of John, became possessed of a piece of sixty-six acres of land, that included the south bank of the Quequechan, from the bay up to Main Street, and both sides from that point eastward to the lake. Thus the Bordens, John and his two sons, came into possession of the whole water power from the lake to the bay and of the bordering land.

The original line of separation between Freetown and Tiverton was what is now Bedford Street, thence on Main Street south to the stream, and thence on the stream west to the bay. When, in 1746, Tiverton became a part of Rhode Island, the dividing line was carried southward to about the region of Columbia Street. This gave Freetown almost the whole of the water power. By this change the settlers on both banks of the stream came under the jurisdiction of Freetown. For several subsequent decades the hamlet on the Quequechan made but little growth.

During these times there occurred the long and exhaustive war for national independence, in which the people of this region bore their full part. During the British occupancy of the island of Rhode Island, in Narragansett Bay, the war was brought to the very gates of Fall River. Once the town itself was invaded by a band of 150 British soldiers. The local guard, under command of Major Joseph Durfee, was stationed at the mouth of the Quequechan, at the point where the New York boats now land. Unable to prevent the British landing, Major



FALL RIVER FROM THE BAY.



WATUPPA LAKE.

Durfee's force retreated up the hill and made a successful stand at the bridge, on what is now Main Street, in front of the present City Hall. Two of the invaders fell at this point and another on the retreat down the bay. During this invasion the saw and grist mills of Thomas Borden, near the present Metacomet Mill, were burned. Through the greater part of the war Colonel Durfee remained in the government service, holding some important commands.

In the year 1803 Freetown was divided, and the southern part of the territory was made the town of Fall River, though the next year it became and for thirty years continued to be Troy,—since which time its corporate name has been Fall River.

At the time of the incorporation, in 1803, there were only eighteen dwelling houses and about one hundred inhabitants in the village on both sides the Quequechan. Of these eighteen families nine were named Borden. The other names were Brayton, Buffinton, Bowen, Cook, Durfee, Davol and Luther,—almost all, names prominent in the subsequent development

of the community. This hamlet had, as its rival, a settlement at Steep Brook, near the centre of the town's area. There the first town house was erected, in 1805, and thither the post office was moved in 1813, two years after its first establishment at the village on the Quequechan, to which place it was brought back in 1816. By 1810 the population had increased to 1,296.

In 1811, Colonel Joseph Durfee, of Revolutionary fame, with a few



OLIVER CHACE.

others, built a small wooden structure at the junction of South Main and Globe streets, then within the bounds of Tiverton, for a cotton factory. This earliest cotton factory of the neighborhood was operated as such till 1829, when it was converted into print works.

The year 1813 saw the founding of the Troy Cotton and Woolen Manufactory, under the management of Oliver Chace, and the Fall River Manufactory, in which David Anthony and Dexter Wheeler were prominent. These two enterprises were the real pioneers of the cotton industry of Fall River. The latter mill stood at the head of the third fall from tide water. The first Troy mill stood near the site of the old sawmill.

During the seven years succeeding this beginning of the cotton business, the growth of the village was extremely slow. The census of 1820 showed a population of only 1,595. The tariff of 1824 gave improved protection to home manufacture, and that of 1828 still further increased it. These changes gave a great impetus to the development of the power along the Quequechan. By 1830 the population had increased to 4,159. Scores of enterprising men saw the possibilities of this water power. During this decade the Fall River Iron Works, the Pocasset, the Anna-wan and the Massasoit Companies were organized, as were the Fall River Print Works, the Eddy Satinet Works, the Watuppa Reservoir Company and the Fall River Bank. During this period the Troy Company acquired its present property just above the City Hall and built upon it.

In 1821 the land, including the falls just west of Main Street, came into possession, largely, of the Rodmans of New Bedford, who organized the Pocasset Company, with Samuel



DAVID ANTHONY.

Rodman, the principal owner, as president. Oliver Chace, of the Troy Mill, was engaged as agent. Just north of the stream and in front of where the Granite Block stands they built the "Bridge Mill," which was used till it was burned in the great fire of 1843. Besides running a business of its own, the Pocasset Company erected factories and leased them to

other parties. Thus they covered the stream down to and including the Massasoit Mill. For many years Oliver Chace managed the affairs of



STEPHEN DAVOL.



WILLIAM C. DAVOL.



NATHANIEL B. BORDEN.

the Pocasset Company with rare judgment and sagacity.

The history of cotton manufacture

in Fall River is in large measure the story of the achievements of great captains of industry, men of rare discernment, character and force. It was Stephen Davol who first contended that a large mill could be operated with greater economy of power and labor than a small one, and proved it in the Pocasset Mill of the city. William C. Davol, by his numerous inventions, materially reduced the cost of production and so helped to hold the market against foreign competition. Nathaniel B. Borden, so prominent in the mercantile and manufacturing life of the city, was prominent also in its municipal life, and in the Legislature. Micah H. Ruggles, for twenty years following 1837, conducted the increasing business of the Pocasset Company with rare skill and success. Holder Borden exerted an enormous influence on the industrial life of Fall River for twenty years in its formative period, being connected more or less closely with nearly all the business enterprises of the place.

Rarely has one so young—he died at less than two score—attained and held such prominence in a community.

One of the most important industries organized in the decade 1820-1830 was the Fall River Iron Works Company. No other institution had as much to do with the early development of the life of Fall River. Its principal promoters were Major Bradford Durfee and Colonel Richard Borden, though others were associated with them, including Holder Borden and David Anthony. The first works of the company were built on the site of the Metacomet Mill, and the product of hoop iron was largely sold in New Bedford and Nantucket for use on oil casks. Bar iron was also produced, and the making of nails was undertaken. The business was profitable, and other products were added until 1840, when the plant was moved to its present situation, where wharves were secured; better buildings provided and increased space obtained. The enterprises concerned with the development of Fall River with which the Iron Works Corporation has been actively related are almost numberless. Its



JEFFERSON BORDEN.



RICHARD BORDEN.



JESSE EDDY.

strong and wealthy hand was felt in mills, print works, railroads, steam-boats and better water power. Until his death, which resulted from overexertion at the time of the fire in 1843, Major Bradford Durfee was the leading spirit of the corporation. "In building operations, in the construction of wharves, in the getting out of stone, in devising means to accomplish certain ends, in readiness of comprehension, in clearness of imparting ideas, in all the various ways in which one man gains and retains an influence over others, perhaps Major Durfee has never had a superior in the city." His mantle, however, may be said to have fallen upon his associate, Colonel Richard Borden, who was for forty-four years, from 1828, the treasurer of the Iron Works Company, and who at his death was justly styled, by the press, "our foremost citizen." He was a large benefactor of the city in the development of its manufactures, its banking business and its transportation facilities, both by land and by water. He was also a leader in civil and in church affairs, energetic, sagacious, generous with his ample means, a man of spotless integrity. His

death left a void which will never be filled in the person of any one man.

The pioneer of calico printing in Fall River was Andrew Robeson of New Bedford, a relative of the Rodmans of the Pocasset Company, by which the first print cloths were made in the Bridge Mills. These cloths were bought and printed by Andrew Robeson, who managed calico printing with such skill that the reputation of his product extended, until the name of Andrew Robeson's prints was favorably known in every trade centre in the country. He was an energetic, far-seeing man and of open handed generosity. He broke away from the pernicious custom of "store pay" for his operatives, paying their wages in cash. Under the influence of his example company stores soon became a thing of the past. He also gave his juvenile employees a teacher, a schoolroom and one-third of each day for study.

Upon the death of Holder Borden, whose last great work was the organization of the American Print Works, Jefferson Borden, a younger brother of Colonel Richard Borden, was called to their management; and for forty years thereafter, with indomitable energy



NATHAN DURFEE.



JAMES BUFFINTON.



CITY HALL.

and resolution he threw himself into the development of calico printing. Colonel Thomas J. Borden, a son of Colonel Richard Borden, succeeded Jefferson Borden as treasurer of the Print Works. He greatly enlarged the plant, introducing the equipment for indigo dyeing and many improvements. These two extensive establishments, the Fall River Iron Works and the American Print Works, have come under the sole ownership of Matthew C. D. Borden,

a son of Colonel Richard Borden. Together they constitute a textile establishment whose magnitude is not equalled in this country. The Iron Works Corporation, which long since abandoned the manufacture of iron, is the largest cotton manufacturing corporation in the United States. It consumes 850 bales of cotton per week, runs 266,000 spindles and 7,552 looms, and produces 1,300 miles of cloth per week. It employs 1,800 hands. Its engines have 8,900 horse



EAST FROM CITY HALL.

power. Its draught chimney rises 350 feet above ground, having a diameter of 30 feet at the base and 21 feet at the top. This is the tallest chimney in America, and, with two exceptions, the tallest in the world. The product of the mill is print cloth, which is converted into calico in the adjacent American Print Works. The output of the Print Works exceeds in number of yards that of any other in this country or in Europe. If spread out in a continuous line the cloth printed here in a year would measure 85,000 miles, belting the globe three times, with 10,000 miles to spare.

Hitherto, as we have seen, the Pocasset Company and, more largely, the Iron Works Company, had engineered the business enterprises of the place. A new departure was made in the organization in 1859 of the Union Mill Company, based upon the general contributions of men of small capital. The idea was that of Hale Remington. He induced the

veteran manufacturer, David Anthony, then seventy-four years of age, to take a large share in the stock and to undertake the active management of the Union Mill, which was a splendid and immediate success. During a long life David Anthony was an industrial leader in Fall River, much trusted as a civic counsellor, for forty years president of the Fall River Bank.

The success of the Union Mill Company served as an incentive to the organization of several corporations on similar lines. The first of these was the Granite Mills, incorporated in 1863. At the present time the capital stock of the concern is \$1,000,000. One of the most tragic incidents in the history of Fall River was the burning of Granite Mill No. 1, September 19, 1874. Many operatives leaped from the upper stories to escape the flames, only to meet death from the fall. Twenty-three persons were killed and thirty-three injured.



VIEW TOWARD THE BAY FROM CITY HALL.



NOON HOUR IN THE MILL DISTRICT.

The Durfee Mills, organized in 1867, were named in honor of Major Bradford Durfee, and were under the presidency of B. M. C. Durfee, his son, whose name the Fall River High School bears. This was the first mill to take a family name, though the custom has since largely prevailed here. The late David A. Brayton was the first treasurer and real founder of the Durfee Mills. The Durfee Mills cover an area of eleven and a half acres, employing 1,100 people. John S. Brayton succeeded to and now holds the presidency of the Durfee Mills, occupying also the same position in the Linen, Granite, Troy, Metacomet, Anawan, Border City and Fall River Mills corporations.

The year 1870 found in operation in Fall River eighteen corporations engaged in the manufacture of cotton. The years 1871 and 1872 saw the most remarkable increase in the business. In that period not less than fifteen corporations were organized, and mills were built involving an out-

lay of \$13,000,000. In those two years the population increased 10,000 and the valuation more than doubled.

Incorporated in 1803, the first cotton mill enterprise established in 1813, made a city in 1854, with a population of 12,000, Fall River had in 1870, 26,766 inhabitants; in 1880, 48,961; in 1890, 74,398; and in 1900, 104,863. The advance in valuation has not been less remarkable, rising from \$23,612,214 in 1870 to \$39,171,264 in 1880, \$53,395,908 in 1890, and \$73,605,414 in 1900. The number of incorporated companies engaged in the manufacture of cotton goods is now forty-one, owning eighty-two mills, with an incorporated capital of \$26,000,000 and a probable investment of \$47,000,000, operating upwards of 3,000,000 spindles and 71,000 looms, employing 29,000 persons and having a pay roll of \$172,000 per week.

Fall River easily leads all other cotton manufacturing centres in America. It has about one-fifth of all the cotton spindles in the United States,



THE B. M. C. DURFEE HIGH SCHOOL.

more than any state except Massachusetts, and more than twice as many as any other industrial centre in America. It makes 843,000,000 yards of cloth annually. Every working day its mills weave more than 1,500 miles of cloth. If all the mills could be run on one piece the fastest express train could not travel fast enough to carry off the piece as it is woven, since the product is more than two miles a minute.

The great staple of Fall River production has been print cloth, but Southern competition is driving the mills more and more into fine goods. At the present time almost all kinds of cotton fabrics are produced here, including sheetings, twills, jeans, sateens, lawns, fine zephyrs, lace curtains, crochet and Marseilles quilts and fine ginghams. The mills formerly known as the Globe Yarn Mills and the Sanford Spinning Mill turn out yarns of every degree of fineness required. There is also what was originally the Kerr Thread Mill, now

a part of the consolidated American Thread Company. For many years the satinet factory managed by the Eddys was a most important establishment.

For many years Elijah C. Kilburn and Jonathan T. Lincoln were associated in the manufacture of cotton machinery. The

firm made a specialty of a turbine water wheel that displaced the lumbering and wasteful old breast wheel. This concern is now one of the largest manufacturers of looms and other machinery. For thirty years its business manager has been Leontine Lincoln.

The hat factory of James Marshall, in the southern section of the city, is one of the largest factories of the kind in the world. It uses the fur from 10,000 rabbit skins daily, or 3,000,000 a year, and is capable of turning out 5,000 Derby hats every working day of the year.

In reviewing the work of the strong



THE PUBLIC LIBRARY.



FALL RIVER SCHOOLS.

men of Fall River, James Buffinton, the first mayor and member of Congress during the period of the Civil War, should not be

forgotten; nor Edward P. Buffinton, mayor through the entire crisis of the Civil War, in support of which his labors were untiring. Dr. Nathan Durfee, who early abandoned medical practice and led an active business life as merchant, manufacturer, banker and agriculturist, became a large landowner here, held several municipal offices, served in the Legislature, and was active in religious life. Dr. Foster Hooper, a skilful physician and surgeon, with an extensive practice, participated conspicuously in public affairs for many years. Dr. Phineas W. Leland, a public spirited citizen, collector of customs for some twenty years, was an active promoter of education and a leader in the founding of the public library.

One of the noted events in the history of Fall River is the great fire which occurred on Sunday, July 2, 1843. A long drouth and the summer heat had rendered the wooden buildings an easy prey to the flames. The stream was very low and the fire apparatus most inadequate. The fire was started by the carelessness of boys in the rear of a carpenter's shop, on Borden Street, near Main Street.

A high wind prevailed at the time, and though the people rallied promptly, the fire soon became uncontrollable. For seven

hours it raged, until it was mercifully stayed by a change in the direction of the wind. The desolated district extended from Borden to Franklin and from Main to Rock streets. Within that area of twenty acres were 291 buildings of all classes, including the residences of 1,324 persons, all the public offices, three nearly new houses of worship, banks, hotels, one cotton mill, and almost the entire mercantile outfit of the place. The need of relief was great, and the response to the appeal of a citizens' committee was generous. Rarely has a town or city been more completely destroyed.

Church activities have always kept pace with the growth of the city. At the present time there are about forty Protestant churches, besides several missions, fifteen Catholic churches and three Jewish congregations. The constituency of the Catholics far outnumbers that of the Protestants; and their church buildings are both more spacious and of a more solid character. Near many of these edifices are church schools, where some thousands of children receive elementary instruction. Some of the parish schools carry the



THE RESIDENCE OF HON. JOHN S. BRAYTON.

instruction up to the high school grade. No summary of the religious activities of Fall River should neglect to make mention of the devoted labors of the Rev. Edwin A. Buck, who for thirty years did a city missionary's work, from which he has not even yet wholly withdrawn. His appointment and support have been given by the Central Congregational Church. The finest house of worship in Fall River is undoubtedly that of this church, which, with its connected chapel, constitutes an architectural ornament to the city.

The early population of Fall River was either Congregational, Baptist or Quaker in faith. The first church organized within the present limits of the city was that now known as the First Baptist, in 1781, at the



THE COURT-HOUSE.

Narrows. It remained there until 1825, when it moved to the centre. The First Congregational Church was organized in 1816. For about seven years thereafter it had neither pastor nor house of worship, though it sustained regular Sabbath services. The Society of Friends was organized in 1819, though for several years adherents of this faith had been holding meetings in Fall River. Their first meeting-house was built in 1821. The First Methodist Church was organized in 1826, the First Christian in 1829, the Unitarian in 1832, the Church of the Ascension (Episcopal) in 1836, the Central Congregational in 1842, the Second Baptist and the United Presbyterian in 1846, St. Paul's M. E. in 1851 and the Church



THE ARMORY.

of the New Jerusalem in 1854. The first Catholic church, St. Mary's, was organized in 1836. It was followed by the Sacred Heart in 1873. These are the older churches, and include all near the centre of the city, except a recently erected Jewish synagogue. The senior pastor of the city is Rev. Dr. William W. Adams, who began his ministrations to the First Congregational Church in 1864, and who continues still in the same service in unimpaired intellectual vigor, easily the primate among the intellectual forces of the city, still alert and vigorous, not only in his thinking, but in action, a scholarly man, a faithful pastor, and a most instructive preacher. No pastorate in the city has equalled his in duration, except that of "Father" Job Borden of the First Baptist Church, who was blind, and who served his church from 1795 to 1833. Among the clergymen of a former time who made the most permanent impression on the life of Fall River, the following may perhaps be named without injustice to others:

Orin Fowler, pastor of the First Congregational Church from 1831 to 1850, was a leader among the moral and intellectual

forces of the community. Sent to the State Senate, he displayed such legislative ability that he was twice elected to Congress; and he died at his post in Washington, greatly lamented. J. Lewis Diman, who afterwards won such distinction as professor of history in Brown University, was pastor of the First Congregational Church for several years. Eli Thurston, of the Central Congregational Church, was a man of tremendous moral earnestness and great

power of pungent discourse. Asa Bronson, pastor at different times of both the First and Second Baptist churches, was preëminently a preacher, fearless, fervid, direct, and he exerted a large influence in the community. Peter B. Haughwout, pastor of the First Baptist Church from 1855 to 1870, was one of the most intellectual and eloquent men who ever filled a Fall River pulpit. George



THE POST OFFICE.

M. Randall, the second rector of the Church of the Ascension, was here in the early years of his ministry, even then displaying some of that power which later made him one of the bishops of the Episcopal Church. John Westall was for half a century one of the most beloved and useful citizens of Fall River. For thirty-six years he was a designer at the American Print Works, meanwhile serving the Church of the New Jerusalem as an unordained minister.



ALONG THE WHARVES.

Later in life he took a special course of study and received ordination. He was a student of literature, a leader in moral reforms, for some years editorial writer on the *Weekly News*, and closely identified with the school interests of the city.

George W. Briggs, afterwards a distinguished leader in his denomination, was the first pastor of the Unitarian Church. Among his successors were John F. Ware and Saniel Longfellow. Among the Methodists best known in the church at large were Frederick Upham, Alfred A. Wright, Samuel L. Gracey and Emory J. Haynes. Edward Murphy, one of the founders of St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church, was a most companionable man, and one whose influence was

strong for the good, not only of his own people, but of the entire community.

Fall River is one of the places which is working out the great problem of making of many races one American people. Armenians, Syrians, Chinamen and some from the land of the Euphrates represent Asia. Scandinavians and Germans are here, though not in large numbers. Rus-



A FALL RIVER LINE BOAT AT HER DOCK.

sian and Polish Jews constitute a considerable fraction of our population. Portuguese are with us in large numbers. The bulk of the foreign element, however, is either French or from the United Kingdom—English, Scotch and Irish. There is no city in Massachusetts, nor any of the first rank in the United States, in which the percentage of the foreign born is so high. The census of 1895 shows that, of our 89,203 inhabitants, 44,520, almost exactly half, were foreign born. Of the 44,683 native born, both parents of 8,757 were born in Ireland, both parents of 6,817 were born in Great Britain, and both parents of 6,257 were French Cana-

registers, the pay rolls of the mills and of the various municipal departments. Every race which has considerable numbers resident here tries to keep alive its race traditions and affiliations by some society. The Caledonians, the Hibernians, the Sons of St. George, the Canadian St. Jean de Baptist Society, the Portuguese, Armenian and Polish benevolent associations are but samples of the race organizations maintained here. There is naturally a tendency on the part of recent comers, speaking a language other than the English, to prefer residence near others speaking their mother tongue. But the exigencies of employment in the mills



dian. There were only about 12,000 out of the 89,000 who were purely American native born. The census of 1900 shows a population of 104,863—an advance of about one-sixth in the decade. It is certain that this advance does not change the proportion in favor of the purely native stock. The native American stock is gradually dwindling in its proportion to the total population, though it is still influential in shaping the city's business and social life.

The diverse racial character of our population is evidenced in the features and language of the people one meets on the thronged streets, in the names which appear on the signs, in the directory, the voting lists, the school

and a growing acquaintance with the language and life of the city gradually bring about a general commingling of peoples.

Nothing operates more powerfully than the public schools to effect the civic and social amalgamation of the races. Here the children of all meet on a common footing. In the schools the children of foreign-born parents meet and compete with those who trace their American lineage beyond the Revolutionary era. In the schools of all grades and in the competitive examinations for admission to the Normal Training School, these young people have won their share of the honors. All this tends to democracy of feeling



THE FALL RIVER BOYS' CLUB.

and to mutual respect. What Senator Hoar said in his recent address to the Legislature, on the wonderful incorporation of diverse racial elements into one strong body politic in our Commonwealth, has no better illustration than can be found in Fall River.

In proportion to its wealth, Fall River has a large school population, hence an unusually heavy school burden. Its teachers are not as well paid as they deserve to be, and as are the teachers of other cities. The birth rate in Fall River, according to the census of 1900, is higher than that of any other city of over 30,000 population in the country, being 38.75 per 1,000. Holyoke comes next with 38.50. There is then a drop to 31.05 in New Bedford, 30.86 in Waterbury, Connecticut, and 29.29 in Cambridge. These are the five highest birth rates.

Though Fall River has several parochial schools, within which are some thousands of pupils, yet at some time the major portion of these receive public school training. In the High School the pupils of all races meet; but the per cent of the school population which never reaches the High School is exceptionally large. There

is a great exodus from school as soon as the law allows. Nevertheless, their public school system has a strong hold on the hearts of the people of Fall River. Fall River was the first city to provide free text-books, it was one of the first to introduce manual training in its High School, and to support free kindergartens. Some years ago, when there was great need of better accommodations for the High School, the city had the good fortune to have this need met through the benefaction of one who in early life had been a teacher in its schools. In conformity to the expressed wish of her son, Bradford M. C. Durfee, whom death had claimed in early manhood, Mrs. Mary Brayton Young, formerly the wife of Major Bradford Durfee, caused to be erected



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MATTHEW C. D. BORDEN.

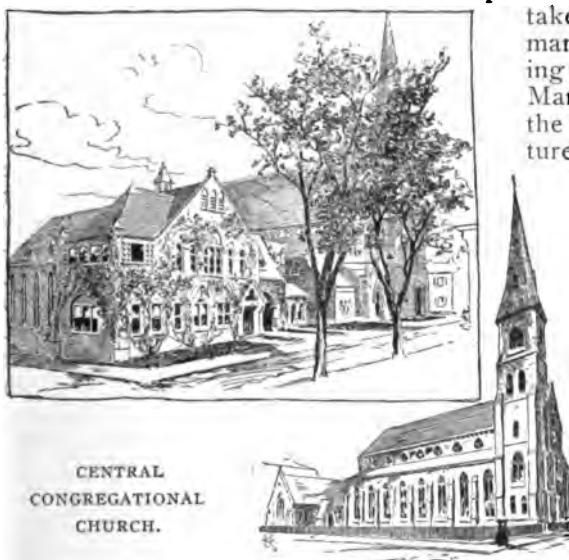
and presented to the city for the perpetual use of its High School a granite structure occupying a whole block in the finest possible location. The building is a superb specimen of school architecture, unexcelled if not unequalled by any public school building in America. Mrs. Young's agent in the provision of this munificent gift was her brother, the Hon. John S. Brayton, who entered heartily into his sister's plans and gave his time for years to their development and execution. This memorial build-

term, the longest service ever rendered on the School Board of Fall River. The present superintendent of schools, William C. Bates, was the successor of William Connell, who held that office some twenty-five years.

The first free public library known to the world was established in Massachusetts in 1853. In 1860 the city government of Fall River provided for the establishment of such a library. From the first, the library had public favor. In 1895 steps were taken to provide for it a permanent building. The new building was opened to the public, March 27, 1899. Together with the site, it represents an expenditure of \$252,000. It is of dressed Fall River granite, and is absolutely fireproof. The architects were Cram, Wentworth, and Goodhue of Boston. In design it is Italian Renaissance, modelled after the typical Roman palace of the sixteenth century. Much handsome marble of various shades enters into the interior construction. The seven-story stack, when it is all in place, will provide accommodation for 350,000 volumes. At the present time the library contains

about 60,000 bound volumes, and lends for home use a daily average of 650 volumes. There is large use of the reference library and reading rooms, which are open freely to all.

The oldest newspaper of the city still published is the Fall River *Evening News*, which was started as a weekly by Thomas Almy and John C. Milne. The latter is still editor-in-chief, and a daily worker in the editorial department. Thomas Almy died in 1882. The present junior partner and business manager is Franklin L. Almy, who entered the office a few weeks after the paper started. Since 1859 a daily has been issued. Other dailies are the Fall River *Herald*,



CENTRAL  
CONGREGATIONAL  
CHURCH.

ST. MARY'S CHURCH.

ing was publicly dedicated, with an endowment of \$50,000 for the school, June 15, 1887, the anniversary of the birth of B. M. C. Durfee, whose name it fitly bears. The occasion was graced by the presence of the governor of the Commonwealth and other dignitaries. Mr. Brayton presided and made the opening address. Rev. Dr. Roswell D. Hitchcock, president of Union Theological Seminary, gave the dedicatory address. At the dedication, the keys were received on behalf of the city by Mayor Cummings, and turned over by him to Leontine Lincoln, chairman of the school committee, who has recently been elected to his eighth consecutive three-year

started in 1872; the Fall River *Globe*, in 1885, and the Fall River *L'Independent*, a French paper, also started in 1885. In the same year Samuel E. Fiske started and still publishes several country weeklies, all printed in Fall River, with the same general news, but with special local matter for each town.

Prominent among the charities of the city is the Associated Charities, with its experienced agent and its corps of friendly visitors. Protestants unite to sustain a Children's Home and an Aged People's Home. The Irish and the French Catholics have each an Orphans' Home. These institutions have commodious and substantial buildings. Two hospitals of a semi-charitable character have recently been consolidated, and a well equipped modern hospital is soon to be erected on an admirable site donated by Hon. John S. Brayton. The Seaside Home affords an opportunity for summer care of sick infants who have unfavorable home surroundings. The Boys' Club, the Women's Industrial Union, the Girls' Friendly Society, are each doing a good work. The Y. M. C. Association has a fine location, and expects soon to have a new and well equipped building in place of the dwelling which it now occupies. The Methodist churches have provided a Deaconess Home, very largely through the liberal gifts of John D. Flint. The Salvation Army and the Rescue Mission are both helping to lift up the fallen. All this helps avert the necessity for the interposition of the hand of public relief in the form of outdoor aid and of almshouse and hospital care, for which the city is well equipped.

The Post Office, opened for use in 1879, is of gray granite, with elaborately carved trimmings, a fine piece of architecture. The City Hall spans the Quequechan at the confluence of all travel. It was erected in 1845, of Fall River granite, and reconstructed and enlarged in 1872. The interior,

with roof and tower, was destroyed by fire in 1886. It was immediately rebuilt within the old walls, in modern style; but it is already inadequate to the needs. Its tower affords a fine view of the city and surrounding country. From this two of the views given with this article were taken. The one looking westward upon the bay, with the Granite Block and the Pocasset Mill in the foreground, shows the line of the rapid plunge of the Quequechan to the bay. This was the line of the original mill industries. At the water side appear the docks whence the Sound steamers of the Fall River Line sail, as well as those of the Winsor Line running to Philadelphia, and others running to various points on Narragansett Bay. The steamers of the Fall River Line for New York are among the most magnificent in the world; and this, especially in summer, is the popular line of travel between Boston and New York. Just south of the docks is the extensive plant of the American Print Works, and the Fall River Iron Works. Looking eastward from the City Hall tower one sees close at hand the Troy Mill, and beyond, the extensive Durfee Mills and a multitude of chimneys indicating the location of other mills. In the distance patches of Watuppa Lake appear.

On North Main Street, midway between the railway station and the City Hall, on a large and well shaded lot, with a fine outlook over the bay, stands the Court House, a handsome structure of Fall River granite completed in 1892. The Armory is another spacious and imposing granite structure. It has the usual large drill shed and a fine headhouse, with quarters for three or more militia companies. Near it is soon to be erected a building for a textile school, the site for which has been donated by Miss Sarah S. Brayton, through whose liberal concessions the site for the Public Library was also secured at a low price. Reference should be made to the elegant building pro-

vided for the use of the Fall River Boys' Club by the munificence of Matthew C. D. Borden, the owner of the Fall River Iron Works and the American Print Works. With its complete equipment and its efficient management, this club is easily chief among institutions of its kind.\*

Fall River has an original surface so rough, so full of boulders and outcropping ledges, that it has been a matter of exceptional difficulty to work its streets and to extend its sewer, gas and water systems. So rapidly has the city grown that it has not been easy for municipal improvements to keep pace with the demand.

The streets over which the travel is the heaviest are paved with granite blocks. Other streets are macadamized as fast as is consistent with a reasonable tax rate. The city is well covered with electric car lines, which centre at the City Hall. Electric as well as steam lines connect Fall River with Providence, Newport, New Bedford and Taunton. All points in Narragansett Bay can be reached by boat, and excursions on the bay are a feature of summer life. Many of the churches, Sunday-schools and social and trade organizations take a day on the bay each summer, with a stop at some one of the numerous shore resorts.

One infelicity of the local situation is that there is a divided state and municipal jurisdiction over what is the actual city of Fall River. Originally near the Quequechan, the border line has been twice pushed southward, so as to bring the population under a single municipal control; but now some thousands of the real population of Fall River are over the line and so not under Massachusetts law or Fall River police control. In the interest of good order and of fairness to Fall River's growth, the border should be carried farther south-

ward, even if an equivalent territory should be given our sister state in the environs of Pawtucket.

The policy of building mill tenements was abandoned years ago. Where still maintained, they are considered an undesirable feature of the situation. The number of mill workers who own their dwellings, or even have tenements to rent, is not inconsiderable. The number of those who own stock in the mills is much larger. The fact that there are nine thousand stockholders in our forty corporations which are engaged in the manufacture of cotton goods shows that interest in the manufacturers' side of labor questions is very widespread. Not a few are capitalists while at the same time laborers. Multitudes of our operatives are also capitalists through their deposits in our four savings banks, which report \$17,100,552 deposits to the credit of 40,538 persons. Moreover, there are four coöperative banks in which working people have a large interest, and which are all the while helping them to own houses.

Trades unions flourish in Fall River. Nearly every class of mill workers, as well as of artisans, has its own special trade organization. These have proved a conservative force in our industrial life, being more likely to avert than to promote strikes. Strikes, partial or general, of recent date have been remarkably free from violence. The manufacturers have shown a disposition to adopt a conciliatory course, to maintain a fair scale of wages and sometimes to run their mills even at a loss rather than bring on the distress consequent upon closure. They voluntarily established a ten-hour day two years before compelled by law, though they returned to the eleven-hour day after a year and a half, when they saw that the mills in other cities would not follow suit. Fall River has often been the battle ground on which labor issues have been tried, and it has not seldom set the pace for other places.

\*See special illustrated article describing it in the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE for December, 1898.

The police and license business of the city is now under control of a Board of Police Commissioners appointed by the governor, as in Boston. The general belief is that the change has been a substantial benefit to the city. With a foreign element so largely predominant, as would naturally be supposed, the liquor problem is a difficult one. Still one may traverse the streets for days and see no other evidence of drunkenness than appears through saloon windows and in an occasional ride of some hapless victim to the police station. The influence of social life in the upper circles has in the past been exceptionally strong against the use of intoxicants.

It has been asserted that the record of crime is less in Fall River than in any city of its size in the country. There is, indeed, much to deplore; but the mass of the people are, on the whole, law abiding. The common people are as a rule workers, not

drones, and are possessed of remarkable thrift and energy. Many of those who have come to us out of less happy conditions are ambitious to give their children a better chance. There is an upward trend in many respects. On the whole, the aspect of things supports the optimistic view, while it stimulates the philanthropic and religious to the exercise of their best efforts.

It is three years less than a century since the separate municipal life of Fall River began. It is four years less than half a century since the city charter was bestowed. This Spindle City is now third in size among the thirty-three cities of the Commonwealth, and the foremost cotton centre in the country. It has gained forty per cent in population in the last decade. The enterprise and energy which have built Fall River to its present proportions still abide and will take advantage of whatever opportunities the future may offer.



## THE PARASITE.

*By Mary Hall Leonard.*

WITH long arms reaching round the stalwart tree,  
The insidious vine in outward verdure grew,  
Yet sapped his healthier life-blood ; till we knew  
By variant subtle signs that shortly he  
Hopelessly doomed to lingering death would be.  
Were it not better, crafty vine, that you  
Should perish utterly than thus renew  
Your paltry life from his vitality?

I pray you, weakling friend, this fable read.  
Let loftier impulse in your heart have birth ;  
Wrong not a nobler soul for your base need ;  
But strike your rootlets downward while you cling.  
Then thou and he together both may bring  
New mutual strength from bounteous Mother Earth.

## KEPT UNTIL CALLED FOR.

*By Harriet A. Nash.*

IT was a long, low house, standing close by the river's brink, in the foreground of as fair a meadow as you could find in the whole range of the Kennebec Valley from Moosehead to the sea. The river, which a mile above rushed swiftly over its ledgy bed, and a few miles below hurled itself like the traditional Indian princess from a dizzy height, here rested for a little. Beneath the high, overhanging bank of the farther shore a line of glistening dust marked the course of the stage road, and a branching arm between the alder bushes led straight to the water's edge, just opposite to where, on the hither side, the ferryboat lay in comfortable moorings. The little plain, far up in Maine's sparsely settled country, laid claim to a history which linked it to Valley Forge and Bunker Hill. The oldest settler, whose crumbling log cabin could still be seen at the foot of the western hills, had shown to his children's children the very spot on which Arnold's forces had camped in their march to Quebec, and the highway which skirted the river bank followed their very trail. The road was grass grown now, and the sides of the old ferryboat were green with moss; for most of the up-river travel kept to the stage road, and only an occasional lumberman or sportsman or a rare visitor to one of the scattered farm-houses disturbed the quiet of the Carrying Place side.

Cynthia Baker brought out her patchwork and seated herself comfortably at the foot of a great willow, which spread protecting arms over the house on one side, while it trailed long branches in the river on the other. Cynthia was in charge of the ferry this summer afternoon; and though a passenger was an interest-

ing circumstance hardly to be hoped for, a deep sense of responsibility bade her remain in sight of the landing place. It was pleasant under the willow, with the river before her and the lengthening shadows creeping down from wooded hills behind, with only the ripple of water against the boat to break the stillness, save when at long intervals the rumble of wagon wheels sounded from the other shore. Neither was her work of so absorbing a character that she could not lay it down at frequent intervals, to follow the course of some far off traveller, settling with some assistance from her well developed bump of speculation upon his identity and probable destination.

It was a contest between a triangle of blue gingham and another of pink calico, which drew her mind at last from the travelling public and absorbed her attention, until a loud call from the other shore roused her to a sense of neglected duty. Gingham and calico were distributed impartially about the yard, as a second impatient call sounded, and a moment later the ferryboat swung reluctantly out from the shore under Cynthia's dexterous guidance. A gentle river breeze ruffled her smooth hair and brought a deeper color to her fresh young face.

It was only a foot passenger, after all, Cynthia discerned with a little disappointment—a pack peddler of olive complexion and huge earrings, whose unmistakable talents in the mercantile line were exercised upon the unresponsive Cynthia all the way across the river. It was not until she had refused marvellous bargains in lace and jewelry, declining even to trade a supper for a bracelet of solid gold or accept a quart bottle of perfumery in exchange for a night's

lodging, that the traveller lifted his pack upon his shoulder and moved on up the road, muttering that the ferry woman was "no lady" and intimating that she might one day wake to the value of all she had refused.

Cynthia fastened the boat and went back to her work, which a cosset lamb was striving to devour. "I s'pose I might have looked at his goods," she said half regretfully. "It wouldn't cost anything, and peddlers have been scarce this season. But somehow I didn't like his looks." She settled to her work with fresh energy, stinting herself to complete five squares before supper time and refusing to look up until the up-river stage rumbled heavily along the farther shore and the driver's stentorian "Hello, Cynthy!" demanded a fluttered handkerchief in response. As the cloud of dust raised by the stage settled a little, she saw another team in the distance, coming at a rapid pace, as though its driver, accustomed to the swift rush of steam and cable, were unable to settle to the slow jog of country travel.

"I'll bet you anything that's some of those sportsmen fellows," asserted Cynthia, who from long intercourse with the male intellects of her family had fallen into their methods of expression.

She was in a flutter of excitement when a few moments later the team turned down towards the ferry, and ran for a glance in the kitchen mirror before launching her boat—feeling a little triumphant when she neared the farther shore and determined at a swift glance that her conjecture was correct. Three young men in the most faultless of city hunting suits waited with manifest impatience for passage across. Their light buckboard was piled with tents and hampers, fishing rods and guns, and the spirited horses, plainly unaccustomed to ferryboats, reared and plunged under the firm hand of the tallest sportsman, who stood at their heads.

Cynthia drove the heavy pole deep into the soft mud of the river's bed and bent her supple figure against it, as she held the boat hard against the bank, until the horses were persuaded to embark; throwing over her shoulder occasional suggestions as to their management, which, though unappreciated so far as acknowledgment went, were acted upon by the driver, since, whatever his opinion as to woman's sphere in general, he recognized the superior knowledge of this one as to the combination—horse and ferryboat.

Cynthia, whose favorite type of passenger was the social talker who would generously share with her all the information he had gathered in his journey, be it long or short, found little of interest in the present trio, and silently guided the boat back, listening abstractedly to their comments on the roads, the country round about and the river, and smiling to herself at their somewhat inexperienced plans for the coming weeks.

"Mebbe I'd ought to tell you," she said, touching a shining rifle as the horses scrambled once more upon solid ground, "that 'won't do for you to use these much this time of year. It's close time on pretty much everything till September. No, my father ain't game warden, and Musquash Pond is twelve miles farther on. Yes, sir, there's another ferry eight miles above here—no better than this one, and no worse."

They drove away, and Cynthia went back to the willow tree, conscious of that loss of interest in her work which comes from repeated interruptions, yet conscientiously striving to go on with it.

"Four passengers in one afternoon, and not a scrap of news worth telling!" she mused, with a feeling that it was a wasted day and a regret for all that the newcomers might have imparted for her benefit had they been so disposed. She went into the house presently and was laying a fire, that all might be in readiness for supper,

when a third call for the ferry reached her ears.

"Three calls in one afternoon!" she said exultantly. "I guess the boys'll be surprised." This time it was a single passenger in a narrow wagon—a tall, serious looking man, whose appearance plainly indicated to Cynthia his probable profession. He drove a gray steed, which stepped upon the boat with a dignified composure eminently fitting in a minister's horse. Cynthia, unwilling that this last captive of her boat and pole should leave her still uninformed as to the events of the great world across the river, tried to engage the passenger in conversation. But he answered in monosyllables, and she perceived he was rehearsing something under his breath—next Sunday's sermon, perhaps.

They had reached the shore, and the tall gentleman was turning his horse into the grass-grown road, before he bethought himself to inquire the nearest route to Pine Notch; and Cynthia, with aching arms, strove to keep the irritation which she felt from her voice, as she labored to convince him of his error in crossing the river. There was another weary journey back, during which the passenger went over and over his directions to Pine Notch, and finally decided that they had *not* included a ferry.

Cynthia fastened the rope to its huge oak tree with a little jerk, to vent the impatience she had refrained from visiting on the minister, and ran out upon the boat to place the pole more securely. As she did so, a covered basket in one corner caught her eye. Had the minister left it—or one of the earlier passengers? Some way, as she gazed upon it, it seemed to her to have been there all the afternoon, though it had not really caught her attention until now. Well, it hardly mattered, she decided as she lifted it, resisting a strong curiosity to look within. Time would find the owner if it was anything of value. She set the basket suddenly down upon the

bank, as it moved beneath her hand and a faint sound came from within it, undoing the cover with cautious fingers.

Not a wild animal, as she half feared, nor even a valuable coon cat destined for the city market, but a baby, which thrust out small red fists and shook them angrily, as it protested against a rude awakening from slumber!

Reuben Baker and his four stalwart sons gathered cautiously around the kitchen table, where in place of the belated supper the baby lay in its basket, no longer protesting fortunately, for Cynthia had been feeding it on warmed milk and water. There was no criticism. Had the Baker males come in to find the ferryboat itself on the kitchen table, they would not have questioned Cynthia's judgment in the matter. It was Reuben Baker himself who broke in upon the boys' speculations as to the baby's origin and ownership with the real question of the moment.

"What be you goin' to do with it, Sis?"

Cynthia answered promptly: "Keep it till it's called for, of course—same as I would any other piece of property."

It was easy enough to say; but Cynthia's self-reliance was tried to the extreme in days that followed, when she tried in vain to recall the infancy of her youngest brother, five years her junior, or hunted through back numbers of the *Home Adviser* to read the "Mothers' column." She scorned her father's suggestion to seek advice from their neighbor, Mrs. Meechan, who after watching a large family of her own struggle to a self-supporting age was now repeating the process with an infant grandchild, whose widowed mother was away at work. As far as the name of Meechan was known up and down the river, it stood for lack of ambition and disregard for the finer arts of living.

"Still, a baby's a baby," argued Reuben Baker.

But his daughter replied with spirit: "It makes all the difference in the world what kind of a start they get in life; and I ain't going to hamper any child by starting it off according to the Meecham pattern."

So she revelled in experiments, under which the baby, being perhaps possessed of unusual vitality, grew and thrived. Undaunted by lack of opportunity for shopping, Cynthia fashioned the best pillow cases into dresses according to her own ideas, which fortunately were founded upon common sense. The plain clothing which the baby had worn on its arrival was already outgrown, and Cynthia calmly consigned it to the rag bag. "This isn't a story-book baby," she asserted; "and maybe the worth of it'll buy her a tin dipper when Llewellyn Hobbs comes along—s'posin' she isn't called for before," she added doubtfully. It was nearly a week after the baby's arrival that Cynthia, ironing at the back window one afternoon, saw a dilapidated vehicle coming around the shaded curve of the road. Mr. and Mrs. Meecham occupied the wagon seat, and two half grown boys sat in behind, while two more followed on foot. Across Mrs. Meecham's knees lay a little box, carefully covered.

"Amanda's baby's dead," she explained, as Cynthia hurried out; "and we're goin' across to bury it."

Cynthia hesitated. "I'll have to take you over, for the men folks are gone," she said. "But I don't dare to leave the baby alone. Wait till I get her."

She carried the baby herself, while Job Meecham under his wife's direction managed the boat. At the farther shore a new question arose. "It ain't worth while for you to go back," Mrs. Meecham said; "and it's goin' to be kind of hot waitin' here in the sun—for we'll be gone an hour or more. Why not go along with us? It ain't much of a funeral, anyway, and you 'n' the baby'll make two more."

Cynthia, after a moment's hesita-

tion, climbed upon the wagon seat in place of the deposed Job Meecham, who followed on foot with his sons. "I heard about your havin' a baby left," Mrs. Meecham said, looking the little one over curiously. "How old do you calculate she is?"

"Seems if she must be two or three months," Cynthia answered. Mrs. Meecham paused to "heft" the baby, resting her for a moment upon the little box in her lap. "Poor Mandy's was four months," she answered as she gave it back. "I expect she'll take on terrible. We ain't wrote her yet, for her comin' home was out of the question. It's a costly journey from Massachusetts here, to say nothin' of the time she'd lose."

They drove on down the river. "The goin's improved some since our last funeral," remarked Job Meecham as they approached the little cemetery, where the father of Mandy's baby had been carried in the early spring. It was a pleasant enough little plot, enclosed by a neat board fence, with carefully padlocked gate, which suggested an unforeseen difficulty and gave rise to a spirited discussion between the Meecham boys as to which should make a trip to the nearest farmhouse in search of the key. Failing to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion, the matter was finally settled by the whole party scaling the high fence. Mrs. Meecham invited Cynthia to a seat beneath the one tree which had been spared to the enclosure, while Job Meecham, with a broken handled shovel brought from home, went about digging the little grave. His eldest son, armed with a rusty hoe, rendered him some slight assistance. Cynthia's baby slept peacefully upon her lap.

"We couldn't be expected to mourn for it much," said Mrs. Meecham, wiping her eyes with the corner of her red and black plaid shawl, as her husband heaped the earth in a round pile above the grave. "Mandy's best hope of marryin' again lays in it's bein' gone. If it had been so we could, I

should like to have had a regular funeral, minister and all. But there, we've done the best we could—and after all it's better off. I only hope Mandy'll see it's all for the best and not lay the blame on her pa and me for what we couldn't help."

She questioned, going back, concerning Cynthia's baby, examining its clothes and listening to the story of its mysterious arrival. "Most like 'twas the foreign peddler," she said. "It's jest like them kind of folks."

But Cynthia combated the suggestion, the more stoutly because her own better judgment agreed with it. "It's just as likely to have been one of the others," she answered. "Sometimes I can see a resemblance to one of them sportsmen, plain as day. And again I feel certain 'twas the minister. If his actions wasn't suspicious, I never saw any that was"—which was not unlikely, since Cynthia's opportunities for detective work had hitherto been limited.

"You're goin' to keep it, ain't you?" inquired Job Meecham as Cynthia took the baby at her own door.

"Yes, till she's called for," replied Cynthia, holding the baby with one arm while she fastened the boat with the other hand; "and if it should chance to be the peddler, I don't know as I should give her up to him without a certificate of good character. I didn't like his looks."

It was perhaps a week later that the Bakers received a call from Mrs. Meecham. Cynthia was, as usual, alone with the baby. For Reuben Baker had gone on a trip to the lumber fields, and the boys were employing the interval between hoeing and haying to clear up a tract of land on the hillside two miles away.

"It makes you a sight of work now, don't it?" said the caller. For the baby was having a restless day and demanded all Cynthia's attention, while ironing, cooking and sweeping waited to be done. "I ain't wrote to Mandy," continued Mrs. Meecham; "for I got a letter from her speakin'

so fond like about the baby, that I ain't got the courage to tell her it's dead."

"Poor Mandy!" responded Cynthia, with ready sympathy. "But I know how it is, Mis' Meecham. I should feel just that way if the owner of this one come back to find anything had happened to it. The care of other folks' children is a great responsibility."

"You wouldn't want to give her away, would you?" questioned Mrs. Meecham with some eagerness. "I've been thinkin' ever since I got Mandy's letter, if I could get this baby, she'd never know the difference."

"I couldn't think of such a thing," replied Cynthia with decision. "The baby's liable to be called for any time; and as I just said, I feel responsible."

Mrs. Meecham went away in some disappointment. Cynthia looked after her with scornful expression. "The idea of givin' a child who may belong to a city family, or even a minister, to be brought up among the Meechams!" she said.

Three days later Mrs. Meecham came again. "I didn't know but what you'd consent to sell the baby," she said. "We ain't got any ready money on hand, but I could pay you a dollar a week in butter and eggs. I know you send a load down river every week, by the stage. I'd give most any reasonable price."

Cynthia shook her head. "When I part with her, it'll be because somebody's got a better claim than I have," she answered. "And if I wanted to dispose of her ever so bad, I should feel like a monster to be bartering in human beings."

"I wisht you would," urged Mrs. Meecham. "I've got another letter from Mandy. She's begun to keep company with a young man of a real well off family; and he knows all about the baby, and don't object."

But Cynthia was obdurate. Mrs. Meecham drew a bundle from beneath her shawl. "Since you won't sell it,"

she said regretfully, "I didn't know but mebbe you'd like to buy these," unrolling as she spoke a baby's cloak and bonnet. "Mandy's jest sent 'em," she explained; "and they must have cost goin' on to five dollars, but I'll sell 'em for two."

Cynthia looked the garments over carefully, examining the stitches with critical eyes. "Humph—ready made!" she said in a disparaging tone. Nevertheless they were a good bargain, she decided—dainty enough for the child of rich parents, simple and neat enough for a minister's daughter, and not too elegant for the offspring of a travelling peddler. Cynthia produced two one dollar bills, her sense of equity leading her to supplement them with a silver half dollar. "I shouldn't like to feel I took them for less than they're worth," she said.

Mrs. Meecham pocketed the money with satisfaction. "The boys are set on goin' down river to see the circus, the Fourth," she said. "I don't know but we shall all go, now I've got the money. Not a regular circus, you know"—for Cynthia's face betrayed her opinion—"but jest an animal show, with mebbe a little performin'. After the hard winter we had, and two deaths in the family, I feel as if I needed some sort of a change."

So it happened that on the morning of July 3 Cynthia ferried the Meecham family, all in holiday array, across the river, and on the evening of the fifth restored them, wearied but jubilant, to the Carrying Place side—Mrs. Meecham explaining that they stopped two nights with Job's sister at the Falls and so combined visiting with their excursion. "I feel ten years younger," she declared; "and now I guess my nerves have got strong enough so I can write to Mandy and tell her about the baby."

"Poor Mandy!" Cynthia said, including in the sigh that followed her remark sympathy not only for Mandy's present bereavement, but

for all that made Mandy's lot undesirable in her eyes, from the weak, frivolous personality and the forlorn environment of her childhood, to her present position as dishwasher in a city restaurant.

Cynthia saw no more of the Meechams for some time. Neither did the expected call for the baby come. Life at the ferry flowed on as tranquilly as the river itself, and might have become monotonous but for the constant expectation which enlivened it. At any moment a passenger for the ferry might arrive, a visiting relative from down river might happen in—for this was the season for up-country visiting—or Llewellyn Hobbs might come along; and finally he did.

"Goin' to keep her, be ye?" the good natured peddler inquired, as he weighed the rags, while Cynthia selected from his cart needles, thread and bargains in shining tinware, including the long promised dipper for the baby, to which Llewellyn generously added a tin rattle "to make change."

But a little later, when the baby had been put to bed and Llewellyn, having stabled the big white horse, sat on the doorstep with Cynthia, he brought up the question again, more seriously.

"Tain't goin' to make no difference, is it, Cynth?" he asked anxiously. Everybody on the river knew that Llewellyn had been "keeping company" with Cynthia Baker ever since the days when he used to wait patiently by the ferry side until she was "set across" to accompany him to school. And Cynthia, whose brain was no favorite resort of day-dreams, had yet become quite accustomed to the peddler's red cart as a pleasing feature of her visions for future years. Now all at once it seemed a commonplace, prosaic thing to her, and Llewellyn's disregard of the grammar they had studied in the little schoolhouse across the river jarred upon her. She recalled the three sportsmen's careless grace of speech

and the minister's precise utterances. "Even the peddler probably spoke good grammar in his own language," she reflected, wondering if there were ever such things as real noblemen in disguise. For though practical, Cynthia still held her baby well aloof from story-book romance; the very mystery surrounding her made all things possible. She had wandered a long distance from the worn doorstep when Llewellyn's anxious "Say, Cynthia," recalled her.

"It isn't the baby only," she replied at last; "nor any one thing alone, but everything together. It wasn't to be expected but what father'd marry again; but he don't seem likely to. And there's all four of the boys, and every one of the five dependin' on me, even to tell 'em what the weather's goin' to be. So you hadn't better wait, Llewellyn. Your mother's getting feeble and needs somebody there."

She stood in the door with the baby next morning, and watched the red cart climb the opposite bank; and if she felt anything of regret at her decision, no one ever knew it, then or afterwards.

An hour later, her thoughts were distracted from the late visitor by the arrival of Mrs. Meecham, who had come partly to learn what news Llewellyn might have brought, and partly to make another proposition in the way of trade.

"I've heard from Mandy," she said; "and she takes it better than I was afraid she might. But she's sent for the cloak and bonnet. It seems she bought 'em on an instalment plan, whatever that is, and now she wants to carry 'em back and save the money. I started to write and tell her they was sold, but my nerves give right out. I can't do it, after all I've been through. So if you'll consent to sell 'em back to me, it'll be a favor." Cynthia brought forth the garments, which had never been worn, with a sigh of regret for their price, which she well knew was gone beyond recall.

"I'll pay you the first money I get," promised Mrs. Meecham, as she took her departure.

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The slow years passed over the house by the ferry, bringing little of change, save an extra coating of moss to the old ferryboat and a stoop to Reuben Baker's broad shoulders. They were prosperous years, for well planned lumbering investments of Reuben Baker's youth were bringing moderate wealth to his later years. The three older boys drifted into homes of their own, and John, the youngest, fell into a habit of rowing across the river on Sunday evenings, attired in his best suit, with immaculate collar.

The call for the baby, which had long been the one dread of Cynthia's peaceful life, had never come. When it became evident that her sojourn was to outlast babyhood, Cynthia had settled with some difficulty upon a name, resolutely setting aside her own preferences in favor of suitability. "Mary's a common name," she argued to herself; "but it's good enough for the best, and none too fancy if her lot in life turns out to be a common one."

Little Mary herself knew the whole story from her early years. "Probably it wasn't convenient for your folks to keep you," Cynthia explained; "so they brought you here—and we were glad to have you stay." And the child was satisfied.

It was a singular training that the child received, varying as Cynthia went over and over in her mind the events of that long past day and wavered between the three possible chances of her origin. For if the minister had left her, then care must be taken lest she grow up worldly or unmindful of religious things. Or if it were the city gentlemen, she must not lack those finer graces of mind and manner which would have been unnecessary in a scion of the Baker house. Even if it were the peddler—but here Cynthia always stopped and

consoled herself with the thought that the peddler must have stolen the baby somewhere, and was content with teaching Mary to be good and speak the truth.

So the child grew into a winsome girl, with enough of beauty to make her fair to look upon, lovable because she was loved, and of sunny disposition because she was happy. When she was fourteen, and the teacher of the school across the river declared she had "been through all the books," Cynthia awoke to the fact that the child of such possibilities was worthy of higher opportunities. It was Manda Meecham who all unknowingly aroused her to this thought. Manda, after several preliminary "affairs," had married a hard working bricklayer, and cheerfully supplemented his efforts toward an honest living by doing laundry work for some of the city's first families; wherefore she was able to bring home to Carrying Place on her rare vacations stories of Miss Elinor's graduation or Miss Beatrice's music lessons, which had floated down the back stairs to her ears. And Cynthia, who had never in her life been farther from the ferry than the county seat forty miles below, began helplessly to realize that fitting the child for any station in life might include ventures which she had not foreseen. The way opened. For John had married in that year and brought his wife home; and Reuben Baker died in the autumn leaving, with the full approval of his sons, a large share of his hard earned property to his daughter.

So they went away, Cynthia and the child, and lived in a quiet way in a corner of New England's greatest city. Nothing less than that would do. Cynthia found the change quite as much to her own advantage as to Mary's; for while Mary spent her days in study and practice, Cynthia, hovering on the edge of the busy life of a large city, found possibilities for her own development of which she had never dreamed. There were

books to be read, pictures to be studied, lectures and concerts to be heard. She wondered sometimes if she were the same Cynthia who had stood at the window and watched Llewellyn Hobbs's cart out of sight. "I suppose I should have been satisfied," she said wonderingly; "for I shouldn't have known any different."

They went back to the ferry always in summer, until Mary graduated, and the principal of her school assured the anxious guardian that the girl was fitted to grace any station in life. Then Cynthia carefully figured her "interest money" and, emboldened by the result, yielded recklessly to a life-long desire. "We'll go to Europe for a year," she announced; "and after that, we'll decide."

But the matter decided itself with some assistance from a young college professor who was a fellow voyager on the steamer. They met him again and again—in London, Germany, Rome. "Seems as if we're always running across him," Cynthia said innocently. But long before they embarked for the return voyage, it became evident, even to her unsuspecting eyes, that the child was to be "called for."

"I'm glad I didn't take any chances in her bringing up," she said.

It was Mary's fancy to be married at the ferry; and Professor Lowell, who had pleasant memories of college vacations in the Maine woods, readily agreed to the plan. So they came back to the ferry in June, when the river was full of brown logs and the whole valley fair to behold. The old house overflowed with Professor Lowell's city friends, who were charmed with the novelty of an up river wedding; and all the people round about accepted their invitations and swelled the number even as they had done at Reuben Baker's funeral—not because the Bakers were well to do, but because they were good neighbors, and it was somewhere to go.

The bride had vanished to don her

travelling dress, and Cynthia, having seen that the last trunk and bag were in readiness, was packing a substantial luncheon, when old Mrs. Meecham approached her.

"She's well settled in life, and it can't make no difference now," she said, scraping into her wrinkled hand some crumbs from the wedding cake; "so I'm a goin' to tell you."

"Tell me what?" asked Cynthia, a little irritated at the other's mysterious air.

"'Bout the baby you know—Mandy's. Mary's it."

Cynthia turned towards her. "What are you talking about, Mrs. Meecham?" she said impatiently.

"I left it on the ferryboat," went on the old woman calmly. "I thought mebbe some travellin' folks would take it,—and anyhow you'd see it didn't come to want. You always had a better chance in life than poor Mandy, and it riled me to see her hampered with a baby while you was free to marry anybody you would."

Cynthia steadied herself by the table. "Mandy's baby died," she said. But even as she spoke a hundred proofs that the story might be true flashed across her brain.

Mrs. Meecham shook her head. "Job and me only made believe," she said. "The boys was easy fooled, and Mandy never guessed. I was kind of scairt afterwards, and tried to get it back, you know." She ended with a little chuckle.

Cynthia turned upon her, determined to fight truth or falsehood with equal force. "Your mind fails with age, Mrs. Meecham," she said. "Mary and I followed Mandy's baby to the grave ourselves, and many's the time she's coaxed me in there to see the marble lamb on the headstone poor Mandy sent down for it. A likely idea, that a child followed herself to her own funeral, and visited her grave afterwards! It don't make any difference who Mary's folks were. She isn't a child that's inherited anything anywhere. The whole beginning with her was when I found her there on the boat. She's the child of a good bringing up, if I do say it. She's the child of the minister that I brought her up to reverence and the city folks I educated her to do credit to. Back of that, she's the daughter of the river and the meadow; and the furthest we care to trace her is to the old ferryboat itself, that served the public faithfully, never berated its neighbors, and went peacefully out to sea in the big freshet ten years ago. That's who Mary's folks are; and she does credit to everything that's ever helped to ancestor her. Mandy's baby died. You've forgot, Mrs. Meecham."

The old woman looked confused. "Mebbe I have," she said meekly.

"As for Mary," continued Cynthia, "she's ours now—and that's all that matters."

"Amen," said Professor Lowell's voice 'behind her.



## THE FRENCH IN THE CHAMPLAIN VALLEY.

By Walter Hill Crockett.

THE history of Vermont has been made and written for the most part by men of English ancestry; but the first chapter was written by the French. The soldiers of France and the Jesuit priests whom the Indians called "black gowns" were the pioneers of civilization in this part of the New World, then dominated by the warlike Iroquois. From its discovery in 1609 until the final triumph of the English arms in 1759-60, a full century and a half, Lake Champlain was in reality a French lake. The records of that period as found in the archives of Paris and London are meagre in many important particulars; but this, in substance, is the story they tell:

In the year 1609, Samuel de Champlain, acting governor of New France, who had already made many discoveries in Canada, undertook a journey of exploration to the south, into the country of the Iroquois. Ascending the river of the Iroquois, now called the Richelieu, he entered the lake to which he gave his name on the fourth day of July, a day of good omen, and took possession of the country in the name of Henry IV, King of France—King Henry of Navarre. This was the same year in which Pastor John Robinson, with his band of Pilgrims, left Amsterdam for Leyden, and eleven years before the *Mayflower* landed at Plymouth. Two months later, Henry Hudson, entering the harbor of Manatte, or Manhattan, sailed up the river to which his own name was given. Champlain was delighted with the country which he had discovered, and in his Journals describes the natural features of the region, mentioning "fine trees, similar to those we have in France," and "a quantity of vines handsomer than any I ever saw."

In a further description of his journey he says: "Contintuing our route along the west side of the lake, contemplating the country, I saw on the east side very high mountains, capped with snow. I asked the Indians if these parts were inhabited. They answered me, yes, and that they were Iroquois, and that there were in those parts beautiful valleys, and fields fertile in corn as good as any I had ever eaten in the country, with an infinitude of other fruits, and that the lake extended to the mountains, which were, according to my judgment, fifteen leagues from us. I saw others to the south, not less high than the former; only that they were without snow." It is difficult to imagine the peaks of the Green Mountains capped with snow in the month of July, and this entry in Champlain's journal is not easily explained. It is said that snow fell in some parts of Vermont during every month of the year 1816, and it is possible that such may have been the case in 1609, although one would naturally expect to find some reference to the severity of the climate if this had been true, and no such fact is recorded.

Champlain's battle with the Iroquois is too well known to require any description here. Historians are divided as to whether the conflict took place near Ticonderoga or Crown Point. Although some doubt exists as to the location of the battlefield, the results of the battle are written red in the annals of New France. What seemed an unimportant skirmish with a few savages made the powerful Iroquois nation enemies of the French, a circumstance of which the English were not slow to avail themselves, and which gave them a very material advantage in the conflict for supremacy in North Amer-

ica which was soon to follow. The hostility thus aroused is reflected in the instructions issued by the King in March, 1665, to M. Talon, intendant of police, justice and finance of New France, in which he declares that the Iroquois "are all perpetual and irreconcilable enemies of the colony." He says further that they have "prevented the country being more peopled than it is at the present, and by their surprisals and unexpected forays always keeping the country in check; (and) the King has resolved with a view of applying a suitable remedy thereto to carry war even to their firesides to totally exterminate them, having no guarantee in their words, for they violate their faith as often as they find the inhabitants at their mercy."

In general, Champlain was wise and discreet in his public policies, as well as devout and honorable in his private life. He had far-sighted plans for the welfare of Canada, his chief desire being the permanent colonization of the country and the establishment of the Christian religion among the savages. In pursuance of the latter, he obtained the consent of both Pope and King that the Recollet fathers might begin missionary work in America; and the first band of missionaries left France in 1615. Later, the Jesuits were asked to assist in the work, and came to Canada in large numbers. Champlain pursued his explorations of the new continent with tireless zeal. Several years before he founded Quebec he had explored the New England coast. In spite of his serious error in attacking the Iroquois, his services were of inestimable value to France; and his death, on Christmas Day, 1636, was an irreparable loss to the country which he had served so long and so well.

There is no evidence that the discovery of Lake Champlain and the country adjacent was followed for many years by any plans of colonization or any very definite attempts at further explorations. The Jesuits

evidently visited the region and did some missionary work—how much it is impossible to say. Allusion is made in a general way in the Jesuit "Relations" to missions to the Iroquois. In a letter of Governor Denonville, dated Versailles, March 8, 1688, and dealing with Canadian affairs, it is stated that "the King has for over forty years kept at his own expense in the Iroquois country several Frenchmen, who with some Jesuit missionaries have been to build and have resided in the five Iroquois countries, all at the same time, down to these latter days, when the rumors of war forced them to retire, one after another."

In 1642 a fort called Richelieu was built at the mouth of the river of that name, by Montmagny, as a defence against the Iroquois. At this time the savages were particularly aggressive and the Canadian settlements in constant peril. Fort Richelieu was abandoned late in 1645, burned by the Iroquois probably in the spring of 1646, and rebuilt in 1665 by M. de Chambly. Two other forts were now built on the Richelieu River: the first, seventeen leagues south of Fort Richelieu, by M. de Sorel, named Fort St. Louis in honor of the saint whose holy week saw its inception; the second, about three leagues farther south, called Fort St. Therese, because it was completed on St. Theresa's day. From this fort, the French records say, "we can easily reach Lake Champlain without meeting any rapids to stop the batteaux."

In order to subdue the Mohawk Iroquois, a force was organized under De Tracy, "member of his Majesty's councils and lieutenant general of his armies, both in the islands and mainland of South and North America, as well by sea as by land." De Tracy had been sent out as viceroy in 1664, and was accompanied by many young nobles. He had an honorable record as a soldier, and at this time was well advanced in years. The expedition included the famous Carignan Salieres

regiment which had gained distinction under Count Coligny in the service of the Emperor Leopold against the Turks. In the official papers relating to this expedition, we read that "the general rendezvous was fixed for the twenty-eighth of September (1666) at Fort St. Anne, recently constructed by Sieur La Mothe, captain in the Carignan regiment, on an island in Lake Champlain." This fort was probably built the year before, when the forts along the Richelieu River were constructed. Here was undoubtedly the first settlement made within the limits of the present state of Vermont. Three hundred canoes and light batteaux were provided for De Tracy's expedition, and two small pieces of artillery were taken to force any fortifications the enemy might have constructed. Little resistance was encountered, however, and after having burned many palisades and cabins, together with large stores of Indian corn, beans and other provision, the French troops returned, after a successful campaign of fifty-three days. The return of the expedition was rendered difficult by the rapid rise of the streams, heavy rains having set in. A fierce storm was encountered on Lake Champlain, during which two canoes were swamped and eight soldiers drowned, among them Lieutenant Du Lugues, a young officer who had already achieved distinction by his valor both in France and Canada. Of De Tracy's energetic work, it is related in the Paris documents of the period that, in spite of ill health and advanced age, he was as zealous as though "he enjoyed perfect health and was only thirty years of age." This expedition won for the colony a peace of nearly two decades. It is written in the French records that "besides the taking possession of the Mohawk country by said Sieur de Tracy with an armed force in the fall of the year 1666, the deputies of the four other Iroquois nations came to said M. de Tracy in 1667, and in due

form, by an act signed on the one part and the other by the Iroquois after their fashion and by us after ours, did give themselves to the French and placed their country under the King's dominion."

After this expedition the soldiers were offered a gratuity to settle in New France as colonists, and many officers and soldiers did so, particularly members of the Carignan regiment, and their names are perpetuated in the geography of that region to this day.

Although Isle La Motte may not have been continuously occupied from the building of Fort St. Anne until modern times, it does not seem probable that it ever relapsed entirely into an uninhabited wilderness. In July, 1667, the year following De Tracy's expedition, three Jesuit fathers, Fremin, Pierron and Bruyas by name, set out on a journey to the lower Iroquois, their object being to restore the missions which had been interrupted by the wars. Owing to their fear of an Indian tribe called the Loups, they were detained for some weeks at Fort St. Anne, and occupied the time by conducting a mission for the soldiers.

Late in the summer of 1698, Captain John Schuyler, grandfather of General Philip Schuyler of Revolutionary fame, was sent by the governor of New York, the Earl of Bellmont, on a mission to the governor of Canada, and in his journal he speaks of "Fort Lamott." In October, 1748, Lieutenant Desligneris, a French officer, writes to Governor Clinton of New York complaining that certain Indians, said to be subjects of Great Britain, had recently come to Montreal with a message, and had "treacherously killed and carried off some Frenchmen from Isle La Motte." Early in May, 1760, when the French were making their last stand for the defence of Canada, Major Robert Rogers, the famous scout and fighter, attacked the French near Isle aux Noix, and after the ac-

tion, took his killed and wounded to "Isle La Motte." These scattering allusions tend to show that not only was Isle La Motte never wholly deserted after La Mothe's first occupation, but that Fort St. Anne is fairly entitled to the distinction of being called the first settlement in Vermont. In passing it may be said that Captain La Mothe of the Carignan regiment, who built Fort St. Anne, should not be confounded with La Mothe de Cadillac, who founded Detroit and took such a prominent part in French affairs in the West. Captain La Mothe later commanded in Montreal and was afterward killed by the Iroquois.

Very few actual settlements were established by the French along Lake Champlain. Forts Carillon and St. Frederic, better known by the names of Ticonderoga and Crown Point, were, of course, the most important; and these names are familiar to every student of American history.\* The presence of some French settlers in the vicinity is shown by the journal of Major Robert Rogers, the colonial scout in the British service, who relates, under date of February 29, 1756, that he found in the vicinity of Crown Point farms stocked with cattle and several barns filled with grain, which, together with some houses, he burned. Under date of August 29, 1756, he writes of the capture of a Frenchman with his wife and daughter, the man saying that "there were only three hundred men at Crown Point, and those chiefly the inhabitants of the adjacent villages."

A small fort was built by the French on the opposite side of the lake in 1730, at a place now known as Chimney Point. Hon. John Strong, writing of this post in an article on the town of Addison in Hemenway's *Vermont Gazetteer*, says: "Within the enclosure was a neat church, and throughout the settlement well cultivated gardens, with some good fruit,

as apples, plums, currants, etc. These settlements were extended north on the lake some four miles; the remains of old cellars and gardens, still to be seen, show a more thickly settled street than occupies it now." Major Robert Rogers undoubtedly refers to this settlement when he writes in his journal, under date of May 5, 1756, of a march which his party took to a village on the east side of the lake, about two miles from Crown Point, where he found no inhabitants.

About 1731, a settlement was made by the French at Pointe a la Algonquin, later known as Windmill Point, in the western part of the present town of Alburgh. Sieur Francois Foucault, a member of the Supreme Council of Quebec, had been granted a charter by the King of France, and in May, 1743, this charter was renewed and augmented. This was in recognition of the fact that M. Foucault had, as the charter of confirmation states, "complied with the conditions of the original grant by establishing three new settlers in addition to eight who had settled the previous year; that he had built in that year (1731) a windmill of stone masonry which cost nearly 4,000 livres, and had taken steps to build a church twenty by forty feet, which was to be ready to receive a missionary the next spring, to whom a lot of land was conveyed, free of charge, of two acres in front by forty acres in depth, to serve for the building of a church, a parochial house and burying ground, and for the maintenance of a missionary, which donation was accepted by the Bishop of Quebec." This settlement was short-lived, as was another commenced in 1741. Later, M. Foucault transferred his grant to General Frederick Haldemand, British governor of Canada from 1778 to 1784, whose correspondence with Ethan and Ira Allen and other Vermont leaders forms an important chapter in the early history of the state. General Haldemand transferred the property

\* See illustrated article upon Ticonderoga in the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE for April, 1901.

to Henry Caldwell of Bellmont, a town near Quebec, and for some years thereafter the present town of Alburgh was known as Caldwell's Upper Manor.

Although few actual settlements were made by the French along Lake Champlain, yet a large part of the territory adjacent to the lake was granted by the government of France to various individuals, many of them being army officers and Canadian officials. The first public record bearing on this subject is an order issued by the King, dated May 20, 1676, and authorizing such grants on Lake Champlain. One of the largest of these grants or seigniories was made October 7, 1743, to Gilles Hocquart, intendant of Canada from 1728 to 1748. According to an early map of the French and English grants on Lake Champlain, printed by Richard H. Pease at Albany, this seigniory would seem to have included the present towns of Panton, Addison, Waltham, New Haven, Weybridge and portions of Bridport, Cornwall, Middlebury and Bristol. In a communication from the British Board of Trade, addressed to the Committee of the Privy Council, the lordship of Hocquart is estimated to contain about 115,000 acres. Among other grants was one made to Sieur Contrecoeur, fils, July 7, 1734, "on the borders of Lake Champlain beginning at the north of the Riviere aux Loutres (Otter Creek) one league and a half above and one league and a half below, making two leagues in front by three in depth, together with so much of said Riviere aux Loutres as is found included therein, with three islands or Islets which are in front of said Concession and depend thereon." A later grant was made to Sieur de la Perriere, July 6, 1734, "on the border of Lake Champlain beginning at the mouth of the River Oui-nouski (Winooski) one league above and one league below, making two leagues front by three leagues in depth with the extent of said river

which will be found comprehended therein together with the islands and Battures adjacent."

Other grants on the eastern shore of the lake were made to M. Raimbault, M. Douville, M. de Beauvais fils and M. Lusignan. It is impossible to give the exact limits of any of these grants, as the early maps were far from accurate and the boundaries of the grants on different maps of this period do not exactly coincide. The De Lery map made in Quebec in October, 1748, from surveys made in 1732 by M. Anger, the King's surveyor, is probably the most accurate. According to this map the grant made to M. Contrecoeur, fils, lying just north of the seigniory Hocquart, included the present towns of Ferrisburgh and Monkton, the city of Vergennes and the northern portions of Panton, Waltham, New Haven and Bristol. The grant to M. Douville seems to have included parts of Georgia and St. Albans, Fairfax and Fairfield. The town of Highgate and parts of Swanton, Franklin and Sheldon were included in the grant to M. de Beauvais, fils. Grand Isle and North Hero were granted to M. Contrecoeur. In the seigniory granted to M. Bedou on the west side of the lake, along the rivers Chamby and Chazy, Isle La Motte was included, "which tract was heretofore granted to the late M. Pean, in his lifetime major of Quebec, and reunited to the King's domain by an ordinance of De Beauharnois and Hocquart dated May 10, 1741." This seigniory was transferred, May 2, 1754, to Daniel Lienard, Sieur de Beaujeau, who had a seigniory adjoining immediately north. The De Beaujeau here named, proprietor of the seigniory of La Colle, succeeded M. Contrecoeur in the command of Fort Duquesne and planned the ambuscade which resulted in the defeat of General Brad-dock at Monongahela; but he purchased victory at the cost of his life. The seigniory granted to Captain La Perriere, an officer stationed at the

castle of Quebec, who became governor of Montreal in 1752, seems to have included a part or all of the present site of Burlington. This grant antedated the Burlington charter, issued by Governor Benning Wentworth of the province of New Hampshire, by nearly twenty-nine years. The grant to Captain La Perriere lapsed unimproved to the King of France, along with similar grants, by a proclamation dated May 10, 1741. The next reference to any lands in the vicinity of Burlington is a deed of sale of the seigniory of La Maunadiere, bearing the date of September 27, 1766, and signed by the heirs of M. Pierre Raimbault, "in his lifetime lieutenant-general for His Most Christian Majesty of the Jurisdiction of this City (Montreal)." This deed is published in the manuscripts relating to the French claims in the New York State Papers, and the compiler has added a marginal note to the effect that Burlington, Vt., is situated on a part of the seigniory here referred to. This would seem to be an error, however, as the De Lery map shows the seigniory of M. Raimbault to have extended from a point near the head of Malletts Bay, on the south, to a point, as nearly as can be estimated, in the present town of Georgia, on the north, the irregularity of the map making the exact location difficult. Captain La Perriere's grant was immediately south of M. Raimbault's and was divided into two parts by the Ouynousqui (Winooski) River, the northern part being a little the larger. This grant must have included at least a part of the present city of Burlington. It might be surmised that after the La Perriere grant had reverted to the crown, it was annexed to the seigniory of La Maunadiere, were it not for the fact that the deed of sale of the latter property is explicitly described as "commencing in descending the Lake from the Bounds of the seigniory granted to La Perriere." This would show that the southern boundary of the seigni-

iory of La Maunadiere was five or six miles north of the present boundary line between Burlington and Colchester. M. Raimbault's seigniory was a large one, and must have extended eastward nearly to the Green Mountains. The sale of La Maunadiere was made in Montreal to Benjamin Price, Daniel Robertson and John Livingston, the price agreed upon being 90,000 livres, current money of the province, half of which was to be paid in gold and silver and half in merchandise at the prices then current in Montreal. This was undoubtedly one of the first recorded land transfers in northern Vermont, and quite likely the first.

It was much easier for the King of France "graciously to bestow" these seigniories than it was for those upon whom they were bestowed to persuade settlers to live upon them. The heart of the French people was not in the work of colonizing America. Had the rulers of France left undone some of the things which they did in Europe, and set themselves earnestly to improving and colonizing their vast possessions in the New World, the history of America might have been written in another way, if not in another tongue. The neglect to improve these grants was so apparent, however, that an ordinance was issued from Quebec, May 10, 1741, by the governor, the Marquis de Beauharnois, and Gilles Hocquart, intendant, reuniting to his Majesty's domain all seigniories not improved. This ordinance included very many of the grants along Lake Champlain. As one would naturally expect, this measure aroused many protests, and these protests show more clearly perhaps than any other records that it was well-nigh impossible to colonize the Champlain valley with French settlers under the existing state of affairs.

For example, Sieurs Contrecoeur and La Perriere maintained "that it was impossible to find individuals willing to accept lands, though they

offered them some on very advantageous terms, and were willing to give even three hundred livres to engage the said individuals." Sieur La Fontaine offered "to give to those whom he will find willing to settle there grain and even money, asking from them no rent, in order to obtain from them by the allurement of this gift what he cannot obtain by force." Sieur Roebert wrote that "he had neglected nothing to induce some young farmers to go and settle there by procuring for them great advantages and many facilities." It seems, however, that neither the "great advantages" nor the "many facilities" offered by Sieur Roebert, not even the "allurements" of Sieur La Fontaine, were sufficiently advantageous or alluring to tempt many young farmers to the French grants and thus save to the proprietors their seigniories which could not be retained if they continued to remain unoccupied.

It is hardly necessary to say that the French did not hold undisputed possession of the Champlain valley. Indeed, from that remote period where history and tradition, like distant figures moving at the earliest dawn, are with difficulty distinguished, down to the admission of Vermont to the Federal Union, no nation for any length of time held this territory as its undisputed possession. Champlain, in describing his first visit to the islands now included in Grand Isle County, wrote: "I saw four beautiful islands, ten, twelve and fifteen leagues in length, formerly inhabited, as well as the Iroquois (Richelieu) River, by Indians, but abandoned since they have been at war the one with the other." Early records refer to the fact that the Iroquois had destroyed the Abenakis nation, which is supposed to have inhabited a part of the present state of Vermont. Following this came the struggle between the French and English, then the conflict of authority between New Hampshire and New York, and still later that between Vermont and

New York, a record unique in American history.

One of the immediate causes of the trouble between the French and the English was the fact that Lieut.-Gov. Coiden of New York had granted some of the territory included in the French grants to "reduced officers and soldiers" of the British army. Then followed a long period of diplomatic discussion between the British and French governments, the French claim resting chiefly upon priority of discovery and occupation. The English claimed that the territory in question was the property of the Iroquois nations and that these nations had acknowledged English suzerainty; they also maintained that by the treaty of Utrecht, in which France ceded to England Acadia, "as comprehended within its ancient bounds," much of the country claimed by France belonged to England, and a dispute arose as to what the ancient bounds of Acadia really were. It is a peculiar fact that in the Paris documents a letter is found, written in 1698, in which the King of France recommended to the commissioners whom he had sent to London to settle, if possible, the American boundaries, that they obtain from England a cession of the Iroquois country, or, failing in that, to cede it to the English, or, if that were not feasible, that the territory be declared independent of either crown; but none of these plans was adopted, and it is probable that the last two were never seriously considered. Another scheme for settling the boundary dispute, urged by M. Callieres and others, was the purchase of the province of New York, or its exchange for some of the Antilles. It was thought that this step "would render his Majesty master of all North America;" but this project was never anything more than a dream. As the years of the eighteenth century began to wane, French authority in the Champlain valley began swiftly to fade away. Canada, neglected by the

French government, weakened by a severe famine, its public service honeycombed with fraud and corruption, was a comparatively easy prey for its English adversaries. The French commanders at Ticonderoga and Crown Point, perceiving the superior strength of the force which Sir Jeffrey Amherst was leading against them, in the summer of 1759 blew up the forts and withdrew to Isle aux Noix near the mouth of the Richelieu. They were driven from this post the following summer, and step by step retreated to Montreal. This city, the last stronghold of the French in Canada, was invested by three English armies consisting of more than 32,000 men, and on September 8, 1760, Vaudreuil, the governor general of Canada, concluded a general capitulation for the colony; and the banner of France, which had waved proudly over Mount Royal since first planted there more than two centuries before by Jacques Cartier, master pilot of St. Malo, now gave place to the crosses of St. Andrew and St. George.

The soldiers of England and of

France, the black robed Jesuit fathers and the Indians for whose salvation they braved the perils of the wilderness and the unspeakable cruelty of hostile savages, have long since disappeared from this valley which was the theatre of some of the most important events in earlier American history. The scenes have been shifted, and the players and the parts they played in the drama of life have been changed again and again; but the magnificent stage setting—the beautiful lake, guarded on either hand by the mountain walls of the Green and Adirondack ranges—is still essentially the same. Little is left now to remind the twentieth century of the discoverer of this region. His brilliant dreams were not prophetic of future glory, his noble ambitions were unsatisfied, his fervent prayers for the triumph of France were unanswered; but the lake which he discovered will ever perpetuate the name of one of the bravest soldiers and one of the truest gentlemen of all the pioneers of France in the western world—Samuel de Champlain.

## AN OLD-TIME MINISTERIAL CONTRACT.

*By R. R. Kendall.*

THE town of Weymouth, Massachusetts, was founded in the year 1623, three years after the arrival of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth. In the preceding year, 1622, a trading post had been established at what was then known as Wessagusset; but this had been abandoned on account of trouble with the Indians, a poetical though not accurate account of which is given in Longfellow's "Courtship of Miles Standish." Standish did come from Plymouth, to the relief of the threatened Englishmen, with a small band of armed men, "eight of his valorous army;" but he came by sea and not by land, and no battle took place such as is described by Longfellow.

"There on the flowers of the meadow the warriors lay," is true only by poetic license. The event really took place in early spring, when some snow was still on the ground, and was what we would call a cold blooded massacre. Standish and his men, at a given signal, overpowered and put to death a few of the Indians who had assembled in a hut for a conference. Pecksuot's head was cut off and taken to Plymouth as a trophy, or perhaps quite as much as a warning to the Indians and an evidence of the might of the white man.

In the same year, a few months after the massacre, the first permanent settlers came and occupied the abandoned huts and the palisade,

which were still standing at Wessagusset. This colony was composed of entirely different people from those who had settled at Plymouth. They were not separatists, nor even Puritans. The settlement at Wessagusset was an attempt on the part of Captain Robert Gorges to establish here in New England a section of Old England, an aristocratic church colony, in which the worship and authority of the Established Church should be maintained and perpetuated, with the other customs of England.

One winter in New England was enough for these aristocratic settlers. Gorges and most of his followers abandoned the undertaking, though a remnant remained,—perhaps men of Puritan sentiments. In the following year, 1624, there came an additional number of settlers from Weymouth, England; and the church colony of Wessagusset became the Puritan settlement of Weymouth—the first settlement in Massachusetts Bay.

Captain Gorges brought with him, apparently as rector of his colony, the Rev. William Morrill, who also had something like a bishop's commission, extending his jurisdiction over all New England. He never attempted to exercise any authority at Plymouth, though he claimed the right to do so. Mr. Morrill returned to England after two years spent at Weymouth and Plymouth, when Rev. Mr. Barnard, a nonconformist minister, was already the spiritual guide and teacher at Weymouth.

The First Congregational Church of Weymouth, now known as the Old North Church, claims its origin in these early days, and has assumed for itself the date of 1623, thus antedating every other church of its order organized in this country. Unfortunately nothing is known of the organization or early history of this church. If the records ever existed, they have been lost. There is a tradition that the early records were destroyed when the church building was burned, in the year 1751.

A list of the pastors of the church, in unbroken succession from the year 1623, has fortunately been preserved, and includes eighteen names, covering the period of two hundred and seventy-seven years.

The earliest records of the church, now in existence, date from the year 1723, just one hundred years after the settlement of the town, when by vote of the Great and General Court of Massachusetts the township, which up to this time had supported one church, was divided into two parishes, to be known as the North and South precincts, the former containing the original church which has continued to this day.

The pastor of Weymouth, at the time of the division into precincts or parishes, was the Rev. Thomas Paine, the father of Robert Treat Paine, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and the ancestor of the present Robert Treat Paine, the well known Boston philanthropist. At this time Mr. Paine had been in Weymouth for four years, and he remained as pastor of the Old North Church. Of course the whole town had united in the support of Mr. Paine, and he appears to have been highly esteemed by all. When the new church was gathered in the South precinct, Mr. Paine was present and took an active part in the proceedings.

The first recorded meeting of the North Parish, with which the present records begin, was held February 13, 1723-24, and appears to have been held merely for the purpose of perfecting the organization of the parish. The second meeting of the parish was held December 21, 1724, at which meeting it was voted that the salary of ninety pounds per annum, voted by the town of Weymouth, May 7, 1719, for the Rev. Thomas Paine, "be raised by rate on the Precinct and paid to the said Mr. Paine."

Very soon after this the records of the parish begin to reveal trouble on account of the fluctuation in the purchasing power of the money in which the minister's salary was paid. Mr.

Paine asked that an addition should be made to his salary on account of the "high prices of the necessaries of life." This the parish declined to do, but voted a "Quarterly Contribution" for the relief of their pastor. In the year 1727, further effort for the benefit of the pastor was made by voting to allow him to cut ten cords of wood from land belonging to the parish and known as the "parsonage." In the years following repeated attempts were made at parish meetings to increase the salary of Mr. Paine, but all in vain. The most the parish was willing to do was to increase the amount of wood to be taken from the parsonage and also "to cut and cart" the same. It would appear that on account of this difficulty about his salary, Mr. Paine at last withdrew his family from Weymouth, and after repeated efforts on his part, he secured a dismission from his pastoral office in 1734.

The successor of Mr. Paine as pastor of the Old North Church was the Rev. William Smith, whose daughter Abigail became the wife of John Adams. Mr. Smith's letter of acceptance is dated Charlestown, October 26, 1734; and in it he reminds the people that "a minister of the Gospel must live of the Gospel."

As is often the case, the parish was willing to deal more liberally with the new pastor than they had dealt with the old one; and probably on account of the difficulties which Mr. Paine had experienced in connection with his salary, the following ingenious and peculiar scheme was devised, perhaps unique in the history of New England. By vote of the parish, Mr. Smith's salary was to be computed every year, on the basis of the value of the prime articles of living, viz., corn, wheat, rye, beef and pork. This is the interesting record, under date of September 23, 1734:

"Put to vote whether Mr. Smith's salary should be stated according to the following articules and prices hearafter mentioned viz. Wheat at 10 shillings pr bush-

ell, Rey att seven shillings per bushell, Indian Corn at six shillings per bushell, Pork at seven pence per pound, Beef att five pence per pound, and that ye prices of ye abovsaid articules are to be as they are bought and sold in this Precinct. To witt, Grain in ye month of May, Pork and Beef about ye midle of November annualy, and ye abovsaid salary shall rise and fall according as ye abovsaid articles shall rise and fall att ye time above mentioned annually, and sd vote passed in ye affermative."

Mr. Paine's salary had been ninety pounds. Mr. Smith's salary, computed on the above basis, was to be one hundred and sixty pounds per annum at first, and was to be increased by twenty pounds after four years had expired. Also the new minister was allowed the free use of one-half of the parsonage, and liberty to cut therefrom his own "fiar" wood. For the use of the other half of the parsonage, after a few years, Mr. Smith agreed to pay fifteen pounds and ten shillings annually. What the relation of the various articles of living mentioned in the contract was to be to the salary, or how it was to be computed, is not stated, and does not appear from the record; but there are occasional mention of committees appointed by the parish to compute the sum which was due the pastor, and their reports are sometimes given.

In the year 1736 it was voted to add "£ 11-7-3" to the salary of Mr. Smith, to "make it as good as it was when he settled with us." For several years after this no mention is made in the records of the pastor's salary; but in 1742 there is recorded a vote of thanks "unto Rev. William Smith for his grateful alowance in the computation of the articules on which his salary was stated in the years past, Namely in the yeare 1741 & in the year 1742."

For many years after this nothing further appears in the records concerning the salary or its computation; but in 1778 a committee was appointed to wait upon Mr. Smith and make an estimate of his salary; and this is their most interesting report.

It will be remembered that at this date the country was in the midst of the throes of the Revolutionary War, with its inflation of the currency and consequent depreciation in value of the same.

Estimate of Mr. Smith's salary:			
Indian Corn	@ 24s.	£144	0 0
Rye	@ 30s.	154	0 0
Wheat	@ 40s.	144	0 0
Beef	@ 1s. 6d.	129	12 0
Pork	@ 2s.	123	8 6
		695	6 2
deduct Rent of Parsonage		59	17 5
		635	8 9

The apparent errors in the above computation are probably due to the carelessness of the clerk of the parish in making the record. The following communication from the pastor was presented to the parish with the report of the committee:

WEYMOUTH, Nov. 30, 1778.  
To the People of the first Parish in Weymouth.

Gentlemen: In consideration of the very high Price even of the most necessary Provisions, for the last year, and the extraordinary Taxes of it, I do freely and cheerfully give you out of my salary for this year, One Hundred Thirty Three Pounds Six Shillings & eight Pence lawful money, to help and assist you in your Straits and Difficulties, provided you pay me the remaining Part of my Salary agreeable to the Contract you made with me in the year 1734.

I am your affectionate Pastor  
WILLIAM SMITH

It was immediately voted "to accept the gift of the Rev. Mr. Smith to the Parish." In 1779, the following report of the committee appointed to confer with Mr. Smith showed a wonderful rise in the cost of living:

Indian Corn	@ £4 4 0 pr. Bu.	504 0 0
Rye	@ 5 14 0	586 0 0
Wheat	@ 9 0 0	648 0 0
Beef	@ 0 5 0	432 0 0
Pork	@ 0 7 0	432 0 0
		2602 0 0
Rent of the Parsonage to be deducted		224 0 0
		£2378 0 0

This report was accompanied by the following letter:

To the First Parish in Weymouth.

Brethren: In consideration of the extraordinary Taxes of this year, I do freely give you out of my Salary £378 to assist & help you in your Difficulties, provided you pay me the remaining part of my Salary agreeable to the Contract made with me in the year 1734.

I am your affectionate Pastor  
WILLIAM SMITH.

WEYMOUTH, Nov. 22, 1779.

The report of the following year shows an almost incredible rise in values, reminding one of the last days of the Southern Confederacy, when it was said that a man would go to market with his money in a basket, and bring home his purchases in his pocket. Merely the summary is given in the records:

Rent of the Parsonage	£9735 838
Ballance due is	8897

This was accompanied by an offer, on the part of the pastor, to give the parish £1,000, with the usual proviso. The report of the year 1781 reveals a most astounding decline in values. One can hardly understand how business could have been carried on amidst such fluctuations in prices:

	£ s. d.
Original Salary	24 0 0
Indian Corn	31 10 8
Rye	32 18 3
Wheat	27 12 0
Beef	16 16 0
Pork	15 15 5
Deduct Rent of the Parsonage	148 12 4
	12 7 4
	136 5 0

This report was accompanied by an offer, on the part of the pastor, of an abatement of thirty-six pounds, five shillings, and the suggestion of a "further abatement, if his salary should be paid regularly and his circumstances admit of it." A new item may be observed in this statement, of which

there is no explanation, "Original Salary." In the year 1782 we have the following estimate:

		£ s. d.
Indian Corn	at 4s. 9½d.	24 0 0
Rye	at 6s.	26 1 0¾
Wheat	at 9s.	27 12 0
Beef	at 3d.	16 15 8
Pork	at 4d.	15 15 5¼
 Original Salary		   <hr/>
		110 4 2 0
		24
 Rent of Parsonage		   <hr/>
		134 4 2
		11 11 1
  <hr/>		122 13 1

This report was accompanied by the regret of the pastor at being "unable to do so much for you as I could sincerely wish to do, but for the present year I give you out of my salary £22, 13s., 5d."

The above was the last estimate made, or at least recorded, in connection with this interesting experiment; for Mr. Smith died September 17, 1783, in the forty-ninth year of his ministry, deeply lamented by his people.

November 17, 1783, the parish voted "to give notes on interest to the executors of Mr. Smith's estate for such sums as should appear to be due to the heirs of the late Rev. Mr. Smith, deceased." Some estimate of these sums due must have been made under the contract, but no record is made of the result.

Reviewing the record that has been preserved for us, we observe that, while Mr. Smith's nominal salary was £180 per annum, on account of the sliding scale that was adopted, the lowest point reached was £134 4s. 2d., or about \$670, while the high-

est point was the amazing sum of £9,735, nearly \$50,000.

This scheme of salary, which continued during the nearly fifty years of Mr. Smith's pastorate, was certainly a very comfortable one for him, and avoided very much of that friction which had disturbed the pastorate of Mr. Paine, and which was also experienced in other parishes, as is shown by their records. At the same time, the plan does not seem to have commended itself to the parish; for when the next pastor was called, the Rev. Jacob Norton, no such arrangement was made with him. He was called at a salary of ninety pounds, which was just one-half of Mr. Smith's normal salary. Mr. Norton received also twelve cords of wood per year and the use and improvement of the parsonage, for which Mr. Smith had paid fifteen pounds ten shillings annually.

Within a few years after his settlement in Weymouth, we find Mr. Norton suffering from the depreciation in the value of his salary; but he not being protected, as Mr. Smith had been, by his contract, the parish declined his repeated requests, "to make his salary as good as when he settled among them." Some temporary aid was occasionally granted him, but no such security was his as had been enjoyed by Mr. Smith during his long pastorate.

Mr. Norton married Mr. Smith's favorite granddaughter, who sleeps near her grandparents in the Old North Cemetery; but Mr. Norton, after a somewhat disturbed pastorate of thirty-seven years, resigned his position, removed from town, and entered the ministry of another denomination.





## EDITOR'S TABLE.



A TYPE of man highly to be honored is that of which a distinguished representative was Richard Hakluyt,—a man who has the knowledge and insight which enable him to realize as others do not the true historical significance of the period in which he lives, or of some movement which he touches or is part of, and has the wisdom and devotion to provide that an adequate record of it shall go down to posterity. In this new time of expansion, venture and geographical study, we are turning back as we have not done for long to the period of English expansion into America, the day when our own coasts were mapped, the day of Hawkins, Drake, Frobisher, Gilbert and Raleigh; and we feel new gratitude to the zealous and industrious scholar who, while the great Elizabethan seamen and explorers were living, collected and put into shape the stories—often their own stories—of their deeds, bringing us into first-hand relations with them.

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There have been in New England men who have rendered services which may be compared in certain ways with Richard Hakluyt's service in England three centuries ago. President Dwight, who may properly be called the New England Camden, was such a man. He said to himself a hundred years ago: The time is coming when men will be anxious to know accurately what manner of place New England was at the close of the eighteenth century, and what manner of life was lived here. I have sought for such accurate information concerning New England a hundred years ago, and have usually sought in vain. I will devote my vacation times

to travels through the country, observing closely and describing faithfully the natural scenery, the towns and villages, the shops and farms, the schools and churches and homes, the landscape and the life; and I will bequeath this record to the future. For twenty years he followed out this purpose; and his invaluable "Travels in New England and New York," published in 1821, was the result.

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A yet more conspicuous New England example is Rev. Thomas Prince. Thomas Prince was one of the pastors of the Old South Church in Boston from 1718 to 1758, forty years, his pastorate covering the time when the church's first meeting-house was taken down and the Old South which we know was built. He was thirty-one years old when he came to the Old South pulpit. He had entered Harvard at sixteen, probably devoted two years after his graduation to theological study, and then spent eight years in Europe, chiefly in England, returning in 1717, and becoming Rev. Joseph Sewall's colleague at the Old South the next year. His labors as a preacher and pastor were noteworthy, and he was a prominent factor in the life of Boston in the period just before the mutterings of the Revolution. Yet it is as scholar rather than as preacher that we chiefly think of him and are chiefly grateful to him. He was a lover of New England and an indefatigable student of her history, which may be said to have covered just a century at the time when he entered Harvard College; and if his "Chronological History of New England" had been completed as he planned it, giving an exact account of the course of events from Gosnold's

discovery in 1602 down to his own time, it would have been a monumental work—as in its incomplete form it is certainly a most useful one. Moses Coit Tyler truly says, in his "History of American Literature," that "no American writer before Thomas Prince qualified himself for the service of history by so much conscious and specific preparation."

It was not, however, by his History of New England that Thomas Prince earned the right to be classed with Richard Hakluyt, but by his "New England Library." He saw clearly and comprehensively, while men were still around him who had known Bradford and Winthrop and Hooker and Roger Williams, how significant a thing in human history was this planting of New England; and he resolved to gather into a New England Library every available book and pamphlet and manuscript which could throw light upon the planting and the period. In Plymouth and Salem and Boston, in families and churches, were a hundred journals and records of one kind or another, which in a brief time would be scattered and be lost. Many a book or pamphlet, printed in Boston or London or Holland, written by some New England scholar, or describing for Englishmen some New England enterprise, was already becoming rare. If these treasures were to be preserved for the future, no time should be lost—and he, Thomas Prince, was the one to do the work. He was a born book lover, one book in his collection showing that it was given to him by his mother in 1697, when he was ten years old; and his purpose to collect a library illustrating the history of New England evidently became a settled one with him at the time he entered Harvard College in 1703. "It was, therefore, at the time of his matriculation," writes Justin Winsor, in his introduction to the catalogue of the Prince collection, published by the Boston Public Library, "in the sixteenth year of his age, that

Prince systematically laid the foundation of a collection of books and manuscripts, a large share of which relate to the civil and religious history of New England, and which, with unfailing zeal and under the most favorable circumstances, in this country and in Europe, he cherished and enriched during his long life. At the time of his death, the New England Library [as he called it], we may well believe, was the most extensive of its kind that had ever been formed."

Away up in the tower of the Old South Meeting-house, under the clock room and the belfry, is a large room, the "steeple chamber," which no lover of New England and its history can enter without the deepest interest and reverence. Thomas Prince may have used this "steeple chamber" as his study. Here at any rate his library was gathered, and here it remained for many years. In his will, dated October 2, 1758, twenty days before his death, he disposes of his library in two parts—his books in Latin, Greek and the Oriental languages to be kept for the use of the ministers of the church; and the collection which he designates as the New England Library to be preserved apart and intact, as a reference library, under the control of the pastors and deacons of the church. "I made this collection," he said in his will, "from a public view and desire that many important transactions might be remembered, which otherwise would be lost."

The New England Library was destined to strange and sad vicissitudes. The story of its two most famous and most precious treasures is well known. These were the manuscript histories of Plymouth by Governor Bradford, and New England—chiefly the Massachusetts Bay colony—by Governor Winthrop, the two most important histories ever written, or which in the nature of the case ever can be written, of the two Massachusetts colonies, written by the two men who did the most and knew the most

concerning their establishment. Both of these precious works came to Thomas Prince's "steeple chamber" at the Old South Meeting-house, and both by a fatal coincidence were long lost—that is, one volume of the Winthrop, and the Bradford altogether. We have only recently been rejoicing over the restoration of the Bradford manuscript to Massachusetts, through the efforts of Senator Hoar and the kind coöperation of Bishop Creighton of London. For almost a century and a quarter it had been in England—carried away undoubtedly by some English spoiler at the time of the evacuation of Boston in 1776, and not discovered until 1853, in the library of the Bishop of London at Fulham. The library suffered severely during the British occupation of the town and desecration of the meeting-house; and we shall never know how much was lost from it. Early in the last century the historical books and manuscripts were deposited by the Old South Church and Society in the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society. For half a century the collection continued there, and then it was transferred to the Boston Public Library, one of whose most sacred trusts it still remains. "Many of its treasures have drifted from it, and are now among the chief attractions of other collections; but despoiled as it has been by time, and by ravagers less impersonal than time, it is a splendid fragment, and as such, under existing arrangements for its care and preservation, it is now safe. As Michael Angelo, in his blind oldage, was led to the Torso Belvedere in the Vatican, that he might pass his hands over it and enjoy through touch the grandeur of its lines, so will scholars come and continue to come from all parts of the land to what remains of the New England Library, that they may gather knowledge and inspiration from its treasures." The catalogue of the collection issued by the Public Library in 1870, with a preface by Justin Winsor giving an account

of the collection, is a thorough work; and in Hamilton A. Hill's History of the Old South Church the full story is told of Prince's life and services.

A writer upon Richard Hakluyt has said that his best monument is the Hakluyt Society. The Hakluyt Society was founded, for the purpose of publishing rare and valuable accounts of early voyages, travels and explorations, in 1846. Twelve years afterwards, in 1858, a similar monument was reared to Thomas Prince, in the founding of the Prince Society, dedicated to those historical interests which were his dominant interests; and this society, which holds its annual meeting on Prince's birthday, May 25, has given us in these two-score years a series of volumes illustrating our New England beginnings, which, edited with rare sympathy and scholarship and printed in most beautiful style, would have gladdened the heart of the devoted old preacher and annalist. The Prince Society is indeed one of his worthy monuments. Another abides in the name of the beautiful town of Princeton, which lies at the foot of Wachusett, and which was constituted from land once owned by Thomas Prince. Another still is the steeple of the Old South Meeting-house, which rose while he was one of the Old South ministers and whose "steeple chamber" was the first home of the New England Library. Among all the things for which we venerate the Old South Meeting-house, few are more interesting than this—that it is the eminent monument to the beginnings of historical study and literature in New England.

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At the present moment there is a special connection in our mind between Thomas Prince and the Old South "steeple chamber" and Richard Hakluyt and his "Principal Navigations, Voyages and Discoveries of the English Nation." We have before us the program of the Old South

lectures to be given this summer to the young people of Boston, a program which would certainly have delighted the famous Old South scholar. It is made up almost entirely of subjects associated with the name of Richard Hakluyt, subjects which for the most part had their first and most important treatment in the records for whose preservation we are indebted to him. "The English Exploration of America" is the general theme, and the several lectures will be these: "John Cabot and the First English Expedition to America," "Hawkins and Drake in the West Indies," "Martin Frobisher and the Search for the Northwest Passage," "Sir Humphrey Gilbert and His Voyages," "Sir Walter Raleigh and the Story of Roanoke," "Bartholomew Gosnold and the Story of Cuttyhunk," "Captain John Smith in Virginia and New England," "Richard Hakluyt and His Books on the English Explorers." The subject is, we say, most opportune. Expansion is peculiarly the interest of the hour. At such an hour the story of the beginnings of English expansion into America is indeed timely; and this is the story to be told at the Old South Meeting-house. As it is continued week by week, the young people of Boston will learn how great is the debt which Englishmen and Americans owe to Richard Hakluyt. One of our publishers is to give us presently a "Boy's Hakluyt," doing for Hakluyt something like what Lanier's "Boy's Froissart" did for the French chronicler—presenting largely in the original words many of the most striking chapters of the great volumes of "Navigations and Discoveries;" and this will introduce Hakluyt to a yet larger circle of young people than the Old South circle.

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Froude has called Hakluyt's "Principal Navigations" "the prose epic of the modern English nation." Robertson, in his history, speaks of Hak-

luyt as one "to whom England is more indebted for its American possession than to any other man of that age." "Excepting, of course, Shakespeare and the *Dii Majores*," said Sir Clements Markham, the president of the Hakluyt Society, in his address at the celebration in 1896 of the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the society, "there is no man of the age of Elizabeth to whom posterity owes a deeper debt of gratitude than to Richard Hakluyt, the saviour of the records of our explorers and discoverers by land and sea."

Who was this Richard Hakluyt? He was of a Herefordshire family, and was born in 1553. That was five years before Elizabeth came to the throne. It was the same year that Edmund Spenser was born, one year after Raleigh was born, one year before the birth of Philip Sidney, and eleven years before the birth of Shakespeare. In the same year that Shakespeare was born, 1564, the young lad from Herefordshire entered Westminster School. If we remember that he died the same year that Shakespeare died, 1616, we have the chronology of his life. He was in Westminster School for about six years, and was a diligent scholar; but the impulse which determined his life work was received at this time not from Westminster School, but from his cousin in the Middle Temple. His own story of this introduction to cosmography, as he tells it in the dedication to Sir Francis Walsingham, prefixed to the first edition of his "Principal Navigations," is so graphic and significant that we give it in his own words:

"I do remember that being a youth, and one of her Majestie's scholars at Westminster, that fruitful nursery, it was my happe to visit the chamber of M. Richard Hakluyt, my cosin, a gentleman of the Middle Temple, well knownen unto you, at a time when I found lying open upon his boord certeine bookes of cosmographie with an universall mappe: he seeing me somewhat curious in the view thereof, began to instruct my ignorance by shewing me the division of the earth into three

parts after the olde account, and then according to the latter and better distribution into more. He pointed with his wand to all the known seas, gulfs, bayes, straits, capes, rivers, empires, kingdoms, dukedomes, and territories of ech part; with declaration also of their special commodities and particular wants which by the benefit of traffike and intercourse of merchants are plentifully supplied. From the mappe he brought me to the Bible, and turning to the 107th Psalme, directed mee to the 23rd and 24th verses, where I read that they which go downe to the sea in ships and occupy by the great waters, they see the works of the Lord and his woonders in the deepe, etc., which words of the Prophet, together with my cousins discourse (things of rare and high delight to my yong nature) tooke in me so deepe an impression, that I constantly resolved if ever I were preferred to the university, where better time and more convenient place might be ministred for these studies, would, by God's assistance, prosecute that knowledge and kinde of literature, the doores wherof (after a sort) were so happily opened before me."

This incident gives the keynote of his life. He presently did go to the university, becoming in 1570 a student at Christ Church, Oxford; and he did his regular work there faithfully and in due course took his degree; but every spare moment he devoted to his favorite field. "I fell to my intended course, and by degrees read over whatever printed or written discoveries and voyages I found extant either in the Greeke, Latine, Italian, Spanish, Portugall, French or English languages; and in my publick lectures was the first that produced and showed both the olde and imperfectly composed and the new lately reformed mappes, globes, spheares and other instruments of this art for demonstration in the common schooles, to the singular pleasure and generall contentment of my auditory."

In the period following his Oxford studies, Hakluyt is said to have held a professorship of divinity, but we are not told where. There is some evidence that proposals were made to him to accompany Sir Humphrey Gilbert in his last and fatal voyage to Newfoundland in the year 1583, but

no particulars are recorded. Certain it is that from 1583 to 1588 he was chaplain to the English Embassy at Paris. In this last year he was one of several gentlemen to whom Raleigh assigned the patent granted him in 1584 authorizing him "to discover and find out remote, heathen and barbarous lands." About the same time he was appointed prebend in the cathedral of Bristol, and in 1590 rector of Wetheringsett in Suffolk. In 1605 he became a prebendary of Westminster. As archdeacon of Westminster he died in 1616 and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Such are the external facts of his life.

Through all these years he devoted himself unremittingly to the purpose formed as a boy in his visit to the Middle Temple. The two great needs of his country in this field became clear to him at Oxford. The first need was caused by the ignorance of English seamen concerning scientific geography. He constantly urged the attention of those in authority to the importance of establishing a permanent lectureship "as a means of breeding up skilful seamen and mariners in this realm." But his great work was in the collection and publication of records of English exploration. Richard Eden had made one such collection, the second edition of which appeared at about the time that Hakluyt went to Oxford. But of all the English voyages undertaken for the century previous to that time, most had been utterly forgotten. Even of the voyages of John Cabot there was no account whatever. Hakluyt saw that this was a national calamity. He saw that maritime traffic and colonization were the means by which England was to improve the condition of her people and become a great naval power; and to promote these objects he spared no study or expense. He cultivated the acquaintance of all who could give him information, and sought the assistance of all who could reinforce his efforts.

His first book, entitled "Divers Voyages Touching the Discoverie of America," was published in 1582, before he went to Paris, and while he was not yet thirty years old. It is dedicated to Sir Philip Sidney, and emphasizes in a strong way the advantages of colonization and the glory that would come to England from the pursuit of such a policy. To us Americans this first book of the great geographer has a peculiar interest. Its direct and practical object was the promotion of the colonization of America; and to enlighten his countrymen he brought together from all available sources the various accounts showing the history of the discovery of the east coast of North America, giving the fullest particulars then known, and giving the first impetus to the English colonization of America. "Virtually," says Sir Clements Markham, "Raleigh and Hakluyt were the founders of those colonies which eventually formed the United States. Americans revere the name of Walter Raleigh; they should give an equal place to that of Richard Hakluyt."

During his five years' residence in Paris, Hakluyt worked assiduously at the object of his life, printing some French accounts of Florida, which he presently republished in London in English. This work was dedicated to Sir Walter Raleigh, encouraging him to prosecute the colonization of Virginia, by pointing out the advantages and probable resources of the district. It is fair to assume that this publication, preceding by so short a time the colonization of Virginia, had an important influence in promoting that enterprise. In Paris also Hakluyt devoted himself to the preparation of his great work, "The Principal Navigations, Voyages and Discoveries of the English Nation," which first appeared in a folio volume in 1589, immediately upon Hakluyt's return to England from Paris. The dedication to Sir Francis Walsingham prefixed to this edition contains

interesting particulars relating to the life of the author. Walsingham had for years been his friend; in 1583, just after the publication of his "Divers Voyages," he had thanked him for the exertions he had made to assist in "the discoverie of the western parts yet unknown," and expressed the wish that he would continue "his travaile in these and like matters." In the address to the reader prefixed to the "Principal Navigations," Hakluyt says: "I meddle in this work with the navigations only of our own nation; and albeit I allege in a few places (as the matter and occasion required) some strangers as witnesses of the things done, yet are they none but such as either faithfully remember or sufficiently confirm the travels of our own people, of whom (to speak truth) I have received more light in some respects than all our own historians could afford me in this case, Bale, Foxe and Eden only excepted." He proceeded at once to the preparation of a fuller and better edition of his great work. "The honor and benefit of this commonwealth," he wrote, "hath made all difficulties seem easy, all pains and industry pleasant, all expenses of light value and moment to me." The new edition in three volumes, containing notices of more than two hundred voyages, appeared just as the century was closing. From unpublished materials which he left, Samuel Purchas by and by largely made up his "Pilgrimes." The "Principal Navigations" was republished in 1809; and a more convenient edition, edited by Goldsmid, in sixteen volumes, was published in 1889, the various records being rearranged according to subjects—the accounts relating to America, for instance, being brought together.

It would be impossible to estimate too highly the work of Richard Hakluyt. The president of the Hakluyt Society well sums it up when he says: "He saved numerous journals and narratives from destruction and the

deeds they record from oblivion. His work gave a stimulus to colonial and to maritime enterprises, and it inspired our literature. Shakespeare owed much to Hakluyt's 'Principal Navigations,' Milton owed much more. He achieved his great task, which was, in his own words, 'to incorporate into one body the torn and scattered limbs of our ancient and late navigations by sea.'

As the years passed on, Richard Hakluyt, in his own quaint language, "continued to wade still further and further in the sweet studie of the historie of cosmographie." He declared "geography and chronology to be the sun and moon, the right eye and the left, of all history." His last publication (in 1609) was a translation of Fernando De Soto's discoveries in Florida, which he printed under the following title: "Virginia richly valued by the description of the maine land of Florida her next neighbour." This work was evidently intended to encourage the young colony in Virginia and procure support for the undertaking. The preface to the second edition, published with a changed title in 1611, is addressed to the Virginia adventurers. Robertson expresses the opinion that "the most active and efficacious promoter of the colonization of Virginia was Richard Hakluyt."

Richard Hakluyt was not simply a historian and a collector; he was also an agitator and a prophet. Of all his works there is none so interesting to us Americans as his "Discourse on Western Planting," written in 1584, while he was still living in Paris. It was written, he tells us, "at the request and direction of the right worshipful Mr. Walter Raleigh, now Knight, before the coming home of his two barks,"—that is, the

two barks under Amadas and Barlow, who landed on Roanoke. Raleigh's object in causing this discourse to be written and laid before the Queen was clearly to influence her imagination and enlist her more active and efficient support in his large and ambitious schemes for the colonization of America. It is an interesting thing that this remarkable discourse, by far the most cogent and comprehensive argument for "western planting" which was framed in that adventurous Elizabethan age, should have first been printed in America itself. It had been forgotten for well-nigh two centuries, when one of the manuscript copies was discovered, and it was printed in the Collections of the Maine Historical Society for 1877, with an introduction by Leonard Woods, late president of Bowdoin College, and notes by Charles Deane. "The long lost manuscript," wrote Mr. Coote in 1880 in his article upon Hakluyt in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, "after failing to find a resting-place in America, was finally acquired by Mr. Thomas Phillipps, and is now the property of Rev. J. E. A. Fenwick of Thirlstane House, Cheltenham." We suppose that the manuscript still remains where it was in 1880. Perhaps another effort will be made to secure it for America. Perhaps Senator Hoar, who was so successful a few years ago where so many before him had failed, will lead in this effort also. If Hakluyt's "Discourse on Western Planting" should indeed come to America, it would be the greatest treasure which has come to us since we received back the manuscript of Bradford's *Journal*, a century and a quarter after it had been lost from Thomas Prince's "steeple chamber" in the Old South Meeting-house.





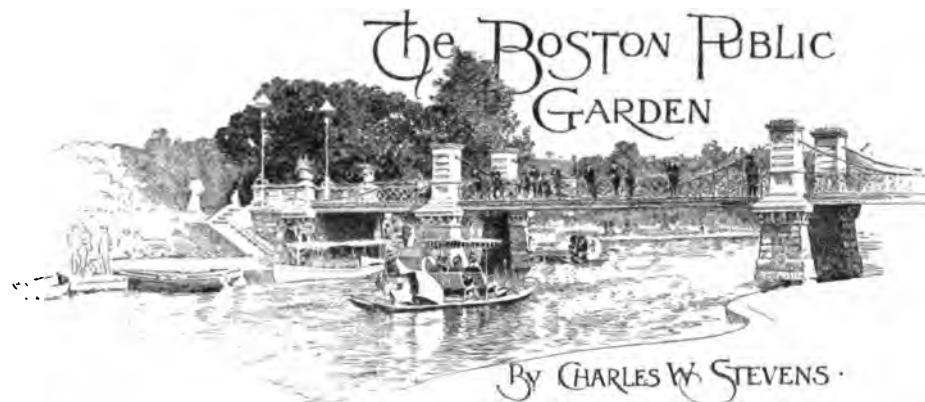
SIR GEORGE WILLIAMS, FOUNDER OF THE FIRST Y. M. C. A.

# THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

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By CHARLES W. STEVENS

"A THING of beauty," says the poet, "is a joy forever." The Boston Public Garden is a spot of great beauty; and it is fervently to be hoped that no superficial or sacrificial hand will prevent its being a joy forever.

A little more than forty years ago this beautiful adjunct of Boston Common, if we may so call it, was little more than waste land, with water covering a part of it. The writer, who at that time lived in the immediate vicinity, has often gone fishing and sailing on the Back Bay, which at that time extended from near the present Arlington Street to Brookline and covered the territory from Tremont Street above Dover Street to the Mill Dam Road, or "Western Extension" as it was sometimes called, being the continuation of Beacon Street to Brookline.

In the early history of Boston we find that there were a number of coves extending into the peninsula, among which were the South Cove, the Great

Cove and the Mill Cove. Had the waters of Back Bay been called, as Dr. Shurtleff in his history of Boston suggested they should have been, West Cove, that most beautiful section of our city would probably now be known as "The West End"—as it should be. A reason for retaining the name of Back Bay is that another section of the city, known in its early history as New Boston and later as West Boston, has since been called the West End, which correctly speaking it is not.

The Public Garden was originally a part of the Common; but a great fire occurring on Pearl and Atkinson Streets, "whereby the seven old ropewalks were destroyed in 1794, the town's people opened their hearts, though they closed their senses," and resolved to grant the flats at the bottom of the Common for the erection of six new buildings in place of those destroyed, on condition that no more ropewalks should be built between Pearl and Atkinson Streets. "This



From a photograph in the possession of the Bostonian Society.  
A VIEW FROM THE CORNER OF BEACON AND CHARLES STREETS IN 1860 SHOWING  
A PORTION OF THE PRESENT PUBLIC GARDEN.

rash act," says Dr. Shurtleff, "lost to the town the old 'Round Marsh,' which had always been a part of the Common or training field; and it was not until the first year of the elder Quincy's mayoralty that the lost estate was regained by paying the owners the large sum (as it was then considered) of fifty-five thousand dollars,—the land being reconveyed in February, 1824, it having been out of the possession of the town thirty years."

In August, 1843, the street on the southerly side, known as "the extension of Boylston Street," was laid out by a survey by Alexander Wadsworth, and thus the southern boundary was fixed. The western boundary was established as late as December, 1856, by the tripartite indenture executed by the commissioners of the Commonwealth, the Boston Water Power Company and the City of Boston. This agree-

ment received the approval of Mayor Alexander H. Rice the following December. By it a narrow strip of land was annexed to the northern part of the Garden, and a new avenue, now Arlington Street, was laid out. The northern or northwestern boundary, as has already been stated, is Beacon Street.

After the purchase of the land in 1824, an attempt was made by the City Council to sell it again for building purposes, and the question being much agitated it was referred to the citizens and all propositions relative



From a photograph in the possession of the Bostonian Society.  
THE CONSERVATORY FORMERLY IN THE PUBLIC GARDEN.

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to its sale were negatived. In September, 1837, Horace Gray and others petitioned for the use of the land for a Public Garden, which petition was granted under certain conditions in November of the same year. This permission, with similar conditions, was granted again in 1839; and Horace Gray, Charles P. Curtis, George Darracott and others were incorporated as the "Proprietors of the Botanic Garden in Boston." They erected a conservatory for plants and birds, north of Beacon Street and west of Charles Street, which was for a while quite a place of attraction, until it was destroyed by fire. In this connection it should be said of Mr. Horace Gray, to his everlasting credit, that by early and persistent efforts in the right direction he did more for the preservation to the city of the territory which became the Public Garden than any other citizen of Boston of his day. To him and a few other kindred spirits are we in great measure indebted for the oasis of beauty that now gladdens the heart and delights the eye of every true lover of nature and its adornments.

Other attempts to sell the Public Garden were made in the City Council in 1842 and 1843, but they proved unavailing; still others were made in 1849 and 1850, but these also were finally defeated. In 1856 the tripartite agreement was made, and the question of building upon the Public Garden was considered settled.

In April, 1859, an act was approved by the governor establishing a boundary line between the cities of Boston and Roxbury and authorizing the filling up of the Back Bay. Provision was made by this act that no buildings should be erected between Arlington and Charles Streets; and three commissioners were appointed by Governor Banks and Mayor Lincoln "to make an award to the city in consequence of relinquishing the right to erect buildings on the strip of

land acquired by the city by the tripartite agreement of 1856." This act was submitted to the citizens on the twenty-sixth of April, 1859, with the following result: 6,287 voted in favor of accepting the act, and but 99 against it. The act being accepted, commissioners were appointed by the governor, viz., Hon. Josiah G. Abbott, George B. Upton and Hon. George S. Boutwell; and they on the first day of July of the same year published their award, giving to the city



From a drawing by William M. Hunt.  
HORACE GRAY.

two parcels of land, containing 44,800 feet, for the relinquishment of the right to build upon the strip of land east of Arlington Street, containing about 118,000 feet, both parcels subject to the restriction that nothing but dwelling houses should be erected thereon.

During the progress of these negotiations great efforts were made by a public-spirited citizen, Hon. David Sears, for preserving the Back Bay lands as free as possible from buildings, suggesting a pond of salt water

of some forty acres for sanitary purposes, to be called "Silver Lake." The beautiful Commonwealth Avenue and the adjacent streets, with their splendid public and private buildings, now cover a great part of the territory where the lake was to be made, having become to the city of Boston and private individuals a golden plain in lieu of a silver lake.

After the acceptance of the act of 1859, the subject of further improving the Public Garden was discussed by the city government and finally referred to the Committee on the Common and Public Squares, "to report a plan of improvement and the estimated cost thereof." In the succeeding October, Alderman Crane, the chairman of the committee, submitted a detailed plan containing much information, accompanied with a plan for the laying out of the Garden, and recommended the concurrence of the Board of Aldermen with the Common Council in the passage of the order relating to the subject as amended by that branch of the city government in September. This report was printed and subsequently adopted. The adoption of that order accomplished the desired effect; and from that time to the present day constant improvements have taken place under the able management of those having it in charge, until it can truly be said that no other similar space in the world devoted to the purposes of a public garden surpasses it in attractiveness and beauty. This is the writer's belief after extensive travel abroad and in our own country; and he is supported in it by gentlemen of culture whose judgment and knowledge are better than his own.



THOMAS LEE.

The Garden contains about twenty-four acres. It is surrounded by an iron fence, which was erected in 1862 at a cost of \$25,000. In the opinion of many, the Garden would be vastly improved by the removal of this fence, as has been done on the Tremont Street side of the Common; but as to its practicability there would probably be the same diversity of opinion as there was in the

latter case. The pond or lake, which is of irregular shape, was constructed in 1859, and has an



THE ETHER MONUMENT.



area of about three acres. At the northerly part there is a fountain which, though not of ambitious proportions, yet in its fan-like flow of water is ever a cool and refreshing attraction and addition to the beauty of the spot. An island of Liliputian dimensions covered with a growth of luxuriant willows also adorns this part of the lake. Like Boston itself, it was once a peninsula; but it proved such a trysting place for lovers that the cruel forester felt obliged to sever its connection with the mainland.

As the days shorten, nature's winter covering of sparkling ice is ardently watched and waited for by the descendants of the boys who a hundred years and more ago bearded the irascible Governor Gage in his den; and when at last the all important question, "Will it bear?" is answered in the affirmative, the frozen waters are covered by a gay throng of happy youth, whose skates glisten in the sun and whose merry voices ring out joyously on the air.

A fine bridge of a single span was

thrown over the pond in 1867. A little west of this bridge one of the most beautiful city views which one can be privileged to enjoy may be had. Facing the Common, one has a little to one's left the State House, with its gilded dome, crowning the summit of Beacon Hill, while Millmore's lofty Soldiers' Monument is seen before one, towering above the foliage of the Common. In the near distance the tall and graceful spire of Park Street Church adds its old-time beauty and simplicity to the charming landscape. The fine new business structures on Boylston Street are at one's right, and Arlington Street with its modern church and stately residences is at one's back; while all about one umbrageous trees, ferny nooks, aromatic shrubs and a wealth of flowers, with the placid lake at one's feet, complete the picture.

While Alderman Crane was chairman of the Committee on the Common and Public Squares, a liberal appropriation was made for completing the Public Garden. Under the super-



THE PUBLIC GARDEN IN WINTER.

intendence of James Slade, the city engineer, the flower beds and paths were laid out by Mr. John Galvin, the then city forester, in accordance with the plan of George F. Meacham, the architect. In 1861 five granite basins with fountains were placed in different parts of the area and much ornamental work was done in the enclosure. In one of these basins is a beautiful statue of Venus, in marble, the gift of the late John D. Bates, the first work of art placed in the Garden. Another figure presented by Mrs. Tudor occupies a prominent position.

The first statue placed in the Garden was that of Edward Everett, modelled at Rome in 1866 by William W. Story, and cast in bronze at Munich. It was presented to the city in November, 1867, and is in the north part of the Garden, near Beacon Street. The Ether Monument, the gift of Thomas Lee, stands near the northwest corner of the enclosure. It was dedicated in June, 1868, on which occasion Dr. Henry J. Bigelow deliv-

ered the presentation address and Mayor Nathaniel B. Shurtleff, with a few well-chosen remarks, accepted the monument on behalf of the city.

The stately equestrian statue of Washington, modelled by Thomas Ball and cast in bronze at the Chicopee works in Massachusetts, faces Commonwealth Avenue near Arlington Street. It was dedicated on the third of July, 1869, with an address by Hon. Alexander H. Rice and words of acceptance by Mayor Shurtleff. Many critics and humorists have made merry over some of Boston's outdoor statues; and it must be confessed that some of them deserve all the sharp things that have been said about them. Some of the statues on the Public Garden have been the targets of this criticism. Wendell Phillips's reference to the Edward Everett as pointing the way to Brighton is likely always to stick to that statue. But Ball's equestrian statue of Washington is a noble work, admired by all. It is not only something of which Boston



EDWARD EVERETT.



THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.



CHARLES SUMNER.

is proud, but is undoubtedly the finest equestrian statue in America, and one of the finest in the world.

The statue of Charles Sumner was placed in the Garden, April 29, 1878, and is the work of Thomas Ball. On the occasion of its dedication a eulogy was delivered by Hon. Carl Schurz. In 1889 a statue of Colonel Thomas Cass, the hero of the Massachusetts Ninth Regiment in the Civil War, was placed in the Public Garden. This statue, which was of granite and entirely unworthy of its surroundings, has been recently removed and an excellent one in bronze by R. F. Brooks erected in its place. This is the last statue placed in the Garden, and will probably remain so, as other localities in the expanding city better adapted to the purpose are constantly opening.

When the plan for the laying out of the Public Garden was made by Mr. Meacham, it was considered by some of the citizens of Boston in, as well as out of the city government, that the municipal buildings should be placed

within its boundary, and much discussion was devoted to the subject. Fortunately for the city, this project was ultimately disapproved by the passage of the act of 1859, and the present City Hall on School Street was begun in 1862 and dedicated in 1865. Some fruitless attempts have since been made to revive the project; but it is safe to say that the citizens of Boston will never allow the beautiful Garden to be infringed upon in that direction, or used for any other purpose than that for which it was originally and happily designed.

In 1879 Mr. William Doogue was appointed by Mayor Cobb to succeed Mr. Galvin as city forester; and the fact that through all the changing administrations to the present time he has been appointed or elected to that important office is in itself sufficient proof that he has performed his duties successfully. His efforts to make the Public Garden the beautiful place which it is to-day are warmly appreciated, and his skill in the arrange-

ment of shrubs and flowers has been commented upon by many men of acknowledged ability in landscape gardening. Mr. Doogue is ever willing to impart information to citizens and the many strangers who visit the Garden during the summer; and the writer is indebted to him for his matter relating to the trees, shrubs and flowers, and their arrangement and protection.

"Everybody knows" this and that, say the SUPERINTENDENT WILLIAM DOOGUE, novelist and the journalist, who then proceed to tell what they know everybody does not know. It may be safely said that every Bostonian and many of their New England friends are cognizant of the fact that Boston has a Public Garden to be proud of; yet comparatively few are aware of the number and variety of trees and shrubs within its limited area, or the thousand times greater number of flowering plants that rapidly follow each other in a season's display. Were the writer statistically inclined, which he is not, it would be a tax upon the brain to give even an approximate approach to the number of flowers alone which annually adorn the Garden and crown its beauties. For instance, the tulips, the bulbs of which slumber so long in their wintry beds, are, in the full glory of their resurrection growth, set out in numbers well-nigh incredible.

There are more than thirty varieties of trees, numbering in all over six hundred. The elms take the lead, there being about two hundred, comprising the American, English and Dutch. The maples of different varieties follow, of which there are nearly one hundred; then the magnolia, of which there are fifty; poplar, thirty-six; thorn, twenty-four; willow, forty-



nine; birch, thirteen. There are fourteen catalpas, the beautiful blossoms of which much resemble orchids; the fringe tree, with its flowers of pure white when coming into leaf; eleven horse-chestnuts of a choice variety, bearing a crimson blossom; and fourteen crabs, bearing a double flower of a delicate rose and white. The hawthorns in different varieties show a mass of pink, crimson and white blossoms; and there are seven koelreuteria or varnish trees, whose leaves are very beautiful, having the appearance of being highly varnished. Among others are the gingko, caragana, Kentucky coffee, locust, beech, linden, larch, tree of heaven, cherry, laburnum, peach, plum, oak and ash.

The question has often been asked why there are no evergreens in the Garden. They will not thrive there, the ground being too marshy for their



MAYOR SAMUEL D. COBB.

THE BOSTON PUBLIC GARDEN.





FLOWER BULBS READY FOR PLANTING.

growth. The experiment has often been tried, but without success, notwithstanding great pains have been taken with their culture. There are over twenty varieties of shrubs, of which the rhododendrons constitute the greater part, there being more than twelve hundred of these magnificent plants; the syringa leads next in number, followed by the philadelphus

longs, is the African hibiscus, which deserves especial mention. In appearance the hibiscus shrubs are not unlike the graceful young maple saplings standing at intervals among them, except for the gorgeous beauty of the flowers, which hang like great blazing stars above their thin but handsome foliage. Being of tropical origin, though accommodating itself

or mock orange; then comes the viburnum (arrowroot); closely succeeding this is the enonymous or spindle tree, the cornus (dogwood), cydonia (quince), forsythia or golden bell, the lonicera (honeysuckle), and others of different varieties.

Among the shrubs, where it properly belongs, is the African hibiscus, which deserves especial mention. In appearance the hibiscus shrubs are not unlike the graceful young maple saplings standing at intervals among them, except for the gorgeous beauty of the flowers, which hang like great blazing stars above their thin but handsome foliage. Being of tropical origin, though accommodating itself



PLANTING BULBS.

to our midsummer temperature, the hibiscus at other seasons demands the heat of the conservatory to recall its native clime. Though it is by no means new to the Garden, having been displayed in midsummer for several seasons, the public has never become very familiar with it. About the base of the Washington statue may usually be seen several varieties with double flowers, others that blossom in shades of yellow. They are well worth the particular attention of the visitor through their short duration of only a few weeks.

statue, are prominent features in the background, serving to give variety to the rare and beautiful exotics of varied kinds. The four larger beds immediately around the statue usually contain the rare pandanus veitchii, while agaves and pineapple plants fill the other four beds. These beds are bordered with echeveria, giving a highly burnished effect.

But it is impossible to individualize further the many and diversified effects which, each in harmony with the other, produce unitedly the fine and beautiful result. I do not wish either



There are over one hundred raised vases with palms, hydrangeas and other flowering shrubs, interspersed among the trees, making a fine feature of the Garden. In the arrangement of the beds the more lofty plants are generally given locations off the main walks, their height making them sufficiently conspicuous, and their distance giving them a more picturesque position in the general plan of the Garden. The agave and cactus beds, of which there are several, including the two large raised beds north and south of the Washington

to go into technicalities and classifications so far as to be of interest only to the special botanical student. In giving these details to the extent that I do, I do not emphasize too strongly the part played by the great variety of trees and shrubs and flowers in the Public Garden in ministering not only to the pleasure of the people of Boston, but in promoting their education in a field so beautiful and fascinating.

The first display of early spring is that of hyacinths and crocuses, which often show their beautiful colorings above the "sugar snows" of April.

This might aptly be called "a curtain raiser" for the grand transformation scene that is soon to follow, which, as the vernal season draws to a close, opens with the first grand display of tulips, when these awake from their long sleep and lift their heads in all their prismatic glories to the sun. There are about four hundred beds of these brilliant flowers in the Garden, numbering over four hundred thousand plants, the general design being to have the beds of two colors or shades, one being the centre, with the contrasting color in the border. The largest and most conspicuous beds are in the

After the tulips are shorn of their glories, pansies, daisies, forget-me-nots, the primroses and other minor flowers usher in the rose show, which is due about the tenth of June. There will be the present year some twenty to thirty thousand plants, whose blossoms will shed their fragrance on the opening summer and delight the eye with a variety of color. Following the roses will come the rhododendrons and the *lilium longiflorum*, giving a brilliant effect to the Garden. From the first to the middle of July, the hydrangeas will add their charms to the scene. Then follows the sum-



vicinity of the statues and main walks. Among the different varieties may be mentioned *Couleur de Cardinal*, *Royal Golden*, *Rose Luisante*, *Stanley*, *Thomas Moore*, *Cottage Maid*, *White Swan*, *Prince of Austria* and *Joost Van Vondel*. In the intervals between the large tulip beds and on corners of intersecting walks are small round beds, planted in colors and shades which add to the general effect and so artistically arranged that they are not monotonous to the eye. The groundwork of these beds is of English daisies and pansies, which increase much by their quiet beauty the effect of the display.

mer bedding, consisting of tropical, sub-tropical, coniferous and holly beds, concluding with the display of *lilium lancifolium* in varieties of red, rose and white. The tropical plants continue their attractions until the early frosts, when the bedding for the tulips takes place; and "stern winter comes at last and shuts the scene."

Such, then, is the Boston Public Garden of to-day, which, having overcome by the persistent efforts of a handful of patriotic citizens the menaces of its early vicissitudes, presents to the visitor at the opening of the twentieth century a public exhibition of horticultural beauty such as



can be seen perhaps in no other city of the Union. To the wealthy owner of private conservatories and extensive grounds, who makes Boston his tarrying place for a few brief months of the year, it may seem a matter of little consequence; but to the average citizen and the poorer classes, whose labors confine them to the city during the entire year, and whose love of nature and its adornments could be gratified in no other way, it is indeed a thing of beauty and a joy, one of the greatest blessings of his life. If one will visit the Garden on a sweet Sunday in June and watch the visitors from the various classes of life, listen to their expressions of admiration, and witness the glow of delight upon their faces, one will come away with the feeling that the money and care bestowed upon this spot work infinite good by its refining influence and the opportunities it furnishes to satisfy the longings for the beauties of nature which pervade the mass of

people in the humbler walks of life. Nor should the educational influences of the successive displays be lost sight of, offering as they do a constant opportunity of studying the habits of plant life in its varied forms, an opportunity which could be had in no other way in a great city.

All honor, then, to those who conceived the Public Garden, and to those who during the long years have developed its beauties. No place contributes more to the enjoyment and the pleasure of the ever-increasing number of visitors who come to Boston during the summer months.



Many will remember how it was thronged early and late by the young people of the Christian Endeavor Society, who held their great national convention here a few summers ago. Similarly it will give delight to the thousands who come this summer to the international convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations; and next year it will give joy to other visiting thousands. To the people of Boston themselves it gives joy ever. On the May Sunday when the happy

crowds saunter past the tulip beds; in the midsummer evening when, sitting in some secluded spot beside the shimmering waters of the pond, one finds it hard to believe that one is within a stone's throw of the tumult of the city; at noonday on a winter Saturday, when the sun looks down on the white expanse merry with a hundred skaters—in every aspect the Boston Public Garden is one of the loveliest and dearest spots in Boston Town.



## THE FIRST MEMORIAL DAY.

*By Minna Irving.*

BENEATH an apple tree too old  
By many a year to yield,  
The soldiers dug a hasty grave  
Upon the battlefield.  
They laid within the shallow pit  
The bodies of the slain,  
Their broken sabres in their hands,  
And smoothed the earth again.

Chill Autumn on the naked mound  
Let fall her withered leaves;  
Gray Winter sowed his silver flakes  
And reaped his snowy sheaves;  
And May, returning to her haunts,  
A pall of velvet spread  
Of vivid emerald, soft and deep,  
Above the hero-dead.

The apple tree that springs before  
Withheld its wealth of bloom,  
Put forth on every twig a wreath  
All whiteness and perfume.  
Its trailing branches swept the turf  
Still moist with morning showers,  
And lo! the slumbers of the brave  
Were garlanded with flowers.

## EL DORADO: A KANSAS RECESSIONAL.

*By Willa Sibert Cather.*

### I.

PEOPLE who have been so unfortunate as to have travelled in western Kansas will remember the Solomon valley for its unique and peculiar desolation. The river is a turbid, muddy little stream, that crawls along between naked bluffs, choked and split by sand bars, and with nothing whatever of that fabled haste to reach the sea. Though there can be little doubt that the Solomon is heartily disgusted with the country through which it flows, it makes no haste to quit it. Indeed, it is one of the most futile little streams under the sun, and never gets anywhere. Its sluggish current splits among the sand bars and buries itself in the mud until it literally dries up from weariness and *ennui*, without ever reaching anything. The hot winds and the river have been contending for the empire of the valley for years, and the river has had decidedly the worst of it. Never having been a notably ambitious stream, in time it grew tired of giving its strength to moisten barren fields and corn that never matured. Beyond the river with its belt of amber woodland rose the bluffs, ragged, broken, covered with shaggy red grass and bare of trees, save for the few stunted oaks that grew upon their steep sides. They were pathetic little trees, that sent their roots down through thirty feet of hard clay bluff to the river level. They were as old as the first settler could remember, and yet no one could assert that they had ever grown an inch. They seldom, if ever, bore acorns; it took all the nourishment that soil could give just to exist. There was a sort of mysterious kinship between those trees and

the men who lived, or tried to live, there. They were alike in more ways than one.

Across the river stretched the level land like the top of an oven. It was a country flat and featureless, without tones or shadows, without accent or emphasis of any kind to break its vast monotony. It was a scene done entirely in high lights, without relief, without a single commanding eminence to rest the eye upon. The flat plains rolled to the unbroken horizon vacant and void, forever reaching in empty yearning toward something they never attained. The tilled fields were even more discouraging to look upon than the unbroken land. Although it was late in the autumn, the corn was not three feet high. The leaves were seared and yellow, and as for tassels, there were none. Nature always dispenses with superfluous appendages; and what use had Solomon valley corn for tassels? Ears were only a tradition there, fabulous fruits like the golden apples of the Hesperides; and many a brawny Hercules had died in his own sweat trying to obtain them. Sometimes, in the dusk of night, when the winds were not quite so hot as usual and only the stars could hear, the dry little corn leaves whispered to each other that once, long ago, real yellow ears grew in the Solomon valley.

Near the river was a solitary frame building, low and wide, with a high sham front, like most stores in Kansas villages. Over the door was painted in faded letters, "Josiah Bywaters, Dry Goods, Groceries and Notions." In front of the store ran a straight strip of ground, grass grown and weedy, which looked as if it might once have been a road. Here and there, on either side of this de-

serted way of traffic, were half demolished buildings and excavations where the weeds grew high, which might once have been the sites of houses. For this was once El Dorado, the Queen City of the Plains, the Metropolis of Western Kansas, the coming Commercial Centre of the West.

Whatever may have been there once, now there were only those empty, windowless buildings, that one little store, and the lonely old man whose name was painted over the door. Inside the store, on a chair tilted back against the counter, with his pipe in his mouth and a big gray cat on his knee, sat the proprietor. His appearance was not that of the average citizen of western Kansas, and a very little of his conversation told you that he had come from civilization somewhere. He was tall and straight, with an almost military bearing, and an iron jaw. He was thin, but perhaps that was due to his diet. His cat was thin, too, and that was surely owing to its diet, which consisted solely of crackers and water, except when now and then it could catch a gopher; and Solomon valley gophers are so thin that they never tempt the ambition of any discerning cat. If Colonel Bywaters's manner of living had anything to do with his attenuation, it was the solitude rather than any other hardship that was responsible. He was a sort of "Last Man." The tide of emigration had gone out and had left him high and dry, stranded on a Kansas bluff. He was living where the rattlesnakes and sunflowers found it difficult to exist.

The Colonel was a man of determination; he had sunk his money in this wilderness and he had determined to wait until he had got it out. His capital had represented the industry of a lifetime. He had made it all down in Virginia, where fortunes are not made in a day. He had often told himself that he had been a fool to quit a country of honest men

for a desert like this. But he had come West, worse than that, he had come to western Kansas, even to the Solomon valley, and he must abide the consequences. Even after the whole delusion was dispelled, and the fraud exposed, when the other buildings had been torn down or moved away, when the Eastern brokers had foreclosed their mortgages and held the land empty for miles around, Colonel Bywaters had stubbornly refused to realize that the game was up. Every one had told him that the best thing he could do was to get out of the country; but he refused to listen to advice. Perhaps he had an unreasoning conviction that money could not absolutely vanish, and that, if he stayed there long enough, his must some time come back to him. Perhaps, even had he wished to go, he actually lacked the means wherewith to get away. At any rate, there he remained, becoming almost a part of that vast solitude, trying to live the life of an upright Christian gentleman in this desert, with a heart heavy and homesick for his kind, always living over again in memory the details of that old, peaceful life in the valley of Virginia. He rose at six, as he had always done, ate his meagre breakfast and swept out his store, arranged his faded calicoes and fly-specked fruit cans in the window, and then sat down to wait. Generally he waited until bedtime. In three years he had not sold fifty dollars' worth. Men were almost unknown beings in that region, and men with money were utterly so. When the town broke up, a few of the inhabitants had tried to farm a little,—tried until they had no grain to sow and no horses to plough and no money to get away with. They were dead, most of them. The only human faces the Colonel ever saw were the starved, bronzed countenances of the poor fellows who sometimes passed in wagons, plodding along with their wives and children and cook stoves

and feather beds, trying to get back to "God's country." They never bought anything; they only stopped to water their horses and swear a little, and then drove slowly eastward. Once a little girl had cried so bitterly for the red stick candy in the window that her father had taken the last nickel out of his worn, flat pocketbook. But the Colonel was too kind a man to take his money, so he gave the child the money and the candy, too; and he also gave her a little pair of red mittens that the moths had got into, which last she accepted gratefully, though it was August.

The first day of the week brought the exceptions in the monotonous routine of the Colonel's life. He never rose till nine o'clock on Sunday. Then, in honor of the day, he shaved his chin and brushed out his mustache, and dressed himself in his black suit that had been made for him down in Winchester four years ago. This suit of clothes was an object of great care with the Colonel, and every Sunday night he brushed it out and folded it away in camphor gum. Generally he fished on Sunday. Not that there are any fish in the Solomon; indeed, the mud turtles, having exhausted all the nutriment in the mud, have pretty much died out. But the Colonel was fond of fishing, and fish he would. So in season, every Sunday morning, he would catch a bottle of flies for bait and take his pole and, after locking his store against impossible intruders, he would go gravely down the street. He really went through the weed patch, but to himself and his cat he always spoke of it as the street.

## II.

On this particular afternoon, as the Colonel sat watching the autumn sunlight play upon the floor, he was feeling more bitterly discouraged than usual. It was exactly four years ago that day that Major Penel-

ton had brought into his store on Water Street a tall, broad shouldered young man; with the frankest blue eyes and a good-natured smile, whom he introduced as Mr. Apollo Gump of Kansas. After a little general conversation, the young man had asked him if he wished to invest in Western lands. No, the Colonel did not want to put out any money in the West. He had no faith in any of the new states. Very well; Apollo did not wish to persuade him. But some way he saw a good deal of the young man, who was a clever, open-handed sort of a chap, who drank good whiskey and told a good story so that it lost nothing in the telling. So many were the hints he threw out of the fortunes made every day in Western real estate, that in spite of himself the Colonel began to think about it. Soon letters began pouring in upon him, letters from doctors, merchants, bankers, all with a large map on the envelope, representing a town with all the railroads of the West running into it. Above this spidery object was printed the name, El Dorado. These communications all assured him of the beauty of the location, the marvellous fertility of the surrounding country, the commercial and educational advantages of the town. Apollo seemed to take a wonderful liking to him; he often had him to dine with him at the little hotel, and took him down to Washington to hear Patti, assuring him all the time that the theatres of Kansas City were much better than anything in the East, and that one heard much better music there. The end of the matter was that when Apollo went back to Kansas the Colonel sold out his business and went with him. They were accompanied by half a dozen men from Baltimore, Washington and the smaller towns about, whom Apollo had induced to invest in the fertile tracts of land about El Dorado and in stock in the Gump banking house.

The Colonel was not a little sur-

prised to find that El Dorado, the metropolis of western Kansas, was a mere cluster of frame houses beside a muddy stream, that there was not a railroad within twenty-five miles, and that the much boasted waterworks consisted of a number of lead pipes running from the big windmill tank on the hill; but Apollo assured him that high buildings were dangerous in that windy country, that the railroads were anxious and eager to come as soon as the town voted bonds, and that the waterworks—pipes, pumps, filters and all, a complete "Holly" system—were ordered and would be put in in the spring. The Colonel did not quite understand how an academy of arts and science could be conducted in the three-room sod shack on the hill; but Aristotle Gump showed him the plan of a stately building with an imposing bell-tower that hung over the desk in his office, assuring him that it would go up in May, and that the workmen from Topeka were already engaged for the job. He was surprised, too, to find so few people in a town of two thousand inhabitants; but he was told that most of the business men had gone East to settle up their affairs, and would be back in the spring with their new goods. Indeed, in Ezekiel Gump's office, the Colonel saw hundreds of letters, long glowing letters, from these absent citizens, telling of their great business schemes and their unshaken faith in the golden future of El Dorado. There were few houses, indeed, but there were acres and acres of foundations; there were few businesses in operation, but there were hundreds of promises; and Apollo laughingly said that Western towns were built on promises.

But what most puzzled the Colonel was the vast number and importance of the Gumps. The Gumps seemed to be at the head of everything. The eldest brother was Isaiah Gump, the minister, a red faced, clean shaven man, with a bald pate and dark, wrinkled little hands. Then there

were De Witt Gump, the physician and druggist; Chesterfield Gump, the general dry goods merchant; Aristotle Gump, architect and builder, and professor of mathematics in the Gump Academy; Hezekiah Gump, the hardware merchant and president of the El Dorado Board of Trade; Ezekiel Gump, real estate agent, superintendent of waterworks, professor of natural sciences, etc. These were the Gumps. But stay,—were there not also Almira Gump, who taught history and Italian in the academy, and Venus Gump, who conducted a dressmaking and millinery establishment? The Colonel learned from Apollo that the Gump brothers had bought the land and founded the town, that it was, in short, a monument of Gump enterprise, it having been their long cherished ambition to become municipal promoters.

The Sunday after the Colonel's arrival, Isaiah preached a sermon on the rebuilding of Jerusalem, and told how the Jews built each man before his own door, with a trowel in one hand and a sword in the other. This was preliminary to urging the citizens of El Dorado to build sidewalks before their respective residences. He gave a long and eloquent discourse upon the builders of great cities from Menes, Nimrod and Romulus down, and among these celebrated personages, the Gumps were by no means forgotten.

After the sermon, the Colonel went to dine with Apollo at the little hotel. As they sat over their claret and cigars, Apollo said, "Colonel, if you can work any kind of a deal with Zeke, I would advise you to buy up your land before the railroad comes, for land is sure to go up then. It's a good plan out here to buy before a road comes and sell as soon as possible afterwards."

"About how much would you advise me to invest in land, Mr. Gump?" inquired the Colonel.

"Well, if I were you, I would about halve my pile. Half I would put

into real estate and half into bank stock. Then you've got both realty and personal security and you are pretty safe."

"I think I will get back into business. I may as well open a little shop and give your brother Chesterfield a little competition. I find I have been in the harness so long that I scarcely know what to do with myself out of it. I am too old to learn to be a gentleman of leisure."

"That's a good idea; but whatever you do, do it before the road comes. That's where the mistake is made in Western towns; men buy at high tide of the boom instead of having foresight enough to buy before. A boom makes the man it finds; but woe to the man it leaves in its track." A year later the Colonel found that Apollo had spoken a great truth.

"I think I rather like that land your brother showed me yesterday. Right next to the 'eighty' Mr. Thompson just bought. I would a little rather get tilled land, though."

"Now, Colonel, you are buying this land to sell; and wild land will sell just as well as any. You don't want to bother with crops; that's for the fellows that come in later. Let them do the digging. As soon as you have made up your mind, I want to spring a little scheme on you. I want to run you for city mayor next spring; and as soon as you have invested, we can begin to talk it up."

That suggestion pleased the Colonel and it rather soothed his conscience. He had his own scruples about land speculation; it seemed to him a good deal like gambling. But if he could really make an effort to further the interests of the town, he felt he would have a better right to make his fortune there.

After dinner they went out to look at Apollo's blooded horses, and then to Apollo's rooms over the bank to smoke. Apollo's rooms were very interesting apartments. They were decorated with boxing gloves, ball bats, fishing rods, an old pair of foils

and pictures of innumerable theatrical people, mostly vaudeville celebrities and ladies of the ballet. As the Colonel showed some interest in these, Apollo began rattling off their names and various accomplishments, professional and otherwise, with a familiarity that astonished the old gentleman. One, he declared, could do the best double dislocation act on the horizontal bars to be seen in Europe or America, and his talents had been highly applauded by the Prince of Wales. Another was the best burnt cork artist of his time; and another a languishing blond lady, whose generous outlines were accentuated by the nature of her attire, he declared was "the neatest thing in tights that ever struck Kansas City." From Apollo that was a sweeping statement; for Kansas City was the unit of measure which he applied to the universe. At one end of his sleeping room there was a large, full length painting of a handsome, smiling woman, in short skirts and spangles. She stood on the toe of her left foot, her right foot raised, her arms lifted, her body thrown back in a pose of easy abandon. She was just beginning to dance, and there was something of lassitude in the movement of the picture. Behind her hung a dark red curtain, creating a daring effect of color through the sheer whiteness of her skirts, and the footlights threw a strong glare up into her triumphant face. It was broadly and boldly painted, something after the manner of Degas, but handled less cruelly than his subjects. The name at the bottom of the picture was that of a young American painter, then better known in Paris than in his own country. There were several photographs of the same person ranged about on Apollo's dressing case, and, as he thought her extremely beautiful, and as Apollo had not mentioned her, the Colonel politely inquired who she was.

"She was called Therese Barittini,"

replied Apollo, not looking at the picture.

"I never heard of her," remarked the Colonel, wondering at Apollo's strange manner.

"Probably not; she is dead," said Apollo shortly; and as the Colonel saw that he did not wish to discuss the subject, he let it drop. But he could never refrain from looking at that picture when he was in Apollo's room; and he had conjectures of his own. Incidentally he learned that Apollo had grown up about the theatres of Kansas City, ushering as a boy, and later working up to the box office. Had he known more of the theatres of that river metropolis, the Colonel would have realized that they are bad places for a boy. As it was, he attributed Apollo's exaggerated manner and many of his bad habits to his early environment.

It chanced that the next day was the day for voting on railroad bonds, and of course bonds were voted. There was great rejoicing among the builders of the city. The Gump band was out, and Apollo fired a fine display of fireworks which he had ordered from Kansas City in anticipation of the happy event. Those fireworks must have cost Apollo a nice little sum, for there were a great many of them. Why, there were actually some of the blackened rocket sticks lying around the streets next spring when every one knew that the railroad companies had never heard of such a place as El Dorado.

None of the Gumps had their families with them; they were to come out in the spring. They spoke often and affectionately of their families,—all but Apollo, who never mentioned having any. The Colonel had supposed that he had never been married, until one day when he and Apollo were dining with Isaiah. Isaiah, after droning away in his prosy fashion about his wife and little ones and commenting upon the beauty of family ties, began moralizing upon Apollo's unfortunate mar-

riage. Apollo, who had been growing whiter and whiter, rose, set down his glass and, reaching across the table, struck the Reverend Isaiah in the mouth. This was the first that the Colonel saw of the bitter altercations which sometimes arose among the Gump brothers.

By the close of the winter the Colonel had put out his money and opened his store. Everything went on at a lively enough pace in El Dorado. Men took large risks because their neighbors did, as blind to the chances against them as the frequenters of the bucket shops on Wall Street. Hope was in the atmosphere, and each man was immersed in his own particular dream of fortune. One thinking man might have saved the community; but many communities have gone to ruin through the lack of that rare man. Afterwards, when the news of the great Gump swindle spread abroad over the land, and its unique details commanded a column's space in one of the New York papers, financiers laughed and said that a child could have grasped the situation. The inhabitants of El Dorado were chiefly men who had made a little capital working for corporations in large cities, and were incompetent to manage an independent business. They had been mere machines in a great system, consulted by no one, subject to complete control. Here they were "prominent citizens," men of affairs, and their vanity and self-confidence expanded unduly. The rest were farming people who came to make homes and paid little attention to what went on in the town. And the farmer is always swindled, no matter by whom offences come. The crash may start in Wall Street, but it ends in the hillside farms and on the prairie. No matter where the lightning strikes, it blackens the soil at last.

As the winter wore away, Apollo Gump drank harder than ever, drank alone in his rooms now, indulging in the solitary form of the vice, which

is its worse form. No one saw much of him after business hours. He was gloomy and abstracted and seemed to dread even the necessary intercourse with men which his position in the bank entailed. The Gump brothers commissioned the Colonel to remonstrate with him upon the error of his ways, which he did without much effect. Still, there were many likable things about Apollo. He was different from the rest; his face was finer and franker, in spite of its heavy marks of dissipation, and his heart was kinder. His dogs were better treated than many men's children. His brothers were very clever fellows, some of them, all of them free handed enough, except old Isaiah, who was the greatest bore and the sorriest rascal of them all. But the Colonel liked Apollo best. The great end of his life was to serve Mammon, but on the side he served other and better gods. Dante's lowest hell was a frozen one; and wherever Apollo's tortured soul writhes, it is not there; that is reserved for colder and perhaps cleaner men than he.

At last spring came, that fabled spring, when all the business men were to return to El Dorado, when the Gump Academy was to be built, when the waterworks were to be put in, when the Gumps were to welcome their wives and children. Chesterfield, Hezekiah and Aristotle had gone East to see to bringing out their families, and the Colonel was impatiently awaiting their return, as the real estate business seemed to be at a standstill and he could get no satisfaction from Apollo about the condition of affairs. One night there came a telegram from New York, brought post haste across the country from the nearest station, announcing that the father of the Gumps was dying, and summoning the other brothers to his bedside. There was great excitement in El Dorado at these tidings, and the sympathy of its inhabitants was so genuine that they scarcely

stopped to think what the departure of the Gumps might mean.

De Witt and Ezekiel left the next day accompanied by Miss Venus and Miss Almira. Apollo and Isaiah remained to look after the bank. The Colonel began to feel anxious, realizing that the Gumps had things pretty much in their own hands and that if the death of their father should make any material difference in their projects and they should decide to leave Kansas for good, the town and his interests would be wofully undone. Still, he said very little, not thinking it a time to bring up business considerations; for even Apollo looked worried and harassed and was entirely sober for days together.

The Gumps left on Monday. On the following Sunday Isaiah delivered a particularly powerful discourse on the mutability of riches. He compared temporal wealth to stock in the great bank of God, which paid such rich dividends of grace daily, hourly. He earnestly exhorted his hearers to choose the good part and lay up for themselves treasures in heaven, where moths cannot corrupt nor thieves break through and steal. Apollo was not at church that morning. The next morning the man who took care of Apollo's blooded horses found that two of them were missing. When he went to report this to Apollo he got no response to his knock, and, not succeeding in finding Isaiah, he went to consult the Colonel. Together they went back to Apollo's room and broke in the door. They found the room in wretched disorder, with clothing strewn about over the furniture; but nothing was missing save Apollo's grip and revolver, the picture of the theatrical looking person that had hung in his sleeping room, and Apollo himself. Then the truth dawned upon the Colonel. The Gumps had gone, taking with them the Gump banking funds, land funds, city improvement funds, academy funds, and all funds, both public and private.

As soon as the news of the hegira of the Gumps got abroad, carriages and horses came from all the towns in the country, bringing to the citizens of El Dorado their attentive creditors. All the townsmen had paid fabulous prices for their land, borrowed money on it, put the money into the Gump bank, and done their business principally on credit obtained on the Gump indorsement. Now that their money was gone, they discovered that the land was worth nothing, was a desert which the fertile imagination of the Gumps had made to blossom as the rose. The loan companies also discovered the worthlessness of the land, and used every possible means to induce the tenants to remain on it; but the entire country was panic-stricken and would hear no argument. Their one desire was to get away from this desolate spot, where they had been duped. The infuriated creditors tore down the houses and carried even the foundation stones away. Scarcely a house in the town had been paid for; the money had been paid to Aristotle Gump, contractor and builder, who had done his business in the East almost entirely on credit. The loan agents and various other creditors literally put the town into wagons and carried it off. Meanwhile, the popular indignation was turned against the Colonel as having been immediately associated with the Gumps and implicated in their dishonesty. In vain did he protest his innocence. When men are hurt they must have something to turn upon, like children who kick the door that pinches their fingers. So the poor old Colonel, who was utterly ruined and one of the heaviest losers, was accused of having untold wealth hidden away somewhere in the bluffs; and all the tempest of wrath and hatred which the Gumps had raised broke over his head. He was glad, indeed, when the town was utterly deserted, and he could live without the continual fear of those reproachful and suspicious

glances. Often as he sat watching those barren bluffs, he wondered whether some day the whole grand delusion would not pass away, and this great West, with its cities built on borrowed capital, its business done on credit, its temporary homes, its drifting, restless population, become panic-stricken and disappear, vanish utterly and completely, as a bubble that bursts, as a dream that is done. He hated Western Kansas; and yet in a way he pitied this poor brown country, which seemed as lonely as himself and as unhappy. No one cared for it, for its soil or its rivers. Every one wanted to speculate in it. It seemed as if God himself had only made it for purposes of speculation and was tired of the deal and doing his best to get it off his hands and deed it over to the Other Party.

### III.

On this particular morning, the fourth anniversary of the fatal advent of Apollo Gump into his store at Winchester, as the Colonel sat smoking in his chair, a covered wagon came toiling slowly up from the south. The horses were thin and fagged, and it was all that they could do to drag the creaking wagon. The harness was old and patched with rope. Over the hames and along the back strap hung pieces of sunflower brush to serve as fly nets. The wagon stopped at the well and two little boys clambered out and came trotting up the path toward the store. As they came the Colonel heard them chattering together in a broad Southern dialect; and the sound of his own tongue was sweet to his ears.

"What is it, boys?" he asked, coming to the door.

"Say, boss, kin we git some watah at yo' well?"

"Of course you can, boys. Git all you want."

"Thank yo', sir;" and the lads trotted back to the wagon.

The Colonel took up his stick and

followed them. He had not seen such good natured, tow-headed little chaps for a long while; and he was fond of children. A little girl, dressed in that particularly ugly shade of red in which farming people seem to delight, clambered out of the wagon and went up to the well with a tin cup, picking her way carefully with her bare feet to avoid the sand burrs. A fretful voice called from the wagon.

"Law me, boys, haint you most got that watah yit?"

A wan woman's face appeared at the front of the wagon, and she sat down and coughed heavily, holding her hand over her chest as if it hurt her. The little girl filled the tin cup and ran toward the wagon.

"Howdy do, sir?" said the woman, turning to the Colonel as soon as she had finished drinking.

"Right smart, ma'am, thank 'ee."

"Mercy, air yo' from the South? Virginy? Laws! I am from Miz-zoura myself an' I wisht I was back there. I 'low we'd be well enough off if we could git back to Pap."

She looked wistfully off toward the southwest and put her hand to her side again. There was something in the look of her big, hollow eyes that touched the Colonel. He told her she had better stay there a few days and rest the horses,—she did not look well enough to go on.

"No, thank yo', sir, we must git on. I'll be better in the mornin', maybe. I was feelin' right smart yesterday. It's my lungs, the slow consumption. I think I'll last till I git back to Pap. There has been a good deal of the consumption in our family, an' they most all last." She talked nervously on, breathing heavily between her words. "Haint there a town Eldorader somewhere about here?"

The Colonel flushed painfully. "Yes, this is El Dorado."

"Law me, purty lookin' town!" said the woman, laughing dismally. "Superb's better'n this." She pronounced Superb as though it had

but one syllable. "They got a blacksmith shop an' a hardware store there, anyways. I am from nigh Superb, yo' see. We moved there ten years ago, when the country was lookin' mighty green and purty. It's all done burnt up long ago. It's that dry we couldn't raise any garden stuff there these three years. Everything's gone now, exceptin' these horses Pap give me when I was married. No, my man haint with me; he died jist afore we come away. A bull gored him through an' through, an' he crawled outsiden the bob-wire fence and died. It was mighty hard. He didn't want to die there; he craved to die in Miz-zoura. We shot the bull and brought t'other cattle with us; but they all died on the way."

She closed her eyes and leaned back against the side of the wagon. Suddenly she roused herself and said:

"Law me, boys, this must be the sto' that man told us on. Yo' see our meat and stuff give out most a week ago, an' we been a livin' on pancakes ever since. We was all gittin' sick, fur we turned agin' 'em, when we met a feller on horseback down the valley, a mighty nice lookin' feller, an' he give us five dollars an' told us we'd find a store someers up here an' could git some groceries."

"It must have been one of them loan company fellows," said the Colonel meditatively. "They still come sneakin' about once in a while, though I don't know what they're after. They haven't left us much but the dirt, an' I reckon that wouldn't do 'em much good if they could carry it off."

"That I can't tell yo'. I never seen him befo',—but he was a mighty kind sort of a feller. He give us the money, and he give me some brandy."

The Colonel helped her out of the wagon, and they went up to the store, while the boys watered the horses. Their purchases were soon made; but the Colonel refused to take their money.

"No, ma'am, I can't do that. You'll need your money before you get to Missouri. It's all in the family, between blood kin like. We're both from the South; and I reckon it would have been enough better for us if we'd never left it."

"Thank yo' mighty kindly, sir. Yo' sholey can't be doin' much business heah; better git in an' go with us. Good day to yo', an' thank you kindly, sir."

The Colonel stood wistfully watching the wagon until it rolled slowly out of sight, and then went back to his store, and with a sigh sat down,—sat down to wait until water came from the rock and verdure from the desert, a sort of Sphinx of the Solomon who sat waiting for the end of time. This was a day when his mind dwelt even more than usual upon his misfortunes, and homesickness was heavy upon him, and he yearned for his own people and the faces of his kindred; for the long Virginia twilights in which he and Major Denney used to sit under the great trees in the courthouse yard, living the siege of Richmond over again; for the old comrades who took a drink with him at the Taylor House bar; for the little children who rolled their hoops before his door every morning, and went nutting with him in the fall; for the Great North Mountains, where the frosts would soon be kindling the maples and hickories into flame; for the soft purple of the Blue Ridge lying off to the eastward; and for that sound which every Virginian hears forever and forever in his dreams, that rhythmic song of deathless devotion, deep and solemn as the cadence of epic verse, which the Potomac and Shenandoah sing to the Virginia shore as they meet at Harper's Ferry. To every exile from the Valley of Virginia that sound is as the voice of his mother, bidding him keep his honor clean, and forever calling him to come home. The Colonel had stopped his horse there on the moonlight night in

'62 when he rode away to the wars, and listened long to that sound; and looking up at the towering grandeur of Maryland heights above him, he had lifted his hand and sworn the oath that every young Virginian swore and that every young Virginian kept. For if the blood shed for those noble rivers could have been poured into their flood, they would have run crimson to the sea; and it is of that that they sing alway as they meet, chanting the story over and over in the moonlight and the sunlight, through time and change unable to forget all that wasted glory of youth, all that heroic love. Before now, when the old man had heard them calling to him in the lonely winter nights, he had bowed his head in his hands and wept in an almost physical passion of homesickness.

Toward evening the clouds banked up in the western sky, and with the night a violent storm set in, one of those drenching rains that always come too late in that country, after a barren summer has waned into a fruitless autumn. For some reason he felt indisposed to go to bed. He sat watching the lightning from the window and listening to the swollen Solomon, that tore between its muddy banks with a sullen roar, as though it resented this intrusion upon its accustomed calm and indolence. Once he thought he saw a light flash from one of the bluffs across the river, but on going to the door all was dark. At last he regretfully put out his lamp and went to bed.

#### IV.

That night, a few hours before, when the storm was at its worst, a horseman had come galloping along the bank of the Solomon. He drew rein at the foot of a steep, naked bluff and sat in his saddle looking about him. It was a sorry night for a man to be out. The blackness of the sky seemed to bear down upon him, save when now and then it was

ripped from end to end by a jagged thrust of lightning, which rent it like the veil of the temple. At each flash he could see the muddy water of the swollen river whirling along wraiths of white foam over the little shivering willows. Save for that one lonely light across the river, there was no sign of man. He dismounted from his horse and, tying it to a sapling, he took a spade, strapped to the saddle, and began to climb the bluff. The water from the uplands was running down the hill wearing channels in the soft stone and made the grass so slippery that he could scarcely stand. When he reached the top he took a dark lantern from his pocket and lit it, sheltering it under the cape of his mackintosh; then he set it behind a clump of bunch grass. Starting from a lone oak, he carefully paced a distance and began to dig. His clothing was wet through, and even his mackintosh was wet enough to impede his arms. He impatiently threw off everything but his shirt and trousers and fell to work again. His shirt was wet and his necktie hung like a rag under his collar. His black hair hung wet over his white forehead, his brows were drawn together and his teeth were set. His eyes were fixed on the ground, and he worked with the desperation of a man who works to forget. He drove the spade in to the top at every thrust and threw the soggy earth far down the hillside, blistering his white hands with the rigor of his toil. The rain beat ceaselessly in his face and dripped from his hair and mustache; but he never paused save when now and then he heard some strange sound from the river. Then he started, shut off the light from his dark lantern and waited until all was quiet.

When he had been digging for some time, he knelt down and thrust his arm into the hole to feel its depth. Close beside him he heard a shrill, whirring, metallic sound which a man who hears it once remembers to his

dying day. He felt a sharp pain in the big vein of his right arm and sprang to his feet with an oath; and then the rattlesnake, having been the avenger of many, slid quietly off through the wet grass.

## V.

Next morning the sun rose radiantly over the valley of the Solomon. The sky was blue and warm as the skies of the South, the hard, straight line of the horizon was softened by a little smokelike haze, and the yellow leaves of the cottonwoods, still wet from the drenching rain, gleamed in the sunshine, and through the scant foliage the white bark glittered like polished silver. All the land was washed fresh and clean from the dust of the desert summer. It was a day of opal lights, a day set in a heaven of gold and turquoise and bathed in sapphirine airs; one of those rare and perfect days that happen only in desert countries, where Nature seems sometimes to repent of her own pitilessness and by the glory of her skies seems trying to compensate for the desolation of the lands that stretch beneath them. But when the Colonel came out to view the ravages of the storm the exultant beauty of the morning moved him little. He knew how false it was and how fleeting. He knew how soon Nature forgets. Across the river he heard a horse whinnying in the bushes. Surprised and curious, he went over to see what it might mean. The horse stood, saddled and bridled, among the sumac bushes, and at the back of the saddle carried a long waterproof roll. He seemed uneasy and stood pawing the wet ground and chewing at the withered leaves. Looking about the Colonel could see no rider and he went up the bluff to look for him. And there he found him. About five paces from the oak tree was a newly dug hole, with the spade still sticking upright in the earth. The grass around it was cut and

crushed as though it had been beaten by a strong man in his rage. Beside the hole was the body of a man. His shirt was torn open to the waist and was wet and spattered with mud; his left hand was wound in the long grass beside him; his right, swollen and black, was thrown over his head; the eyes were wide open, and the teeth were set hard upon the lower lip. The face was the handsome, dissolute face of Apollo Gump.

The Colonel lifted him up and laid him under the little tree. A glance at his arm told how he died. There was a brandy flask beside him, and the wound had been enlarged with his knife, but the snake had struck a vein and the poison had been too swift. Taking up the spade, the Colonel set to work to finish what the dead man had begun. At a depth of about four feet he found a wooden box, cased in tin. He whistled softly to himself as he loosened the earth about it. So the Gumps had not been so clever, after all; they had brought down more game than they could bag, and at the last moment they had been compelled to bury part of their spoil. For what else on earth or in heaven would Apollo Gump have risked his rascally neck in the Solomon valley?

But no, there was no money, only the picture of the handsome, theatrical looking woman he had seen in Apollo's room, a few spangled stage dresses, a lot of woman's clothing, dainty garments that looked like a trousseau and some tiny gowns made for a little, little baby, that had never been worn. That was all. The Colonel drew a long breath of astonishment, and stood looking at the picture. There, at the back of the saddle, was the waterproof roll which was to have carried it away. This then was Apollo Gump's weakness, and this was the supreme irony that life had held in store for him, that when he had done evil without penalty and all his sins had left him scathless, his one poor virtue should bring him

to his death! As the Colonel glanced at that poor distorted body, lying there in the sunlight amid the glistening grasses, he felt for a moment a throb of that old affection he had once known for him. Already the spiders had woven a rainbow web over that set, white face, a gossamer film of protection against man's vengeance; and it seemed as though Nature had already begun her magnificent and complete work of pardon, as though the ground cried out for him, to take him into her forgiving breast and make him again a part of the clean and fruitful earth.

When he searched the dead man's body he found a leather belt and pouch strapped about his waist next his skin. In this were ten thousand dollars in bank notes and a ticket to San Francisco. The Colonel quietly counted the money and put it into his own pocket.

"There, sir, I've waited a long time to square my account with you. You owe me six thousand still, but they say a dead man's debts are cancelled and I'll take your horse and call it square. If there is a recording angel that keeps the run of these things, you can tell him you are square with me and take that much off your poor soul; you'll have enough to answer for without that, God knows."

That afternoon the Colonel dragged up the bluff a long rough box made from weather boards torn from his store. He brought over his best suit of clothes from its odorous camphor chest and with much difficulty succeeded in forcing it on to the stiffened limbs of the dead man.

"Apollo, I liked you mighty well. It cut me to the heart when you turned rascal,—and you were a damned rascal. But I'll give you a decent burial, because you loved somebody once. I always knew you were too good a fellow for your trade and that you'd trip up in it somewhere. This would never have happened to those precious brothers

of yours. I guess I won't say any prayers over you. The Lord knows you better than I do; there have been worse men who have lived and died Christians. If I thought any words of mine could help you out, I'd say 'em free. But the Lord has been forgiving sin from the beginning of the world, till it must have kept him pretty busy before now. He knows his business by this time. But I hope it will go a bit easy with you, Apollo, that I do."

He sunk the box in the hole and made a pillow of the light spangled dresses and laid the dead man in upon them. Over him he laid the picture of the handsome, smiling woman, who was smiling still. And so he buried them.

Next day, having got his money out of the place, the Colonel set fire to his old store and urged his horse

eastward, never once casting back a look at the last smoking ruin of El Dorado.

In the spring the sunflowers grew tall and fair over every street and house site; and they grew just as fair over the mound beside the oak tree on the bluff. For if Nature forgets, she also forgives. She at least holds no grudge, up in her high place, where she watches the poles of the heavens. The tree itself has stopped growing altogether. It has concluded that it is not worth the effort. The river creeps lazily through the mud; it knows that the sea would be only a great, dirty, salty pond if it should reach it. Year by year it buries itself deeper in the black mud, and burrows among the rotting roots of the dead willows, wondering why a river should ever have been put there at all.

## THE PETUNIA-BA BY.

*By Christene Wood Bulkinkle.*

WHEN the warm morning sun peeped over the dancing waves and glanced in through the open door of Nelse Holmgren's little thatched cottage, it almost felt like dropping back into the blue sea again. For it saw in one corner of the poorly furnished room a wealth of tangled golden curls half hidden in the coverlets of an old-fashioned trundle-bed; the little owner of the lovely shining hair knew nothing of the sorrow that had befallen her. The sunbeams, as they shone upon the pale face of Ebba, little Olga's mother, grieved as they failed to bring any response from the loving eyes that were closed forever.

No, not the sun or moon or even the tiny glistening stars that she had always loved so much, would ever be able to awaken any sign or response from Ebba Holmgren again.

The very smile upon her ashen lips told of her contentment; the very

position of those long slender fingers showed how willingly they had allowed themselves to be clasped together over the tender heart that could no longer endure the cruelty of the western world to which Nelse had brought her, a young bride of sixteen.

Then he had been kind, and she had never been hungry or cold; after one or two severe winters had passed over the little hamlet, and the sea had withheld its daily reward for his laborious work at the boats and nets, Nelse Holmgren had grown to be a careless and despondent man.

Ebba had cried gently as she remembered the first time that he had come home out of his senses with drink, and had struck her—his Ebba!

But now that was all over. Save for the sobbing of little Olga who had awakened and discovered the sad truth, no one would have guessed at the condition of affairs within.

About noon that day there was a gentle movement in the petunia beds outside of the hut.

Two chubby brown hands, a great confused heap of the fragrant royal-purple blossoms, and a mop of ringlets was all that was to be seen above the brown, tall, sea grasses.

These sweet flowers were the little sea child's only companions. With them and the snowy-white sea-tossed shells, she had played and amused herself all through those dreadfully long days, when her mother had been so sick and still.

Now, with a little heart that was breaking she brought an armful of her favorites to the door of the room. Stealthily tiptoeing over to the side of the sleeper, she flung them in her childish way upon her mother's breast; then with a shriek that sounded like the cry of a wounded gull, smothered her aching, feverish head in the old worn quilt of the wooden bed.

The spicy sea breeze that blew in through the open door threw the baby's soft fluffy curls against the lustreless hair of the woman. Lovingly the shining tendrils interlaced as if the unseen soul of Ebba was loath to depart to the spirit world and leave the frail child to the mercy of the indifferent world where she had suffered so much.

The sun was high in the sky when Nelse Holmgren returned from the neighboring village with the man who was to lay his wife away. When he entered the room, he found his little daughter sobbing convulsively, and almost exhausted from the violence of her grief. As she lay upon a heap of clothing in one corner of the room, she wondered what her mother's words had meant, when the night before she had pressed her fondly to her breast and said, "Baby Olga, come to me soon, come to me soon."

Oh, where, thought the child, was her mamma now, and why had *she* not gone also!

Dazed and confused by the flood of

little memories that presented themselves to the tired brain she gradually fell into a deep sleep. It had been her earnest intention to watch the sad-faced man who had come with her father, and see what they did and where they took her precious mamma, but even as the thought came to her, she had fallen asleep. An unexpected gust of wind blew a few of the sweet violet-cheeked petunias from the mother's breast across the bare uneven floor over to the little unfortunate. Kind and gentle was the wind, for it tossed the messengers of love ever so tenderly on the child's flushed and tear-stained cheeks, as tenderly as though it were Ebba's own hands caressing them.

\* \* \* \* \*

Before the following winter had broken, the fisher folk of the bluffs began whispering among themselves. They said that soon Nelse Holmgren would be bringing dark-haired Sonia home to live in the fisherman's hut. Old Selma, the net-mender, well remembered Sonia; for had it not been she who had tried to break the heart of little Gustav's mother? flouting 'round the hamlet in her bold careless way and walking out with the boy's father? She stamped her foot impatiently as the face of the woman flitted across her memory.

Old Selma raised her 'kerchief to her eyes and wiped away her tears as she called little Gustav, her grandson, to her side, and told him of the night that Ebba had passed away. As she stroked the child's head, she repeated to him the story of the white bird that comes to the homes of the dying and perches upon the roof, never leaving until it sees the spirit ascend, then away it flies, over the cottages, nets and boats, far over the blue moaning sea. And was it not old Selma herself who had seen the white bird as it sped away into the night carrying Ebba's spirit with it?

Little Gustav wondered at his grandmother's tale, and the next morning when the little petunia-baby

and he played in their house of shells, he was frightened, for as he looked up through the pieces of old driftwood that served for roof, he saw a great snowy bird flying over their heads.

About a year before, Ebba had taken little Olga across the cliffs to the funny whitewashed house where Selma lived, and as the afternoon sun was gradually dropping into the waiting sea, little Olga brought in from the dooryard, where she had been amusing herself, plant after plant of petunias, that she had torn from their roots, in baby fashion.

There were no harsh words or reproofs for the little one in those days; old Selma and Ebba, on the contrary, smiled at the bold destroyer, and as a reproof Selma gave six beautiful large plants to Olga for the child's very own.

In front of Nelse Holmgren's hut there was a small patch of cleared ground, and in that, shelly and sandy as it appeared, these sweet blossoms grew and flourished. The gossips always stopped as they passed on their way to the beach, and smiled when they saw the fisherman's child amusing herself with her fragrant playmates.

After Sonia came, Olga's lot was very much changed. Sonia didn't like those "weeds" as she called them. The sight of them nodding and swaying in her very dooryard angered her: she crushed them under foot as daily she passed through the garden that Olga's baby hands had fashioned.

Little Gustav was kind to Olga and it was for her that he saved the pinkest and shiniest shells that he found. Often, when he could be spared from his work at the boats, he would play with the petunia-baby, and, once, he made a tiny house out of some old spars that the sea had washed up on the shore, and here they played happily. Olga would bring beautiful lacy sprays of red seaweed dripping with water and after drying them with

her ragged pinafore, trim up the little nook.

Oh! how quickly the moments flew in this childish paradise, and how hard and cruel seemed Sonia's masculine voice as she broke in upon them driving Olga home and scattering the treasures!

At times like this, Nelse would scold Sonia: for was not the petunia-baby Ebba's child? His heart, when he was sober enough to listen to its pleadings, told him to protect and shield her from this jealous woman. After the evening meal was over he would bring out from a corner the little red trundle-bed, and undressing Olga woud put her in it and rock her to sleep as gently as a woman. The black waters just below the petunia garden would softly lap and gurgle along the sand, as if for fear of disturbing the sleeping child.

One night Olga dreamed that she was walking along the shore at low tide, picking up the crystal pebbles that lay so thick around her feet; when suddenly it seemed that she heard her mother call out to her, "Olga, my baby! come to me." She looked up, and there was her mother, standing in a great field of her beloved petunias. Each royal blossom seemed to have long beautiful arms and held them out lovingly toward her. Just as she started with a cry of delight the little one awakened, and there was no sweet Mamma Ebba to love her. Across the room in her old armchair sat Sonia, breathing heavily.

The next morning when the petunia-baby awoke, the sky was dark and heavy, and the rain was driving across the bay. She longed for the warm golden sunshine to come again, for she had planned to play with Gustav in their makebelieve house.

The chill raw air blew in through cracks in the cottage door, and the shrill whistling wind rattled the glass in the window. Through the broken pane the rain beat in on the baby face, and Olga drew back into the gloom

of the room, shivering. Suddenly she remembered her dream of the previous night. Why did her mamma not stay, and take her in her arms? Even as she wondered an ugly gust of wind flung the wooden door open, and she espied her little garden almost laid waste by the fury of the storm. But a few of the strong and hardy plants survived to defy Sonia. Now their faithful, veivety heads were bending almost to breaking before the strong wind.. It seemed to their baby owner that they beckoned to her once again as in her dream. Out into the storm she went, quickly plucking the blossoms; she crowded them into her pockets and filled her chubby arms with them. Violet, crimson, white, pink, all! There was not one more dear to her childish heart than another. Gustav should have these. When the bright sun came out again from behind the angry clouds, she would carry them to the play-house and put them on the table Gustav had fashioned from a box.

Nelse had brought home from one of his voyages a wonderfully shaped conch shell. Olga glanced up at it now, and determined to give it, filled with flowers, to her little friend Gustav.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Sonia? Sonia? where are you?" Nelse Holmgren's voice rang out huskily above the shriek of the storm.

Nelse was white with rage; he had returned home early and had found the door of his home wide open and no one within. Little Olga, after having placed the loving floral treasures in the shell, had in the blast of the wind fancied that she heard Ebba calling, "Olga! come to me!" So she had run out of the house and on to the cliffs; never heeding the blinding, piercing rain but dashing the curls back from her damp forehead, and pressing on, on, ever towards the place whence the sweet voice came.

Tightly holding the conch shell in one bronzed hand, and clutching the blossoms in the other, she ran hither and thither like a frightened bird through the dripping grasses.

It was the petunia-baby's little friend who joined in the hunt for her, and it was he who found her as the tide went out to the sullen sea, at the foot of the cliff with her firm lips set and only an ugly purple mark on the white temple, to tell the story.

The wind sobbed as it blew the foam into little white balls and sent them scurrying along the beach.

The petunias in front of Nelse Holmgren's cottage died; but there is an old white-haired man and a tow-haired manly youth who always carry a bunch of withered petunias inside of their rough shirts.



## FIFTY YEARS OF THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION IN AMERICA.

*By James H. Ross.*

THE first Young Men's Christian Association was organized by George Williams, Thursday, June 6, 1844, among the eighty clerks in the firm of Hitchcock & Company, drapers, St. Paul's Churchyard, London. The room is preserved as it was then. The name was suggested by C. W. Smith, one of the young men attending the meeting for organization. It was adopted at a subsequent meeting held July 8, when an apostolic group of twelve were present. The selection was definitive, exact, felicitous, and has become historical in all parts of the world. It affirmed that the organization was composed of the young only. None were present who would naturally be called old or assigned to middle life. Mr. Williams was twenty-three. His associates were of corresponding age. The name designated the fact that the Association was composed of men only. Women were not then employed as clerks, at least not to the degree that they are now. The term "Christian" was emphasized and membership was confined to active Evangelical Christians. It put the organization into sharp contrast with the prevalent unbelief, secularism and indifference to religion. The Association meant union for the sake of sympathy, coöperation, brotherhood. The formation of the Association in a business establishment showed that it did not mean the organization of a church, but of a society. The object sought was religious help and culture, the preservation of morality, resistance to idleness, ignorance, profanity, secret vices and manifold forms of disguised and undisguised irreligion. There was no intention to ignore or

antagonize any Christian sect or denomination.

There is historical evidence that Mr. Williams had two plans: the organization religiously of his associates and the extension of kindred organizations into every large establishment of London, inviting coöperation. The response was cordial. Ministers and business men encouraged the movement. Soon the Young Men's Christian Association was an institution of London. Much more had been done than was realized by young Mr. Williams and his associates. The movement was a Christian work of young men for young men. It was composed of laymen, not clergymen. The religious motive was dominant. This is what a Young Men's Christian Association has always been in principle and in form, so far as its fundamental and distinctive ideas have been realized.

Knowledge of the original organization extended to America through the publication of the lectures to young men delivered under its auspices and through visitation and correspondence. Copies of the constitution of the London Association were circulated. In September, 1851, a tract distributor in Montreal called on another distributor, Mr. T. James Claxton, who was offered one of the yearly volumes of lectures issued by the London Association, and to him the inquiry was submitted: "Why can we not have an Association in Montreal?" On the following day the two met on the street, and the one again asked Claxton: "Well, what about a Young Men's Christian Association for Montreal?" Claxton's reply was: "We must have one."



ROOM IN LONDON IN WHICH THE FIRST YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN  
ASSOCIATION WAS ORGANIZED.

These two young men consulted with others, and finally each minister of the churches commonly called Evangelical was asked to appoint two of the young men of his church to meet with others, for the purpose of organizing on the same basis as the London Association, namely, a Christian basis, as understood by the representatives of Evangelical churches. The first meeting was held in the Sunday-school room of the St. Helen Street Baptist Church, November 19, 1851. No one was present who was thirty years of age. The majority were under twenty-five. Claxton was only twenty. A meeting was held in the same place December 9, when a constitution was adopted and officers were elected. The officers were se-

lected from five Evangelical churches,—the Church of England, Presbyterian, Methodist, Congregationalist and Baptist. Only one minister is known to have been present. All the officers and committeemen elected were laymen. The first public meeting was held December 18, 1851, and the inaugural lecture was delivered by the Rev. Donald Fraser, D. D., who afterward went to London and died there in 1892. Francis E. Grafton did more than any one else in framing the constitution. He had been connected with the London Association and possessed a copy of its constitution.

The Montreal Association knew nothing of the nearly simultaneous and essentially similar movement in Boston. The organization of the



T. J. CLAXTON OF MONTREAL,

Originator of the first Y. M. C. A. in North America.

Boston Association was in most of its features a few weeks later than the Montreal Association. It originated through the publication of a letter written by George M. Van Derlip, a sophomore of the University of New York. He had sailed in the winter of 1849-50 for Edinburgh, to obtain the advantages of travel and study abroad. He had accepted an invitation from Daniel S. Ford, publisher of the *Watchman and Reflector*, of Boston, afterward widely known as the editor and publisher of the *Youth's Companion*, to write a series of letters on matters of special interest. It was an instance of early journalistic enterprise in securing foreign correspondence. From Edinburgh, Mr. Van Derlip went to London, visited the London Young Men's Christian Association, and in June, 1850, wrote to the Boston religious weekly a letter, which was not published until October 30, 1851.\* Those were the days of slow

travel and of sluggish methods, as compared with the rapidity occasioned by steam and electricity today. The letter was signed, "G. M. V." It was descriptive of the London Association, and it proposed that similar organizations should be established on this side of the Atlantic. It told of the edifice, the furniture, the reading room, the library, the lectures, the class for Bible study, the bathrooms, the educational classes, the restaurant, etc. "There are other associations," wrote Mr. Van Derlip, "which accomplish a part of what this proposes, but I know of none in which the attainment of vital piety and manifestation of godliness is the leading object." His last sentence was: "I have detailed the foregoing facts, fondly hoping that the good example may be followed." This was a distinct plea for an American Young Men's Christian Association.

The good example was followed, and speedily. Mr. Van Derlip's letter and proposal were the inspiration to imitate the example. He did not find an Association directly as an organizer, after the manner of George Williams; but he originated the Boston Association from a distance, as Joshua



LORD STRATHCONA.



Y. M. C. A. BUILDING, MONTREAL.

\*Republished in "A History of the Young Men's Christian Association" by L. L. Doggett, Ph. D., 1896, International Committee, 3 West 29th Street, New York, pp. 110-114.



H. B. AMES,  
President Montreal Y. M. C. A.

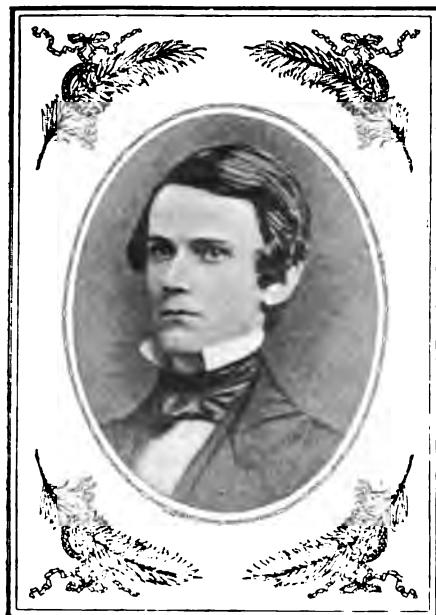


D. A. BUDGE,  
Secretary.

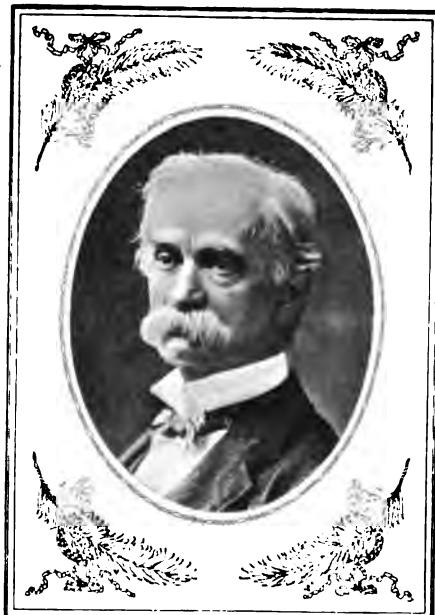
Bates originated the Boston Public Library, also from London. Silver and gold he gave not, as Mr. Bates did; but he contributed his intelligence and spirituality, his forecast and its effectiveness, his enterprise and discernment. All these were manifest in the letter. He saw that the Y. M. C. A. could be transplanted, and he advocated that it should be done. That advocacy proved sufficient. His contribution was more than money. The relationship between his letter and the organization of the Boston Association is that of cause and effect.

The Boston *Journal* of December 23, 1851, in giving an account of the meeting of December 22, said: "The subject [of organizing] was suggested by seeing a notice of the operations of a similar society in London." William Chauncy Langdon of Washington, who was familiar with the early history, stated that Mr. Van Derlip's letter made known in Boston the work of the London Association. Cephas Brainerd, who was identified with the early history of the movement in New York, says: "I have always believed and still believe that Mr. Van Derlip's letter was the earliest suggestion in this country of the Association idea."

Mr. Van Derlip was a Baptist; the publisher of the *Watchman and Reflector* was a Baptist; and the paper represented a Baptist constituency. Although the Y. M. C. A. was a union of denominational representatives, inevitably Baptists were conspicuous in it. Two preliminary meetings for organization were held in the organ loft of the Central Congregational Church, then located on Winter Street, of which the Rev. William M. Rogers was the pastor. One was held December 15; thirty-two young men were present. Rev. Lyman Beecher was a counsellor, advocating the organization enthusiastically. The first meeting where definite action was taken was held in the chapel of the Old South Meeting-house in Spring Lane, December 22, a date to which the meeting in the Central Church adjourned. At the meeting December 15 a paper was read by Captain Thomas Valentine Sullivan, a member of the Harvard Street Baptist Church, and the originator and conductor of the Marine Mission at Large for the port of Boston, proposing a plan of organization. That paper is not in the records or archives of the Boston Association, nor has it been obtained from the relatives of Captain Sullivan. He had been a shipmaster, ceasing to be so in 1844. He was introduced as



GEORGE M. VAN DERLIP IN 1851.



GEORGE M. VAN DERLIP IN 1901.

the organizer of the Boston Association. He was its organizer in the sense that he reduced a plan to writing and read it. He and Mr. Ford agitated for organization as soon as Mr. Van Derlip's letter was published. Baptists and others of different denominations were speedily drawn into the movement. Captain Sullivan had organized the Marine Mission. But President L. L. Doggett of the Y. M. C. A. Training School, the official historian of the Boston Association, says:

"I am inclined to think that Captain Sullivan's only knowledge of the Association was through Mr. Van Derlip's letter." Captain Sullivan died in 1858 and Mr. Ford in 1899. Mr. Van Derlip still lives in New York, and as the special guest of the committee of arrangements will attend the Jubilee Convention in Boston in June. The writer has had the good

fortune to secure the photographs of the three men as they were in 1851, and the photograph of Mr. Van Derlip as he is to-day; and reproductions of these accompany this article.

A committee on constitution was appointed at the meeting of December 15, of which the two surviving members are Franklin Webster Smith of Washington, D. C., and Pliny Nickerson of Newton, Mass. The deceased members were George F. Bigelow, M. D., Captain T. V. Sullivan and William H. Jameson. At the meeting of December 22, a constitution was reported and discussed; but the meeting adjourned to December 29, in the vestry of the Old South Church, when the constitution was adopted. The final draft of it was made in the office of Dr. Bigelow, corner of Boylston and Washington Streets. The chief anxiety and effort were to insert a



CAPTAIN TIMOTHY VALENTINE SULLIVAN.



OLD SOUTH CHAPEL WHERE THE BOSTON  
Y. M. C. A. WAS ORGANIZED.

clause which should secure the property to the Evangelical denominations so called, four of which were represented in the organization, the Baptist, the Episcopal, the Congregational and the Methodist. Mr. Smith proposed a distinction between active and associate members. Active members were to be eligible to office, associate members to everything but offices. These safeguarding efforts were natural, and they were the products of the period. The distinctions between orthodox and heterodox, Congregationalists and Unitarians, Evangelicals and non-Evangelicals, were rife, and legal issues concerning property had been settled by the courts of Massachusetts, because any other settlement was impracticable. The era was controversial, and remained so during the fifties. The word "Christian" in the title of the Association was equivalent to membership in an Evangelical church. Evangelicals alone were the originators of the Association. They were urged to make it more comprehensive; but they

refused to do so, so far as official and legal control was concerned. They reiterated and emphasized their Evangelical basis. The alternatives were a pronounced Christian institution of a definite type and a secular and social club. It was, therefore, an hour of union and of differentiation between Christians when, December 29, 1851, the Boston Y. M. C. A. adopted a constitution and became organized.

Officers were elected January 5, 1852: F. O. Watts, a member of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, president; four vice-presidents, the first among whom was Charles Theodore Russell, who became the father of Governor William E. Russell; Charles W. Jenks, corresponding secretary; James W. Merriam, recording secretary; James M. Gordon, treasurer; Carlos Pierce, librarian. None of the original board of officers survive, save some members of the board of managers and of the standing committee. Among these are Franklin W. Smith and Pliny Nickerson of the board of managers, and B. C. Clark, Jr., Joseph Story, L. B. Marsh, Eleazar Boynston, Jr., and E. A. Studley of the standing committee. Mr. Story was president of the Association in 1862-63, the critical war period. Mr. Studley is well known as a deacon of Park Street Church.



THE FIRST ROOMS OF THE BOSTON Y. M. C. A.

Among the charter members who still survive are Alden Speare, the second oldest living ex-president (1859-60); George A. Miner, who was president in 1877-81, and in whose house, No. 10 Arlington Street, the first meeting was held to prepare for the erection of the present building. His presidency covered the transition period from the old to the new order, from the third to the fourth building. Other surviving charter members are Rev. Alexander McKenzie of Cambridge, who is to be the commemorative orator at the Old South Meeting-house on Thursday afternoon, June 13; and L. P. Parrish, who originated the public library in Kewanee, Illinois, to which Andrew Carnegie recently donated \$25,000. Franklin W. Smith will preside at the commemorative service at Old South Meeting-house, and the inscription on the tablet to be dedicated then will be as follows:

"1851. 1901.

"At the end of fifty years of service to young men, this tablet is placed to commemorate the organization of the first Young Men's



DANIEL S. FORD IN 1851.



EBEN TOURGEE.



IRA D. SANKEY.

Christian Association in the United States, in the chapel of this church, December 29, 1851."

*"Teneo et Teneor."*

The library originated January 5, 1852, the date of the election of the original officers, when Captain T. V. Sullivan presented a portion of the Bible in the language of the Sandwich Islands. This will be a part of the historic exhibit made during the Jubilee Convention. The Rev. Henry Upham presented an English Bible, and seven volumes were received from the Y. M. C. A. of London.

Rooms for the new Association were secured in the fourth story of the building on the corner of Washington and Summer Streets, which were dedicated Thursday evening, March 11, 1852. The dedication hymn was written by Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney of Hartford, Connecticut, who then ranked high among the women poets of America. She also wrote a hymn for the eighth anniversary of the Association.

We have reached the point in the history when the Boston Association was fully organized. It had a home; it had



CHARTER MEMBERS OF THE BOSTON Y. M. C. A.

begun its work; it understood its mission quite clearly, more clearly than many Associations that originated thereafter. It adhered to its work more closely than they throughout the early history. It was to be composed of Christian young men in its management, whose chief and practically exclusive work was to be for the religious, moral, mental and physical welfare of other young men, especially those who were coming to Boston from the smaller towns, the rural districts and from other states, for employment. The interests of the

higher nature were to be sought first, afterwards the interests of the lower nature; but all humane welfare was in mind. The Association was to be an evening home, a club after the day's work was over and when the loneliness of a room in a boarding house was liable to be exchanged for street life or for places of shallow if not immoral amusement.

Over 200 were present January 5, 1852, when the officers of the Boston Association were elected. They were asked to show their birthplace, city or country, by rising; and it was found



ARTHUR S. JOHNSON,  
President of the Boston Y. M. C. A.

GEORGE W. MEHAFFEY,  
Secretary of the Boston Y. M. C. A.

that over 180 were from the country. This was considered one conclusive reason for organizing. A prayer meeting and an employment agency were considered as "both alike good"; but some recognition was given to the fact that the Association was in reality, if not by avowal, a city missionary society, aiming to do good to any one, regardless of age or sex.

One idea was entertained which the public was slow to grasp, namely, that the Association was a protective rather than a rescue organization. It was to save young men from becoming wrecks, rather than to rescue them after they had become so. It was to provide lighthouses, beacons, warnings, rather than life-boats, life lines

agencies, reform clubs and the Salvation Army.

The growth of the Boston Association was rapid. At the end of eight months it had 1,200 members. Its growth has been subject to occasional alternations between advance and decline, such as beset all organ-



THE BOSTON Y. M. C. A. BUILDING.

and hospitals. It was to provide both classes of life-saving service, but one class was primary and the other secondary. It was to act in accordance with the proverb that prevention is better than cure, and the truth that unbroken health is better than recovery from disease. Yet it was often identified in its early history with such work as has since been done,—and needs to be done,—by prison reform

izations, not excepting churches. It advanced notwithstanding the derangements occasioned by the war of 1861-65 and the great Boston fire in 1872. It has occupied three buildings since the original one. It moved in the spring of 1853 to the second story of Tremont Temple, where its rooms were to be the Boston headquarters of all the clergy of New England. It occupied Tremont Temple nineteen years, removing to the Gymnasium building, corner of Eliot and Tremont Streets, September 4, 1872, and remaining there eleven years. Eben Tourgée, founder of the New

and is to-day in the height of its prosperity. It has 5,830 members, eight branches and property valued at \$500,000. Its receipts in 1900 were \$63,307. Its library contains nearly 6,000 volumes. It is appealing for an endowment fund of \$600,000, for nine different lines of expansion. Its president is Arthur S. Johnson, and its general secretary, George W. Mehaffey.

In the fifties, the Boston Association became the generator of an Association movement. Twelve thousand copies of its constitution were circulated throughout the country,



CEPHAS BRAINERD.

DR. L. C. WARNER.

England Conservatory of Music, originator of the praise meeting, an evangelistic musician as truly as Ira D. Sankey is an evangelistic singer, was president in 1871-72, the last year in which Tremont Temple was occupied. The present building, at the corner of Berkeley and Boylston Streets, was dedicated November 14, 1883, and has been occupied, therefore, eighteen years. Prosperity has attended the migration of the Association to the artistic and educational centre of the city. It has had a rapid expansion during the last five years,

with the object of fostering kindred Associations and to meet a demand. The journalism of that day was amateur journalism compared with the journalism of this day. The *New York Herald*, which initiated a new era in journalism, was sixteen years old when the Boston Association was organized, the *New York Tribune* was ten years old, the *New York Times* was about three months old. These were germinating metropolitan journals, as the Association movement was a germinating movement. But the printing press and the postal ser-



ROBERT WEIDENSALL.



RICHARD C. MORSE.

vice, allied to such journalism as there was, extended with comparative rapidity the name and fame of the Boston Association. As soon as it was in operation the officials began to receive letters of inquiry from other cities.

The New York Association was organized in June, 1852. By May 18, 1853, Associations had been formed in Portland, Maine; Concord, New Hampshire; Providence, Rhode Island; Springfield and Worcester, Massachusetts; Hartford and New London, Connecticut; Buffalo, New York; Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; Baltimore, Maryland; Washington, District of Columbia; Cincinnati, Ohio; Detroit, Michigan; Chicago, Illinois; St. Louis; Missouri; Mobile, Alabama, and New Or-

leans, Louisiana, with all of which the Boston Association was in correspondence. These had adopted the constitution and plan of operation of the Boston Association. Franklin W. Smith went to New York and to Philadelphia to aid in organizing these. By May, 1855, the Boston Association had a history, a guide and light for the future. By August, 1855, there were 36 Associations in the United States and Canada, with a membership of 14,000; and there were 329 Associations in the world, with a membership of 30,360. In 1873, R. R. McBurney, secretary of the New York Association, said that all of the Associations owed more to Boston than Boston was aware of.

The Washington As-



WILLIAM C. LANGDON.



FIRST BUILDING OF THE  
WEST DETROIT RAIL-  
ROAD Y. M. C. A.

sociation, organized June 29, 1852, contained a leader of the movement in the person of William Chauncy Langdon, afterward widely known as an Episcopalian rector and secretary of the International Sunday-school Lesson Committee. He conceived in 1852 the idea of federating the Associations, and in his efforts to realize the idea encountered objections to centralization such as are chronic in democratic organizations, and also the divisive tendencies of the slavery agitation in the North and in the South. He addressed thirty-two Associations, calling a convention, which assembled

in Buffalo, June 7, 1854, the first international conference of the Associations ever held, and the first conference of the Associations of any kind held in the English-speaking world. It was held precisely ten years and one day from the organization of the London Association. Nineteen Associations were represented by thirty-seven delegates. The convention provided for a stated con-



THE NEW BUILDING.

vention and a central committee of five members, if these propositions were ratified by two-thirds of the Associations included in the call.

On February 20, 1855, Mr. Langdon issued a circular stating that the requisite ratification had been secured, and thereby the North American Confederation of Young Men's Christian Associations had been constituted. The central committee was migratory. It was first localized in Washington. The central committee consisted at first of eleven and afterward of twelve members, five of whom were

resident in the city selected as the headquarters. The Confederation so organized and conserved the Association movement as to save its life and to preserve unity and coöperation. The Washington, Buffalo and Cincinnati Associations were its chief supporters. The New York and Boston Associations were not sympathetic and coöperative. The seventh convention of the Confederation was held in New Orleans,



COLONEL JOHN J. MCCOOK.



CLARENCE J. HICKS.



Y. M. C. A., TIENSIN, CHINA.

April 11-16, 1860. St. Louis was selected as the next place of meeting; but the outbreak of the war prevented the holding of the convention. The Confederation maintained a nominal existence until 1863. There were then 203 Associations in North America, but only 69 reported.

Meanwhile Mr. Langdon aided in organizing a kindred movement abroad. The first conference of the Associations of all lands was held in Paris, August 19-24, 1855. It was the year of the Industrial Exhibition in that city. At this conference there was adopted, at Mr. Langdon's suggestion, a system of international correspondence and co-operation, in the interests of which he visited, in 1857, the Associations in Great Britain, France, Germany and Switzerland. The Paris conference also adopted a formal Evangelical creed, so far as the Association has ever had any. It was as follows: "The Christian Associations have for their object the union of those young men who, regarding Jesus Christ as their God and Saviour according to the Scriptures, desire to be His disciples in their doctrine and in their life, and



LORD KINNAIRD.

thus brought into the churches were many young men who joined the Y. M. C. A., many who, when the



HOWARD WILLIAMS.

associate their efforts for the extension of His kingdom amongst young men."

The Fulton Street prayer meeting in New York City was held for the first time, September 22, 1857. It owed its origin to the New York Y. M. C. A. It was started by J. C. Lanphier, a city missionary of the Dutch Reformed Church. Business men's prayer meetings, union prayer meetings and noon prayer

meetings became general throughout the country, and 300,000 persons were soon added to the Evangelical churches. The prayer meetings represented exactly what the Y. M. C. A. movement represented, emphatically, Christian union and religious work by laymen. The union prayer meetings were traced in most places to the influence of the Associations. Among the thousands

thus brought into the churches were many young men who joined the Y. M. C. A., many who, when the

war between the North and South broke out in 1861, mingled their religion with their patriotism. They took sides with their respective sections. The armies, because of the isolation of soldiers from homes, the mixture in close communion of the good and the bad, the segregation of men, the removal from ordinary restraints, the opportunities for using force in arbitrary and selfish ways, the idleness of camps and the perils to all life, needed moral, educational, social and Christian care. Immediate efforts were made here and there, by Vincent Collyer in New York, George S. Griffith in Baltimore and William Ballentine of the Washington Y. M. C. A. They supplied with religious reading soldiers who were en route to and in Washington. John Patterson, an humble Irish painter in Philadelphia, was the first man known to have left his home and gone



JOHN R. MOTTO.

to the army for this purpose, of his own motion and at his own expense. Rev. B. W. Chidlaw of Ohio was an early and independent worker in behalf of soldiers. The Chicago and Philadelphia Associations did something in this direction.



L. L. DOGETT.

maker of the same city was secretary, that an informal convention of American Associations should be called, to meet in New York, November 14, 1861.

A Christian Commission of twelve members was appointed, of which Mr. Stuart, the president of the convention, was made president. He regarded it, when reviewing it long after the war, as the most important position he ever held, and the great work of his life. The first delegate was commissioned May 14, 1862. In all, forty-seven gentlemen became members of the Commission. Conspicuous among them were Bishop McIl-

L. P. ROWLAND.



LUTHER D. WISHARD.



vaine of Ohio, Dr. Charles Hodge of Princeton, Bishop Simpson, William E. Dodge and General Clinton B. Fisk. The Commission had its office originally in New York, but it did not meet there with the success which it anticipated, and the executive com-



ARMY Y. M. C. A.  
DAGUPAN, PHILIP-  
PINE ISLANDS

mittee caused the office to be removed to Philadelphia, where Mr. Stuart gave them the use of a large warehouse which he owned, with a counting room for secretaries and clerks. This they continued to occupy until the close of the



AT CAVITE.

ARMY SECRETARIES  
IN MANILA  
Y. M. C. A.

war. New York friends organized an Army Committee to co-operate; and of this committee Dr. Nathan Bishop was the chairman.

The committee organized and maintained during the closing years of the war one of the Commission's most efficient auxiliaries. This was true of many other Associations.

Six million dollars were raised and expended. Chief Justice Salmon P. Chase wrote in January, 1866: "No such human ministration of beneficence and loving-kindness was ever witnessed before in any age or country. Except in a Christian land no such ministration would be possible. . . . It would not in this age be possible in any Christian land except our own. . . . No history of the American Civil War will ever be written without affectionate and admiring mention of the Christian Commission."

When the war was over the disintegrating and destructive effects of it upon Associations were obvious. In



JOHN WANAMAKER.



Princeton University.

**Johns Hopkins University.**  
**University of Toronto.**  
**Dartmouth College.**

**Cornell University.**  
**University of Iowa.**  
**Yale University.**

**REPRESENTATIVE STUDENT YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION BUILDINGS.**

1859 there were about 200 efficient Associations; in 1862 there were scarcely 20—and they were chiefly the Associations in the largest cities. In 1866 there were only sixty-nine Associations in North America. The Associations owned no buildings, and but seven general secretaries were employed. There were no state organizations. Association conventions were held, during the war, in Chicago in 1863, in Boston in 1864, in Philadelphia in 1865. A state Christian convention was held in Boston, December 18, 19, 1866, at which the Young Men's Christian Associations of Massachusetts and of all the New England states were largely represented. Following it, about fifty county conventions were held, more or less under the auspices of the Boston Association. At least eleven Associations grew out of these conventions in Massachusetts alone.

Two conventions, one held in Albany in 1866, and the other in Philadelphia early in May, 1868, undertook the reorganization of the Associations, and under the circumstances the resumption of work was prompt, and it gradually became efficient. The Albany convention was under the desirably dominating influence of the New York Association and its leaders. The Albany convention appointed an International Committee, with headquarters in New York, whose work should be supervisory, yet not authoritative, but advisory only. Legislative power was not conferred and has never been claimed. Cephas Brainerd, who joined the New York Association in 1853 and had been a local and national leader, was elected chairman of the International Committee in 1867, and served for twenty-five years. Mr. Brainerd represented the historic position of the New York Association in insisting upon being true to the name of the Association and in specializing its work, by young men, for young men. Singularly enough, this position required prolonged argument in con-

ventions and meant revolution in the character and work of numerous Associations. The International Committee, under the chairmanship of Mr. Brainerd, started the Y. M. C. A. on a new career. The chairman since 1893 has been Lucien C. Warner, M. D., of New York. Robert Weiden-sall was the first secretary of the International Committee, and has taken a leading part in all the new and advancing work and in the various conventions that have been held since.

Richard C. Morse was secured in October, 1869, as the editor of the *Association Monthly*, and later became general secretary, a position that he still holds. He was in close coöperation with Robert R. McBurney, the general secretary of the New York Association, until Mr. McBurney died in 1898. Mr. Morse has largely been instrumental in guiding the Y. M. C. A. movement during its phenomenal growth and development, especially since 1880.

At the International Convention in Indianapolis, 1870, Dwight L. Moody and Ira D. Sankey met and formed their evangelistic and musical partnership, which became world-wide in fame and in usefulness. Their meetings were Y. M. C. A. meetings in many cities, especially in the largest cities. Both had been Y. M. C. A. presidents, delegates and workers. Both found in the Y. M. C. A. their opportunity for Christian activity, and were in a large sense its product. Mr. Moody at one time was called its apostle. One was scarcely more evangelistic than the other. Mr. Moody financed numerous Associations, securing buildings for them and cancelling mortgages. He raised about one million dollars for these purposes in the United States and in Great Britain.

What Mr. Moody was to the Chicago Association, Mr. Sankey was to the Association in Newcastle, Pennsylvania, where he resided. Henry Drummond said that there had been "no finer instance of philanthropy in

this [nineteenth] century" than the assignment to public ends of the royalties on the Moody and Sankey hymn books. After his return from Great Britain, in 1875, Mr. Moody made his home at Northfield, his house in Chicago having been swept away by the fire. At Northfield, in 1886, the first Students' Conference was held, under the direction of the International Y. M. C. A. Committee. At this conference the Student Volunteer Movement for foreign missions was inaugurated, through the decision of one hundred men to give their lives to foreign missionary service.

The railroad department of the Y. M. C. A. originated in the Cleveland Association. The existence of the original Cleveland Association was terminated by the war. In 1867 a new Association was formed. Its open air meetings began in July, 1870. Henry W. Stager, a train dispatcher on the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad, caused the first meeting to be held. He had been dissipated; he attended an open air meeting on the shore of Lake Erie, near the Cleveland depot, and was interested in the address of H. A. Sherwin, who was prominent locally in the Y. M. C. A. Mr. Stager was impressed by the fact that a young business man would speak for religious purposes under such conditions. Moved by hope for the welfare of others, but despairing of himself, he asked the Y. M. C. A. to hold a meeting in the Union Depot. This was done on an afternoon of July, 1870. Mr. Stager hurried through the depot and yard to muster an audience. He finally was renewed in heart and life, and became chairman of the Railroad Branch Committee in 1874.

The Cleveland railroad work was speedily copied in many railway centres. As early as 1851, or simultaneously with the organization of the Y. M. C. A. in Montreal and Boston, reading rooms and libraries had been opened by various railway companies, chiefly in New England and Canada,

while in New Jersey and Pennsylvania religious services were conducted by Christian railroad men. Neither of these movements proved to be permanent in the form in which they appeared, but both have touched the railroad branch of the Y. M. C. A. at different times and in different places.

The work at Cleveland was wholly religious and moral in its origin and limited to the city and the state of Ohio in immediate expansion. At the International Convention of the Associations, held in Richmond, Virginia, in 1875, the representatives of the Cleveland railroad work reported that money had been secured to put Mr. Lang Sheaff in the field for a brief period as an organizing secretary of the International Y. M. C. A. Committee, New York. The New York Central Railroad adopted the work in 1875. Its officials encouraged the formation of other branches, at Albany in 1875, West Albany in 1877, Buffalo and Syracuse in 1879, Rochester, East Syracuse and Troy in 1881. The branch at West Detroit was organized in 1876, and in 1878 it erected the first Y. M. C. A. building in the world specifically for the use of railroad men, at a cost of about \$1,000. November 22, 1900, it entered a new building with modern equipment at a cost of \$17,000. The Michigan Central Railroad contributed \$12,000 and gave free transportation for all building material.

On October 3, 1887, the publication of *Railroad Men* was begun in the interests of Y. M. C. A. railroad work. There were then 70 railroad branches in the United States and Canada, and 159 in 1900. The phenomenal phase of the history of the railroad work is that railroad corporations, acting in their corporate capacity, for sheer financial reasons, disavowing their right to make appropriations from their treasuries for religious reasons, have voted large amounts for railroad Y. M. C. A. branches, for buildings,

equipment, secretaries, etc. They have put secretaries on their pay rolls solely because it pays the companies to do so. It means sober employees, safety for travellers, reliable engineers and brakemen, polite conductors, security against unwarranted strikes and comparatively speedy ending of strikes. The corporations are justified in expenditures for such purposes. The railroad members contribute, yet without official corporate support no Association has been able to carry on continuously the broad lines of work that go to make up railroad work. Secretary Clarence J. Hicks, senior secretary of the railroad department, says: "No corporation would think of fitting up a reading room for the use of a little group of Christian railroad men." There is now no prominent railroad official in America who is known to be opposed to this work. It is officially recognized on 136,000 miles of railroads. The railroads are contributing about \$175,000 annually.

The tenth International Conference of the railroad department was held in Philadelphia, October 11-14, 1900. Colonel John J. McCook of New York, chairman of the railroad work of the International Committee, was chairman of the convention. Russia was represented by two railway officials, especially commissioned by the Czar, to attend and make a study of this work,—Messrs. Reitlinger of St. Petersburg and Schidlovsky of Moscow. The German government was represented by Mr. Glasenapp, chief engineer of the German railroads, who is an attaché of the German legation at Washington and a specialist in sociological work.

When the International Convention was held in Richmond, Virginia, in 1875, Major Joseph Hardie of Selma, Alabama, president, the pastors of colored churches in that city petitioned for the extension of the Y. M. C. A. among the colored young men of the South. A few Associations organized for colored young

men had been formed, but had not survived. In 1876, Major Hardie reinforced the petition of the Richmond pastors in the convention in Toronto. The Rev. Stuart Robinson of Louisville, Kentucky, made the first contribution toward the support of a secretary of the International Committee for work among colored young men. In 1879, H. C. Brown of Oberlin, Ohio, was appointed secretary and served eleven years. In 1891, W. A. Hunton, who had been secretary of the colored Association at Norfolk, Virginia, succeeded him. In November, 1898, J. E. Moorland became associated with him. Secretary Brown organized Associations in colleges and academies for colored young men. He wanted to reach the future leaders of the colored people. The American Missionary Association has had similar aims in the normal schools, academies, colleges and universities which it has founded and fostered, including Hampton Institute, Atlanta University and Fisk University. There are now fifty-four student Associations in such institutions of learning, and the American Missionary Association has encouraged the movement. The Y. M. C. A. exists in more than 90 per cent of the Protestant institutions of the United States, of the South chiefly, attended by colored students, and in the leading Southern undenominational and state schools. The Association in Fisk University was organized in 1870, and its development has been as steady as that of the university. There are now twenty-one city Associations for colored young men, which, with the fifty-four student Associations, make a total of seventy-five, with an aggregate of over 4,500 members. In five cities these Associations have secured permanent homes, valued at \$28,000. The Richmond Association was the first to own its building, valued at \$6,000. The first new building to be erected by an Association of colored men was dedicated July 1, 1900, at Nor-

folk, Virginia, at a cost of \$10,000, including the cost of the lot. Eight secretaries are employed in the colored men's department. An important feature of the work among colored young men is the annual conference, the first of which was held at Nashville, Tennessee, January 24-26, 1890. There are two million colored young men eligible as beneficiaries of the Y. M. C. A. movement.

The work in behalf of Indian young men originated in 1877. Several young Dakota Indians, who had learned somehow of the existence of the Association, went to their pastor and urged the formation of an Indian Association. When a meeting was held no one had a constitution or knew anything about one. Zeal, however, took the place of technical knowledge. They arranged for a religious organization and Christian work. Within a few years similar societies were formed in various Indian reservations. In 1885 the state secretary of Minnesota heard of the existence of these Associations. A constitution was translated into the Dakota tongue; and they became affiliated with the International Committee in New York. The Indian work is prosecuted, through an Indian travelling secretary, among the young men on the Sioux reservations, now including 40 Associations and over 1,600 members. Reservation conferences have been held, Bible classes organized, and many Indian young men trained and enlisted in active Christian work.

The first building in the United States owned by an Association and dedicated to Association uses was Farwell Hall, Chicago, named in honor of John V. Farwell, who donated \$60,000 in money and land. It cost \$190,000, and was dedicated September 29, 1867. The New York Association building was dedicated in the autumn of 1869. The decade and a half that followed might be called a building era. Indeed, the

erection of new and appropriate buildings for railroad men in cities, for students and for colored young men, is a feature of Association history during the last three decades. The original Associations are well housed. The Boston Association entered its present building November 14, 1883. The total cost was \$300,000. The Montreal Association entered a new building in 1891. In 1879 the first College Association building was erected at Princeton, through the bequest of Hamilton Murray of New York. All Associations ought to own their buildings, unencumbered. The American Associations expend annually over \$2,500,000, and possess an endowment in buildings and other permanent property amounting to more than \$20,000,000.

In 1877 systematic effort, through salaried help and with the aid of the medical profession, was begun by the International Committee to develop the physical work by grounding it upon fundamental scientific principles and by securing competent Christian physical directors.

The Y. M. C. A. has wrested the gymnasium from the hands of the pugilist and professional sport and placed it in the hands of Christian men. The Association Athletic League, under the direction of the International Committee, aids the local physical directors by furnishing them the most advanced scientific discussions of important points pertaining to physical training.

The first students' Association in Asia was founded by Mr. F. K. Saunders, now a professor at Yale University, in the college of Jaffna, in Ceylon. This was followed by two Associations in China, one of which, at Tungcho, China, owed its existence to the Rev. H. P. Beach, and its dispersion in 1900 to the Boxers. The fourth Association was founded by Mr. W. C. Kitchin in the Methodist college at Tokyo, Japan. These four Associations induced the missionaries

to invite L. D. Wishard, the secretary of the American Students' Association, who had been elected in 1877, to pay a visit to Asia. His journey occupied three years and nine months. Three years were spent in Japan, China, Malasia, Siam, Burmah, Ceylon, India, Arabia, Syria, the Caucasus, Persia, Kurdistan, Asia Minor and Cypress. One month was spent in Egypt, and the remainder of the time in visiting some of the universities and Y. M. C. A.'s in Europe. 216 missionary stations in twenty different countries were visited. Secretary Wishard is identified with the college and foreign work, and with the initiation of the Student Volunteer Movement for foreign missions. His life in Princeton College was the source and the preparation of much of his later work and is recorded in the autobiography of Princeton's great president, James McCosh, D. D., LL. D. He is now secretary of the Forward Movement of the American Board.

After graduation from Cornell University, in 1888, John R. Mott was called to be one of the secretaries of the Student Department, and in 1891, when C. K. Ober, his associate, became field secretary, Mr. Mott became senior secretary of this department. The Student Volunteer Movement, which spread throughout the colleges of the country as an outgrowth of the first Northfield Student Conference in 1886, needed more thorough organization, and Mr. Mott was appointed chairman of the executive committee in 1888, and since then has guided the movement. The three conventions of the Student Volunteer Movement, two of which were held at Cleveland and one at Detroit, were presided over by Mr. Mott. These were the largest student gatherings which have been held, not only in this country, but anywhere in the world. Between 1890 and 1895 Mr. Mott made several trips to England and the Continent in order to promote Christian work among the

students of Europe. In 1895 representatives of these movements and of the North American Student Movement gathered in conference at Vadstena, in Sweden, and organized the World's Student Christian Federation. Mr. Mott was the unanimous choice of this conference for general secretary. By request of the executive committee, and upon invitation from the students of the Orient, he made a tour of eighteen months to promote the organization of Christian work among the students of the far East. He visited colleges in the Levant, India, Ceylon, Australasia, China and Japan. In all of these countries student Christian organizations were founded, large Christian student conventions held, and national movements of students formed which were admitted to the Federation.

In response to calls from leading student centres in the Orient, secretaries have been sent out by the International Committee to develop Christian work. Mr. Mott's contact with students led to his selection as the home administrator of this department of the work of the American Associations.

The mental welfare of young men, no less than their religious and moral welfare, has been provided for from the very origin of the first Associations in London, Montreal and Boston. In 1892 an International Educational Secretary, George B. Hodge, was elected, who is still in service. The education is manifold, and although obtained in the evening, the instruction is not superficial. Fifty subjects are taught and annual examinations are held. Many colleges coöperate, so that when a student finishes one of the Association courses his certificate is accepted at its face value in lieu of the entrance examination, by 108 colleges and universities. Twenty-six thousand students attended the evening classes of the Young Men's Christian Associations of the United States and Canada during the past year. This

number represents about one-seventh of the entire number of students in evening schools in this country. These students pursued uniform courses of study outlined by the International Committee's educational committee, of which Mr. Frederic B. Pratt of Brooklyn is chairman. International examinations and diplomas are provided for.

Three days after the declaration of war between Spain and the United States, in 1898, the International Committee met in New York City and initiated army and navy work. As the soldiers took their trains for the national camps they were in many cases accompanied by Association men with tents and other equipments. Seventy large tents were installed under the official sanction of the President and Secretary of War, manned by 150 secretaries. The first Protestant service in the Philippine Islands was held under Y. M. C. A. auspices. More than a score of secretaries have been serving in the Philippines, Cuba, Porto Rico, Alaska, China and elsewhere. Association work has been inaugurated on ten battleships. Secretary W. B. Millar is in charge of this department.

If this article could be extended to a volume there would be opportunity to mention other departments of growth and expansion, such as the work for commercial travellers and for the immigrant peoples, especially the Germans, the scientific training of secretaries, the Bible study department, the evangelistic meetings, the work for boys, the historical library and librarian, the national and local leaders, the leading Associations, especially the Associations in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and San Francisco. The one point to be emphasized is that the movement is

planned; it is not left to itself. There are a centre and a committee, from which most of the plans proceed and to which the results are returned.

There are now 6,192 branches, with 521,000 members, among 50 nations, speaking 35 languages. The 1,439 American Associations have 252,000 members. The annual attendance upon Bible classes exceeds 500,000; upon the religious meetings, 2,500,000. There is a daily attendance at the buildings of more than 100,000. 1,500 general secretaries and other officers are employed, two schools for training them are conducted,—in Chicago and Springfield, Massachusetts. \$40,000 per year are contributed for Association work in foreign lands, where 20 secretaries are stationed. Twenty-seven state committees employ 57 secretaries and expend \$152,000 annually. The International Committee employs 43 secretaries for work on this continent and 20 for work in other lands, and expends \$140,000, publishing three periodicals and fifty pamphlets annually.

Behold, then, what God in His providence and men in their wisdom and zeal have wrought; what one man conceived, what one letter did, what a few leaders accomplished. It is all in line with Christ's parable,—first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear. No prophet can tell what the next half century will bring; yet one needs not to be the son of a prophet to discern the possibilities of Christian work for young men at home and abroad, in all lands and among all peoples. The past and the present are prophetic. The Year of Jubilee has come. The Jubilee Convention will inaugurate a new era for the Young Men's Christian Associations.

## JUNE.

*By Emma A. McCracken.*

WE walked through a fragrant moonlit way,  
My love and I, in the sweet June weather.  
The eyes of the flowers that watched the day  
Had folded their dewy lids together;  
And the noise of the day, its toil and strife,  
The calm of the night had caused to cease.  
All the earth seemed living a dreaming life,  
And into my heart stole its perfect peace.

My love bent down his stately head  
And whispered too low for the flowers to hear;  
'Twas but one word; yet my cheeks grew red,  
And my heart's quick throbs I could almost hear.  
'Twas the one word "Darling!" yet by it I knew  
The best of life that a woman knows;  
And the silence echoed it through and through,  
From the stars in the sky e'en down to the rose.

When again June blossoms their fragrance shed,  
My love and I by the altar stood.  
When the words that made us one had been said,  
My love spoke low, but I understood;  
And with that "Darling!" a vision blest  
Of the coming years stretched long and fair;  
And my tremulous heart found perfect rest,—  
For peace had taken its dwelling there.

But when another June time came,  
I cannot tell if the world were fair;  
For my love and I, and one whose name  
E'en brought a chill to the summer air,  
Walked slowly down to a darkling tide,  
Where "Darling!" I heard with my love's last breath;  
And there I knew our ways must divide;  
I must walk alone while he crossed with Death.

And when on his mute lips my kisses fell,  
I whispered low one single word;  
Yet I gave him back his last farewell—  
And I think that surely his soul must have heard.  
Now I calmly wait through the Junes that are  
For a brighter June that is yet to be,  
When into those mansions that lie afar  
With "Darling!" my love shall welcome me.

## MR. SMITH, PERTHSHIRE.

*By Annie Eliza Brand.*

HERE was more than an hour yet before the steamer was scheduled to leave the dock; but already one person lay stretched on a chair in the conventional pose of lazy helplessness. His attitude threw into unlovely relief the prominence of high cheek bones; the long, straight line of clean shaven chin had a truculent and formidable air. The gauntness of recent illness has a particularly unattractive effect on a large framed man, whose only grace is that of power. Moreover, aggressively red hair accentuated the faults of his complexion—a combination of fading sunburn and the pallor of sickness.

It was a perfect June day. The Irishmen who were working against time to get a nightmare of baggage on board sweated and swore with equal profuseness, and in moments of comparative leisure indulged in more or less good natured chaff. There was a sameness in the endless procession of steamer trunks slipping down the greased planking. The indifferent person in the deck chair turned to watch his fellow passengers; in close single file they came along the gangway. He felt a consoling trust in his forethought; otherwise—he shuddered.

Evidently the American maiden was on the war path. It was a popular ship, and the ordinary rush of summer travel was quickened just now by the coming jubilee. The red haired young man scanned the crowd for familiar faces, as he had the passenger list for inopportune English names; but almost every one was American.

The swish of silk-lined travelling skirts and the high treble of women's voices came with the crowd that

swept the promenade deck. There was the Gibson girl by the half dozen, erect, self-reliant and cosmopolitan, the sweeter if less smart women whom Smedley's pencil makes familiar, the Southern girl Reinhardt loved to draw, and a handful more of unclassified types, differing more in style than in degree of charm. From all of their wiles he was safe in the ignominious safety of the unknown and the insignificant. He looked round and signed to Farquharson to move his chair to the comparative peace and quiet of the farther side of the deck.

Isolation is dull; but there are pleasures too risky to be dared. The red haired young man realized the feminine mania for marriage. In the callousness of athletic health, he knew how to protect himself. His still wifeless condition proved the fact conclusively, since the women of his own family and of many other families were of one accord in the faith that ordained matrimony for him; that they differed severely as to the individuality of the other victim of the cult had been one of his chief safeguards. Now, the fatal opportunities of a summer voyage and the consciousness of the flaccidity of will which bodily weakness brings made him distrustful of himself and of the fascinating American girl. He admired her, but in the vague future when he meant to fulfil his obligations to society and take a wife she had no place. Ingrained conservatism and tradition forbade it.

The wind freshened; the big steamer slid cautiously along the crowded water way, first among darting ferry-boats and strings of laboring scows, then through a flock of white-winged schooners coming into port on the wind, past stumpy, grimed tugs haul-

ing laden three-masters, out into the fairway. The motley craft grew few and scattering as the cliff-like outlines of New York's tall buildings sank, small and faint, in the distance.

Outside, a choppy sea, a head wind and a dash of rain almost cleared the deck; but the red haired young man kept his place until a malicious gust, coinciding with the impact of a quartering sea, made the big ship lurch suddenly to port. His chair slid on the wet planks, and the indifferent young man found himself tilted over at the feet of a girl. She stared at his clumsy efforts to rise, and then, an impulse of pity getting the better of an inclination to laugh, she forgot the social theory that a man should be the helper and woman the helped and, catching his arm, gave a vigorous pull that brought him to his feet. For the moment he was inarticulate, and then the girl was gone.

Farquharson bore the brunt of his grinding rage. To cut such a figure before a girl, even an unimportant schoolgirl such as his confused glimpse suggested this one to be, was enough to make any man savage. He sat glowering in the now firmly lashed deck chair, so manifestly unsociable that the inevitable percentage of the unattached and talkative spared him the farce of attempted companionship.

Except for a few mummy-like figures, motionless on their chairs, the promenade was a mere space of empty planking. The red haired young man felt the color mounting to his face as a couple came towards him arm in arm. The wind whipped the folds of the girl's cloth skirt closely about her slim figure. The thick-set, elderly person who was with her had the unmistakable paternal attitude.

They stopped abruptly. Evidently the father wanted something, and turned to go below for it. The girl, not seeing the young man in his corner under the lee of a boat, stood by the rail looking down at the rushing green water. Getting up quickly was

harder since that unlucky slide; but the smarting mortification of his mood demanded a sacrifice. He struggled to his feet and limped towards her, raising his cap.

"May I offer apologies and thanks together?" he began.

"Oh, were you hurt?" she replied, inconsequently. Her eyes had a pretty look of pity in them, chiefly made up of sudden repentance for the fit of laughter his ridiculous predicament had prompted.

"Not at all, thanks. A recent accident must be my excuse for sprawling my ungainly length in your path. It was extremely painful—to my feelings, you know. And you were awfully kind, awfully good, if you'll let me say so."

"Why, certainly. But if you're lame, hadn't you better sit down again?"

He bowed, and the girl, catching his suddenly glum and stiffened expression, laughed brightly.

"Did I say the wrong thing? My cousin Lulu says I always do; but you see, I've had to look after sick people so much, it's a habit to think first what they ought to do."

"Then I am not dismissed?"

The watchful Farquharson, whose sense of humor was dormant, appeared at the young man's elbow.

"Ye'll be the better to keep yeer leg up, I'm thinkin', my lord,—sir."

The invalid turned his back on him and Farquharson retreated.

"There," said the young lady. "You're just like my father,—contrary as possible when people suggest what ought to be done."

"No, indeed. It'll do me good to stand, if I'm not boring you too terribly."

"I'm never bored. I haven't got to that point yet." The girl's airy frankness made the statement quite impersonal.

"That fellow'll be the death of me, I believe. Before I had him he lived with Lord Carstairs, and he can't get down to a commoner without im-

pressing his audience with the difficulty he finds in descending to my level. All the same, I should probably be dead now if he hadn't looked out for me. One has to put up with little things, don't you know?"

"We have a cook at home—indispensable, also. Yes, I do know. How did you get hurt?"

"Simply a vicious horse took the bit in his teeth and used me to wipe the floor of a very rocky cañon with. I didn't know much about it after he threw me, you know; just felt myself hanging by the stirrup. Afterwards I discovered I was still alive, with a leg in plaster, a bandaged head and sundry such trifles. That's two months ago, and now I'm patched up enough so that Farquharson's going to see me safe into the hands of the home authorities."

"And you've had no one but a servant—or a nurse—which is he?"

"A little of both, and good in each capacity. Oh, yes, the fellows at the ranch were quite too jolly and kind."

"Oh, dear! I wish you would sit down. You look as if it hurt dreadfully."

"Does that mean you refuse to take pity on my solitude any longer?" The young man excused his eagerness on the ground that it was perfectly safe to make one's self agreeable to unimportant little girls.

"Oh, here's papa." The young lady evaded a more direct reply. Her father's face darkened as he saw she was with a stranger; but the frown passed as the young man raised his cap and showed the ugly blue seam of a lately healed gash where the wind blew the hair from his forehead. It was the good looking, irreproachable young dude he was distrustful of; a red headed, gaunt and maimed man over thirty did not strike his fatherly eye as particularly formidable.

"I was apologizing to your daughter for my apparent rudeness this morning, sir—"

"Very glad to meet you, sir. Going home, I presume?"

"Yes—what's left of me."

"Ah, I thought you looked—"

"Rather the worse for wear, to put it mildly. You're bound for England, too, I fancy?"

"Yes, sir. My daughter's first trip across, Mr.—"

"My name is Smith—Archibald Smith." Mr. Smith hesitated. His own London house was a famous one, too likely to be familiar to the travelling American. "Perthshire." The name of Smith exacted something more definite than a county, but he hoped the American's notion of Scotch geography was hazy enough to let it pass. Happily his new acquaintance was bent on proclaiming his own identity. He pulled out a card and presented it formally. "Everett S. Kip, Washington Square, New York."

The young man stole a look at the girl. A tiny smile curved her mouth saucily. She wasn't pretty, and yet the name fitted her execrably. He wondered what went before the Kip in her case.

"Well," said Mr. Kip, briskly, "this wind begins to get chilly. I guess we'll walk a little, my dear. Hope to see you again, Mr. Smith."

The red haired man dropped back among his rugs, angrily obliged to submit to Farquharson's ministrations.

"I'll pitch you overboard if you say that again," he growled, as the forbidden title slipped out unawares.

"Indeed, sir, it's blith I'll be to see you do it. There's mair strength in ye the day than the morn, but—"

His master and patient swore at this reminder of his weakness and retreated into himself and an attack of neuralgia to which his injuries had left him subject. Later, driven by a new and disagreeable sense of loneliness, he went into dinner. As a remedy for solitude, the dining saloon was a failure. He exchanged words only with his steward. Next morning was still rougher. Mr. Kip, staggering about the deck with another

tough old gentleman, stopped and spoke. "Feeling bad?" he asked.

"Not with the prevalent complaint, though. It's my beastly leg. Hope your daughter's not seasick?"

"All the rest of our folks are, but I've got Margaret over there on deck. She's all right, unless the smell of the cooking's too much for her. It's a problem to be solved, sir, that question of how to keep the kitchen beyond a man's nose."

"If Miss Kip wouldn't find it too bleak here, perhaps she'd allow me to change places with her. I'm proof against odors; they don't affect lameness."

"Well, now," Mr. Kip reflected; "there is a good place for a chair here. No need to disturb you, though. Here, steward, just come and fix my chairs over here."

The chairs were brought and Mr. Kip returned with Margaret. The name fitted fairly, after all. She was a little pale, so that some freckles showed, but not at all limp, and energetically fighting the wind that was busy dragging stray locks from the confinement of a close Dutch hood.

"I can't persuade papa that I'm well, because I declined breakfast in the saloon," she said as the young man made an effort to rise. "Now, Mr. Smith, if you're going to try to be polite, I shall have my chair moved again. I'm going to read 'The Christian.' Now, papa, you're to go and play chess; I know you're crazy for a game. I'd rather read than do anything else."

Apparently Miss Kip was a person of her word. She devoted herself to Hall Caine's sombre picture of London life with a single-minded thoroughness annoying to a person in whose company young ladies usually preferred to study human nature at first hand. Her delicate profile had a decided artistic value as the austere lines of the quaint hood disclosed it, but the prospect was definitely limited and tantalizing, so irritating that at length its inadequacy or some com-

plex mixture of mental and bodily discomforts goaded Mr. Smith into an inarticulate exclamation. Miss Kip dropped her book and gave him a full face view.

"Shall I get the steward to call your man?"

"I'm not absolutely helpless, thank you."

"That's ingratitude."

"Oh, really, I'm awfully rude, Miss Kip, but it roils a fellow to be tied by the leg like this."

"We're all tied by the legs of our chairs, are we not? I thought you were ill, or something. I don't mind. Papa's always cross when he's sick."

"But you talk to him."

"Of course."

"Is that book so frightfully fascinating?"

"I'll lend it you."

"Thanks—I'll take it now."

"But I haven't finished it myself."

"The end's awfully slow and stupid."

"Why, you've read it! Then, why—I think you're very funny," she laughed. "I won't read if you'll tell me about Scotland. You're Scotch, aren't you? Do you know I never knew Smith was a Scotch name."

"Smith is universal."

"Most Scotch names are so pretty." She quoted a few from Scott's novels. He laughed.

"Smith is bathos after those, I grant."

"Not so bad as Kip. And yet my father and I are proud of our name."

"I see. You are the aristocrats of a democracy, while I—I am a better republican than you. All that feudal rubbish that titles are the survival of is played out. I'd like to see it swept away."

"Naturally, when one's name is Kip or Smith, one has no use for titles. The played-out earls and barons see it from another point, though."

"No changed point of view would alter my opinion."

"How do you know?" Miss Kip was both amused and incredulous.

"Ah, you haven't a word to say. Suppose a name is nothing? Wouldn't any one rather be Lady —" She paused for a telling name.

"Carstairs," suggested Mr. Smith, with irony.

"Thank you, Lady Carstairs."

"Of Carmody," put in the Scotchman, prompted by the human impulse to trifle with the forbidden.

"Lady Carstairs of Carmody, sooner than Miss or Mrs. — anybody?"

"Naturally a young lady would. One does not wait to arrive at years of discretion to learn the fascination a title has for all women, more especially for your very charming and successful countrywomen."

"Thank you, you're frank. I see you mean to keep up the national reputation for plain speaking. I've heard it called by another name on my side of the water."

"Was I rude?"

"Dear me! I thought an Englishman never went below the actual word."

"I'm not an Englishman."

"The Scotch are destitute of a sense of humor, I'm told."

"Who says so?"

"We allow them a good share of spunk and temper, though."

"That's kind."

"You were not—to my countrywomen. As the daughter of a man who has a rabid hatred of the international marriage, it's no affair of mine. He says—and it's so, isn't it—that your earls and dukes only come to America when they can't afford an English wife."

"I am not an authority on the peerage."

"I beg pardon. I thought you knew all about it just now."

"I'll surrender at discretion, Miss Kip."

There was the trying national agility about this girl's mental processes. In spite of Mr. Smith's local reputation as the possessor of the true pawky Scot's humor, he felt he was

no match for her in a matter of repartee. Moreover, cleverness is a matter not entirely independent of acknowledged place in society.

"I didn't intend to be personal, you know," he continued. "As for that, I don't suppose even your father's prejudices are seriously alarmed on your account yet. It's quite easy even for a stupid Scotchman to see you're not infected with the matrimonial microbe. Have I been rude again?"

"It isn't very polite to imply that I ought to be in the nursery. And you forget that a nursery isn't an integral part of the American household. There's no age limit with us. We're grown up when we choose to think so."

"To resent being thought young is the most triumphant proof of youth. Don't you know that?"

Miss Kip looked inquiringly at him. "I've a good mind to tell you my age."

"And tamper with the figures? I've more faith in my guesses, thanks!"

Miss Kip pouted in a charmingly childish fashion, declaring she would not be talked to that way, reopened "The Christian" and ignored Mr. Smith, who for the time was content to be silent. She was a jolly little girl, and he was decidedly glad of an acquaintance which bade fair to give the pleasures of feminine conversation without its ordinary risks. She was chummy, boyish, anything but sentimental or scheming. Besides, as far as she knew, there was nothing to scheme for—only a poor devil with a lame leg, a nurse and a hopeless name. Mr. Smith decided that Miss Kip had been providentially sent as an agreeable palliative of the tedium of the voyage. She was pretty enough to be nice to look at, small and fine limbed, with the clear pallor and delicacy of line that is hereditary in one type of the best American stock. He fell to reflecting on the gist of a lately read theory as to the altered balance of power between the

emotional and the mental faculties as the result of the higher education in women. Miss Kip was an example, possibly, but it occurred to him that on the whole the emotional woman was what the welfare of the world demanded. But thoughts have no enduring hold on a spoiled invalid. He fidgeted until Miss Kip's attention was finally attracted and she condescended to talk with the patronizing benevolence of the experienced sick nurse.

The next day Farquharson's gravity was on trial. Mr. Smith had no fault to find with the uneasy sea which made locomotion uncertain and left a certain freedom in the placing of chairs. If Mr. Kip were aware of an intention to monopolize his daughter, he took the knowledge with philosophy. It was Margaret's hobby to be forever coddling some lame duck or other. In the mean time he had found a kindred spirit, and the lust of battle possessed him. The smoking room and a chessboard filled his horizon, to a partial obscuring of merely domestic interests.

The third day out brought a smooth sea and crowded decks. In place of a line of shapeless, somnolent automata, there was a cheerful bustle of chatter; the gentle breeze brought snatches of girlish laughter with it and fluttered the butterfly raiment of those who had been in the chrysalis stage until now. It was too gay by half for Mr. Smith's nerves or his temper. The folly of tramping aimlessly up and down a promenade deck was impossible to him. Sore with envy, he watched Margaret Kip's alert little figure pass and repass, poised to meet the summer wind and the slow roll of the great hull. Her quick, well controlled steps seemed a defiance to his incapacity. He sat and sulked, dour as only a Scotchman in a black temper can be, his thin lips drawn to a curveless line, and his pugnacious chin thrust out.

Miss Kip's cousin Lulu and an elaborately correct young man were

the girl's companions. Every time they came within sight and hearing Mr. Smith was exasperated. It was not flattering to perceive that Miss Kip had an altogether different manner for that miserable dude, Van Vorst.

He was not to be placated by the friendly smiles she gave him from time to time. The deck steward and Farquharson found his temper trying even to their seasoned professional patience, and Farquharson, who dared combat his charge's sudden desire to try moving about, got snubbed to an extent that would have wilted a less impervious person. The experiment was not a success. Mr. Smith was obliged to return ignominiously to his chair, swearing at Farquharson for the "I told you so" which he had not breathed. Possibly something reawakened Miss Kip's sense of compassion, for she finally settled down, but with feminine perversity chose the farthest of the four empty chairs. Mr. Smith sulked under this treatment until he was tired of himself, and then limped to the chair nearest hers.

"Why! What is it?"

"May I sit here?" He spoke quite humbly.

"Of course. For mercy's sake don't stand. You look miserable today," she added with dispassionate frankness.

"I haven't anything particular to be cheerful about. No one's said a word to me all day."

"Have you encouraged conversation?"

"You had something better to do."

"There are five hundred saloon passengers on this ship; and what is one among so many?"

"Oh, I didn't mean a crowd."

"For a person who wants to be amused, you're hardly conciliatory, are you? Why don't you make friends?"

"I do—with you."

"You're vastly complimentary. In the mean time, you want society, and

I want to know lots of things. This is a very silly book, anyway. How much do you know about London?" she went on in a new tone, the tone of an inquiring child. It was a home question, to be tackled gingerly.

"It takes a lifetime to know London. Still, I've been there on and off."

"But you live in Perth?"

"As much as a man who hasn't any ties lives anywhere."

"Haven't you any folks?"

"I have some aunts. You see, I was an only child. My father died when I was an interesting infant, and my mother several years ago. My Aunt Selina tries to be a mother to me."

"You must be a nice subject to waste affection on."

"It is waste, to tell the truth. She's not a bad sort, though."

"Like my Aunt Louise. She's so bent on doing her duty to me that one never can forget it is duty. She'd be on guard now, only she's helpless till we're in port; but she thinks papa is chaperoning Lulu and me. Poor dear papa! With a chess tournament on his mind, could any one expect him to remember the sacred social fetishes? Lulu doesn't want to be chaperoned, either. I've orders not to say chess in Aunt Lou's presence."

"And you?"

"Didn't you impress upon me the other day that my place was the nursery? A governess rules in the schoolroom, not a chaperon."

"Haven't you any one but your aunt?"

"I have several aunts—and my father; no one else. My mother is dead, too, and I never had any brothers or sisters. I used to envy girls at school who had midgets of sisters."

"I never craved a little baby sister. The small boy's a selfish little animal, you know."

Miss Kip shook her head. "They're worse later on. I like boys much better than young men—until they begin to get middle aged and sensible."

"Is that an implied tribute to me? I can boast a gray hair or two."

"Some people turn gray young, and others are never sensible. If you want to prove you are, tell me of some of the things I want to know. Is Abbotsford worth going to?"

Mr. Smith braced himself to the task of singing the praises of the various Scotch show places in a fervid key which he would ordinarily have been mortally ashamed to choose. But the audience makes or mars a speaker. Miss Kip's young enthusiasm for the picturesque and the heroic was stimulating, and few men are insensible to the flattery of instructing an eager and charming girl. He scowled at the courteous Van Vorst and shrank into his shell when the Gibson girl, whose full name was Louise Taylor, was introduced, and the conversation became general.

Next day the social element was still more overpoweringly in evidence. Mr. Smith had had a bad night, and his temper was not improved by the sight of Miss Kip being shown how to play quoits by the too friendly Van Vorst. Instead of showing a proper pity for him she said:

"Really, I believe your neuralgia is like Lord Farintosh's famous tooth, the one that always ached when he didn't want to go out to dinner."

He turned white with anger. What did she mean? Nothing, of course, except natural heartlessness. Like Achilles he sulked in his tents.

But Miss Louise Taylor having captured a new admirer, Mr. Van Vorst's jealousy neutralized his idle desire to kill time in conversation with the little cousin; and Mr. Kip being oblivious to everything but chess for the time, Miss Kip possibly had no better resource than unlimited conversation. At any rate, those last two days were very bearable. Miss Margaret Kip had acquired a large fund of information indelibly stamped with the Anglo-Scottish hall mark. The sentimental note was happily and consistently left un-

touched, and Mr. Smith's temper and neuralgia both remained in a comparatively quiescent condition.

The English coast dressed its low green hills in smiles to greet the incoming ship, and even dingy Liverpool for once looked bright in the strong June sunlight. Queen's weather already, the English world was boasting, in view of next week's jubilee. The Kips gazed eagerly at the landing stage, as its masses of black flecked with daubs of color grew into the detail of a packed crowd.

Mr. Smith drew away. He thought he could already make out a couple of familiar faces, and he had the best of reasons for wishing to avoid a too hearty public greeting. As it was, a sunburned and impulsive youth in golf clothes caught sight of him, yelled out his name, and began making frantic signals of welcome, to which the returning native turned an unseeing eye.

On shore, his friend alternately slanged him for being beastly disagreeable or mourned over his physical condition and the vanished glories of an athletic past. The lament was listened to with exasperating indifference. In truth, the traveller's mind was occupied with the unexpected consequences of an act that had seemed trivial enough but which left him either bound to renounce a friendship he desired to keep or enforced a humiliating alternative. To call without an explanation was impossible. The chances of being found out were quite too numerous to be trifled with. Besides—

"Why the devil," he asked himself, "hadn't he treated the whole thing as a joke, and settled it out of hand when first qualms of scruple began to become annoying? Since he had not, best drop the Kips as one of the conventional steamer episodes, forgotten as soon as ended."

"I suppose you know that food and rest can't put flesh on your bones half

as quickly as worry will take it off? Nerves! That's the excuse nowadays for bad temper and lots of things. You'll fidget yourself into fiddlestrings, Archibald, at this rate. If you have anything on your mind, for goodness' sake get it off, and have done with it."

Lady Selina's advice chimed in with the resolve he had been fighting ever since he had entered London, a decision complicated with a surprising revelation of the unsuspected in himself. Why should everything seem utterly flat and irksome because a very ordinary little girl was no longer a factor in the day's routine? No, not an ordinary girl; the very salt of the earth—and indispensable salt to the tasteless monotony of life.

The next steps were a little awkward, in view of Mr. Kip's furious Americanism. The young lady's temper also complicated the affair.

Naturally the Kips had drifted into one of the big modern hotels where the head porter instantly recognized the visitor. It was impossible to masquerade as Mr. Smith, except under cover. He wrote a note and sent it up instead of a card.

Margaret came from the window to meet him, and he suddenly realized how keenly he wanted her smiling welcome, and how much he dreaded saying what had to be said, even at the risk of clouding the smiles. Then he was aware that he had been an indefinite time shaking hands and staring at her. No longer in the plain coat and skirt of her travelling dress, she looked more of a woman and less a comrade. In place of stiff collar and tie, there were chiffon and ribbons and a rose. He dropped her hand.

"Come to the window, won't you?" she said. "I have the passing show at my feet—and it's truly fascinating."

"One minute, if you'll give it me first."

Margaret turned towards him again, surprised. His voice sounded queer and stern. He looked hard.

"Why, certainly. But really, I don't think London suits you. You looked ever so much better last week."

"It's an evil conscience, then. I have to make a confession; and you will probably—you have the right to be offended."

"Yes?" Miss Kip's eyes were down; the lids fluttered faintly. She was such a little thing that until she looked up only the top of her bent head came within his line of vision.

"It sounds awfully stagy and all that sort of thing, you know, but I had no right to—yes, I had, though. My name is Smith; that is, one of them is."

Miss Kip looked up with an odd expression. "How funny you are! One of your names! It sounds like a police-court report; some delectable person with a string of aliases. It must be rather confusing to your friends."

"It's not a joke. My name is John Archibald Smith Stewart."

"Is that all?"

He took the ingenuous tone literally. "No. It's not—quite."

"I thought not. Why, I own to three names myself: Margaret Reynolds Kip. Go on; I'm waiting for the rest."

"You know, I feel like a cad."

Her level voice, faintly suggestive of a distant interest in the matter, was palpably the first symptom of wrath to come. "I don't think I know what a cad is."

"John Archibald Smith Stewart." He lingered over the repetition, and then hurried out the rest. "And there's a title—Carstairs of Carmody."

"After the remarks you've made about effete titles, I don't wonder you're ashamed," she remarked coldly.

"I'm ashamed because I didn't explain before. To strangers a fellow can call himself what he likes; it's not their business. But the personal ele-

ment makes lots of difference; and—will you forgive me?"

Miss Kip threw up her head and looked him full in the eyes. Hers were bright with anger or excitement; her usually pale cheeks were suddenly flushed.

"I understand perfectly. Of course if the title were not suppressed all the mercenary American girls would be fighting for the honor of marrying into the peerage. I'm not an aristocrat. I wasn't brought up to the theory of the incognito. We're plain people, not educated up to the difference between giving a false name and any other kind of lying. And though you mightn't think it, we have a stupid pride that feels above such subterfuges. It would have been simpler to admit your identity and put a footnote, 'Trespassers beware,' or something else curt and expressive."

"Really, I—"

Miss Kip's impetuosity passed this feeble protest. "It's such a one-sided safeguard, too. My father—and other fathers—have their little prejudices. They've a right to know—haven't they—when one of their natural enemies comes on the scene with an encumbered estate in need of an American fortune and a wife thrown in. It's rather rough on them, isn't it?"

"Might be, if I were one of that sort. I'm not bankrupt, as it happens."

"Neither in want of a fortune, nor a wife? So, to insure not being made an unwilling captive to hateful American beauty—you can't deny some of the girls were charming—you manage to avoid them all, except one, who isn't grown-up enough anyway for the dignity your lordship has to bestow! Of course, no girl would decline the honor—only be too humbly grateful. That's the English of it."

Her scorn flashed on him. She was in such a flame of indignation that the unhappy owner of a title had not a word to say; and as he was of the temper that turns cold and still

with anger, he looked neither impressive nor formidable, in spite of the initial advantage of nearly twelve inches extra height. But now she paused breathless.

"I'm not going to deny my share of national failings. At the same time"—the words came with the forced deliberation of a strong effort for self-control—"it argues an unconscionable amount of conceit on my part to assume what you chose to think. Young ladies don't usually fall victim to the conquering arts of a battered cripple. I can only express my regret, and beg to assure you that, having said what I came to say"—he hesitated, conscious of a wide discrepancy between intention and speech—"I shall not trespass on your kindness again."

"Naturally. Mr. Smith having ceased to exist, it would be unfair to burden his successor with the weight of unearned social responsibilities."

"I am sorry." He held out his hand. "At least you will allow me to thank you for making the journey a very pleasant one," and dropping the fingers he had barely touched, he turned to go.

"Wait, please." It was the imperative mood. "Confessions seem to be in order. I have one to make. It won't detain you long."

He waited, quite incapable of either understanding or reflecting a change as sudden as this. She looked at him with a charming air of mock penitence and without a trace of the rapidly dissipated anger.

"It's really too funny for anything. Did you think I was tremendously surprised just now?"

"I suppose so. You appeared annoyed."

"Annoyed! That's a nice, polite way of putting it. Perhaps I was; but that had nothing to do with the surprise. That never existed. Your false pretences were too transparent. I knew long ago you were not Mr. Smith; and I guessed your right name. Now we're quits, in one sense,

though I don't admit you the privilege of scolding me, since I only ignored a truth you wished to remain unannounced."

He had been angry before; but anger is not incompatible with a keen degree of liking for the exciting cause of the passion. In fact, until this moment indignation and the sense of being misunderstood had been unpleasant but stimulating aids to the conviction that quarrelling with Margaret Kip was better worth while than harmony with the rest of the world. But now the bitterness of disappointment seized him. To fall into the trap he had taken such pains to avoid was disgusting; but it was nothing beside the sickening sense of having been played with deliberately. The frank camaraderie that had seemed so spontaneous and had been so—as well admit it, since it was over—so sweet, had been nothing but a sham. He felt tricked. After all, it was the personage and not the man she had made herself delightful to. He stood silent in the grip of this cold doubt.

"Apparently you are surprised beyond speech," she said, when the pause had become irksome.

"It was that—" the hiatus was expressive—"that idiot Farquharson. He'll—"

"Indeed, it was not. You needn't work off your temper on the poor, innocent old thing."

"Then, how?" He spoke with exaggerated precision.

"You did not offer a card in return for papa's. That was nothing. But then, when I tell a lie I don't look it. You did when you said Smith, and you stumbled over a quite unnecessary Perthshire. Papa hadn't asked you where you lived. If you could have seen the conscious guilt! I really think you must be pretty honest, sometimes."

"Thank you. I should not have formed any opinion on such imaginary bits of evidence."

"Of course not. Men never use their eyes except to see what they want to see. Besides, you gave it away a dozen times; and to make assurance doubly sure, you explained elaborately that your man had lived with a certain Lord Carstairs; and after speaking of some incident of a long past ocean trip you called to him for a forgotten date. How could I help making four out of two twos? Besides, he had the inimitable air of long service. Oh, you betrayed yourself consistently! It was really quite amusing," she added, pensively. "Of course, it was only an idea at first."

"And you cultivated me by way of an exercise for your detective faculties?"

"And for what else should I?" Pride gave her small figure dramatic force. "An English girl might cultivate a person, as you call it, because he looked ill and solitary and seemed to want somebody to be good to him; but you couldn't expect that of the designing young person from the other side of the Atlantic."

"If only for my vanity's sake, won't you let me keep up the fiction that it was honest kindness at first?"

"Just now it was the detective fever."

"That was sheer bad temper."

"You'd better mend your temper."

"I can't. It goes with the hair, you know."

"That is so,—a sort of danger signal to warn the unwary." As she spoke, she looked up at the feature under discussion, and their eyes met. Hers were transparently honest; the muddle of complex motives in his glance was less easy of interpretation.

"You told your father I was an impostor, no doubt?" She shook her head. "Why not?"

"How should I know? I choose or I don't choose to do things. Perhaps it would have been better. It would have saved no end of words. Oh dear! Hasn't my father his opinions, which include a Jacobin

hatred of your class? We are not at home to the aristocracy."

"Does that mean I am denied the entree?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "Have you the gift of second sight? I have not. If you call again, you'll find out. This is a new departure. Whether such a very stormy interview is worth repetition is a matter for calm consideration. Does the atmosphere of London nourish a quarrelsome disposition, I wonder?"

"You won't bear malice?"

Lord Carstairs of Carmody was left in doubt on that point. Miss Lulu Taylor, her mother and a couple of men came in, and in the bustle of their entrance he escaped unnoticed.

"Suppose it does count!" he said to himself. "A girl ought to have a title or any other flummery that pleases womankind thrown in to induce her to put up with an ugly devil like me, with a raw temper."

This was some days later, when the dead level of household subserviency had revived the appetite for a little healthy opposition. Lady Selina was unable to provide it for the moment, being voiceless with a cold caught in the wind swept area of St. Paul's Churchyard. During the process of making up his mind he had not failed to offer certain courtesies that might be reasonably expected to soften Mr. Kip's prejudices. Whether that gentleman's Americanism fully appreciated the weight of the influences that had procured for his family jubilee privileges not usually bestowed on casual tourists was not evident as yet. The Earl of Carstairs had a definite function to perform in the ceremonies. Miss Kip saw him as part of the show at an impersonal distance and in the disguise of a court uniform.

Two weeks later, Lady Selina, escaped from the combined tyranny of a nurse and inflammatory rheumatism, disappointed a very dear friend who was curious to see how she would take the news that her nephew

was on the brink of matrimony. Before the day was over she was well posted on all the known facts and much spiteful fiction regarding the young lady, and went home to dinner with a full belief in the gravity of the situation.

She fixed on Mr. Kip as the vulnerable point in the combination. His dread of the conventional international marriage had been fluently reported and might be worked upon. It was worth trying. Her note asking for a personal and private interview astonished Mr. Kip. For once he kept a secret from Margaret, who was going to a concert that afternoon. He decided to see her safely to St. James's Hall and return alone to encounter Lady Selina Stewart.

"I hope you don't object to plain speech, Mr. Kip," she began, after the briefest of greetings.

Mr. Kip, who was a small man, felt physically overpowered by the rustling amplitude of the purple brocade in which Lady Selina's solid frame was encased. She was large boned, strong of feature and voice, and impressively florid, with that effect of wearing handsome clothes as a species of uniform for reasons quite apart from intrinsic beauty which always strike an American as odd.

"I hope I appreciate the confidence that does away with useless ceremony, madam."

"Quite so, Mr. Kip. Therefore I will not waste time on preliminaries. You are aware, possibly, that my nephew, Lord Carstairs, has been very attentive to your daughter?" Mr. Kip bowed. "A very charming young lady, I am told." Mr. Kip bowed again. "She is very young, I believe?"

"She seems so to me." Mr. Kip's accent was doubtful.

"My dear sir, they always do to us old folks. Not seventeen, if I might guess? Now, between ourselves, at that age a girl doesn't know her own mind."

Mr. Kip smiled. "Mine did when she was seven."

"Oh, yes,—they think they do. For the matter of that, my nephew doesn't know his, though he's old enough."

"Did he authorize you to make that statement, Lady Selina?" Mr. Kip's tone showed some hint of offence.

"Now, my dear sir, is it likely? But I fancy you and I can pull together in this affair. I understand you would infinitely prefer an American son-in-law. You see I am quite candid. We have as strong a bias in favor of an English girl for the head of the house."

"I should never force my daughter's inclinations."

"Certainly not. On my part, I'll frankly admit that my nephew is his own master. I couldn't force his hand. But—of course I am assuming that you and your daughter are not of the class that is set to buy a great name at any price."

"For that matter I have no great price to offer." Mr. Kip's sarcastic emphasis went unnoticed.

"Just so. The question of money is not the point. A long minority and careful management are better fortune breeders than marriage with a millionaire's daughter. I am speaking more for your charming daughter's sake than for my nephew's. I shouldn't want my girl, if I had one, —thank Providence, I'm an old maid, —to get interested in a man who may never be strong again, and who's a dozen years too old, and who—"

"I shouldn't fall in love with him, myself." Mr. Kip lingered over the phrase with dry humor. "And I shouldn't judge Margaret is likely to. But I don't belong to the uncertain sex,—and we prefer to let our young people make up their own minds."

"Most right and proper. At the same time a girl should have a chance to make up her mind away from disturbing influences, and to test the honesty of the man's intentions. My nephew is neither better

nor worse than other people; but he's a man's man, just as likely as not to forget a fancy in a week or two of absence."

Mr. Kip smiled doubtfully. "To tell the truth, your nephew had not impressed me as dangerous to Margaret's peace of mind. But my plans and your wishes go in harness easily, I guess. We leave London in two days and our movements are uncertain. I am not obliged to send our proposed way-book for Lord Carrastair's edification."

Lady Selina gave a shrug of deprecating protest.

"If you did! He never writes letters, and he has affairs here to look to. Arrears collect during a longish absence. Really, Mr. Kip," continued Lady Selina, dropping suddenly back to the society tone, "it's quite delightful to have to deal with a sensible, fair minded man like yourself. I'm only sorry your stay in London is so nearly at an end. Perhaps at some future time—"

Lady Selina's views as to the future remained unformulated. She looked up as the door opened. Beyond Miss Kip's slender little figure was a stiffer, more familiar form.

Lady Selina was no fool. She un-

derstood at one glance. There was but one way of interpreting the half-ashamed consciousness of her nephew's expression and the hint of nervous triumph in the girl's bright eyes and unsteady color. Unlike the traditional Scotchman, Lady Selina knew when she was beaten, and knew also how to make a virtue of necessity.

"Ah, there is your daughter," she said, rising. "So glad to make your acquaintance, Miss Kip! Dreadfully sorry I am obliged to run away directly; but another time I shall hope— Good afternoon, Mr. Kip. Dear me! To think how busy we two foolish old folks have been locking doors, and not a hoof left in the stable!"

She shot a glance of shrewd inquiry at her nephew. He met it impassively. Mr. Kip, who had not a keen eye for symptoms, looked vaguely puzzled. Margaret laughed. Her heightened color answered the implied question.

"May I trouble you to see if my carriage is there, Archibald," commanded Lady Selina; and with an imposing sweep of skirts and a sagacious assumption of entire understanding, she retired in good order.



## TO A HUMMING-BIRD.

*By Emma C. Dowd.*

THOU little jewelled lover of the rose,  
With motion's secret hidden in thy wing,  
Upon whose breast the heart of beauty glows,—  
Tell me, dost ever grieve when thrushes sing?

## A CASE OF DEFLECTED ENERGY.

*By Margaret Cameron Smith.*

WHEN Katharine Crawford married Douglas Moore their little world drew a long breath and leaning back in its easy chair said contentedly, "Now at last Katharine's struggles are over and she can be happy."

Quite apart from his very sincere love for her, Douglas felt a sturdy masculine pride in his ability to lift this brilliant and talented woman out of her sordid environment and take from her the necessity of earning her daily bread by the labor of her hands, and most of all in his ability to give her what he conceived to be the only inseparable and essential attribute of any woman's happiness, a husband and a home. To Katharine, aside from the supreme consideration that Douglas needed her and that, loving him, she must minister to that need, the most potent thought in connection with her marriage was of her enlarged social opportunities and of her ability to live at last the normal, even life that other women seemed to live. For so many years she had been at the mercy of the elements, one moment revelling in warm sunshine, regardless of the rough path beneath her feet, and the next, storm-beaten and buffeted, fighting for very life in tumult and darkness, that the flowery fields before her seemed a bit of paradise and she was radiant with happy anticipation.

And so they were married. For several months Katharine gave herself over to enjoyment of the flesh-pots; her life was a round of visits, dinners, teas, luncheons, clubs and card parties. Then, in the midst of the feast, she began to detect the flavor of ashes, and she turned to Douglas for an explanation. He, secure in the consciousness that she

now possessed what must fulfil every deep desire of a woman's nature, namely, a home and a husband, told her that probably she had overtaxed her strength and needed rest. But Katharine knew better; she knew that she had not used her strength. So leaving society in the midst of her little triumphs, she turned to philanthropy. She became a director of the Working Woman's Educational League, a patroness of the Woman's Exchange and secretary of the Boys' Club Association. She gave dinners to shop girls and maintained a bed in the Children's Hospital. But soon she learned that she was but a novice in philanthropy, and she saw, with a burning sense of humiliation, that older and wiser women were doing for her the work that she did not know how to do. Therefore she resigned, one by one, the offices that her social position had won for her, making place for wiser heads and steadier hands than hers, although she retained her interest and her membership in all of the organizations that seemed to her to be actively helpful.

Then she sought restlessly for some absorbing occupation; and one day Douglas found her working at the last of a set of drawings for a leading magazine. He questioned her sharply, and she explained that a story by a famous author had been sent to her, with a request that she would make the illustrations for it, as before her marriage she had illustrated other stories by the same writer. In answer to her husband's protests she pleaded her love for the work and the many years that she had spent in acquiring her skill. Douglas replied with stiff pride that he was amply able as yet to provide

for his wife, and that he could not permit her to accept money for the product of her brush and pencil. She begged to be allowed to devote the money to charitable purposes, and he offered to increase her allowance if it was insufficient for her requirements. The following day she found a check for a large amount lying on her writing table. She put the check into the fire, and returned the story to the publisher with the curt message that Mrs. Douglas Moore had reconsidered her decision and would do no more illustrating.

A teacher of French, who came to her with excellent letters of recommendation, attracted her attention, and she organized a French class, and took up in the same connection the study of French history and of French literature, which she read diligently. But she had been for too many years a producer, a creator, to find permanent pleasure in dilettantism; and merely to acquire information for no definite purpose, with no tangible result, seemed to her an idle and empty pursuit.

About this time there came to her notice a family of children whose parents had recently died, leaving them homeless and unprovided for; and, with Douglas's consent, she adopted the youngest, a pale, fragile baby girl. Now for a time she found occupation for both heart and hands; but when, after a few months, little Edith died, the bitterest tears that Katharine shed came from the consciousness that her grief held none of the divine despair of bereft mother love. In time she grew morbidly certain that Edith's death was due to this lack of all conquering, all sustaining love about her.

After this she became rather taciturn. Douglas, too, had grown silent and preoccupied. They withdrew more and more from social life, accepted few invitations, and seldom had guests. He no longer asked her to go with him to the opera or the play, and in the evening, when he had

read his newspapers, he sat staring moodily into the flickering wood fire, or fell asleep. She conceived the idea that he was troubled about business affairs, and one night, in a rare burst of confidence, she told him of her great desire to help him, suggesting wistfully that a woman's wit might be of some avail in solving his problems. He stared at her a moment, and then, rising, said harshly:

"Don't be silly, Kate. Why should I be troubled? And if I were, what do you know about business?" Seeing a flush of mortification sweep over her face, he added, more kindly: "Never mind, Katrine. You are the arc light of this combination, and I am the generator. You keep on shining; that's your business."

She stifled an impatient sigh and went to the piano to sing his favorite songs. When she had finished she turned to him with a smile and found that he had fallen asleep in his chair. She rose, with a little gesture of despair, and stood looking down at him. Her husband—the man who held her life and her destiny in his hands! No, no, not that! She would not shirk responsibility, and she had been taught that every human being shaped his own destiny. But had she not shaped hers finally when she married Douglas? To what had her life amounted since that time? Nominally she kept his house; but she knew that Rosa, the housekeeper, could do that equally well without her. She sat opposite him at breakfast and at dinner; but of late their conversation had consisted chiefly of desultory comment on the contents of the newspapers and equally impersonal topics. "Streetcar conversation" she called it scornfully in her thoughts, and she reflected that probably he would find more congenial companionship at any club where he might dine. She recalled one by one her efforts since her marriage to find occupation that would satisfy her, and remembered with great longing the content of

utter exhaustion that she had felt in the old days, when her work was done. Oh, for another battle with life! Oh, for the fierce joy of struggling, of vanquishing, of achieving, again,—of shaking off this weariness of spirit and feeling again the sense of power that had once been hers! The memory of the doubt and darkness and despair that had sometimes assailed her was drowned in the surging consciousness that if she had not married she might still be working, creating, living! And now, the dreary months gone by were but the beginning of the dreary years to come. She had no goal, nothing to anticipate, nothing to hope for, except—yes, some day she would die. In the mean time her husband told her that her duty was to keep on shining in idleness while he worked!

Her glance fell again upon Douglas, her lips tightened, and her face hardened slowly into an expression of positive dislike. How soundly he slept! Suppose—suppose that he should never waken! For a moment she stared at him, fascinated, and then, throwing out her hands in a blind gesture of horror, she struck the back of his chair sharply. He awoke with a start and, springing to his feet, exclaimed: "What is it, Kate? Has Johnson come?"

"Johnson?—No—why—it's nothing except—it's eleven o'clock," she stammered in confusion. Douglas, seeming equally embarrassed, muttered something about expecting an important telegram, and turned out the lights quickly.

All night Katharine lay with aching eyes wide stretched, contemplating herself as she had seen herself in that swift moment before Douglas awoke. Was she a woman, she wondered, that she could think such thoughts and live!—and of Douglas, whom she had loved! Ah, yes—she had loved him, and she might have loved him still, had he but understood. Then she castigated herself with bitter scorn for posing, even to

herself, as that most pitiful of creatures, the self-commiserating woman misunderstood. How she had always despised such posing! All night she lay writhing under the lash of self-contempt, or shuddering at the memory of that awful moment when she had wished passionately that Douglas might sleep on forever. And yet all night, an undercurrent through her self-accusation, ran the thought, "If he had but understood!" She wished that she had formed the habit of prayer, that God had been more to her than "an abstraction that they address as Father." She yearned for a strength outside of herself that should lift from her soul this crushing weight.

It was daylight before she could concentrate her thoughts on the future and on the destiny that she had shaped for herself. She decided that her one chance for gaining the strength that she must have in order to carry on her life lay in finding work to do; and she went over, one by one, the resources at her command, only to reject them all. Not one seemed to her vital, and she scorned herself afresh that she could not work for work's sake alone, but must feel the spur of material necessity. She told herself that her spiritual need was great; that her peace of mind, even her sanity, depended upon her absorption in some exacting occupation, and the devil of doubt within her queried: "To what end? What will it serve? Who needs you, when all is said?" She thought of immersing herself in charitable work; but the memory of that early experience restrained her. She needed to do something that she knew she could do; she needed to regain her lost poise, her lost self-respect. So, once more, she went over her resources, only to find that of all the accomplishments that she had acquired, of all the knowledge that she had gained, there was but one thing that she really knew, that had entered into her and become a part of her; all the rest

were veneers. And that one thing Douglas had forbidden her to do. She thought of continuing it without his knowledge, but rejected the thought instantly. Whatever she did must be done openly and without concealment. Her heart contracted with a spasm of pain as she realized sharply that her life could never again be entirely without concealment; that her heart could never again open completely to any human being,—least of all, to her husband. The future stretched before her, a dreary, difficult path; and then, suddenly, in a flash, she saw the way out, the open gate, leading away from her present life and back to the struggles which she had known of old and for which alone, she told herself, she was fitted. She even laughed a little to think that this course had not occurred to her before, it seemed so simple and so obvious now.

She and Douglas had often discussed the question of divorce in the early days of their marriage, when life had seemed all "cakes and ale;" and they had agreed that nothing could so cripple and demoralize a human being as to continue in the marriage tie after it had become distasteful. She remembered that Douglas had been very positive in his assertion that the highest morality protested against such profanation of the most sacred relation known to human experience, and that he should deem himself unworthy of the regard of any woman if he should hold one woman to the letter of her marriage vows when they had ceased to hold her in spirit. And now the time had come! It did not matter, she told herself. She had failed in everything that she had attempted; she had failed as a philanthropist, she had failed as a foster-mother, she had failed as a wife. But fortunately it did not matter. Douglas no longer needed her, Edith was dead, and the charitable organizations had forgotten her very existence except when her monthly check reached them. She would ask

Douglas to continue that arrangement; and for the rest, there was no person, nor any aggregation of persons, to whom she was of the least use in her present position. Yes, she had found the way—the only way.

She made all her preparations calmly, paid the few bills that she owed, wrote a note to Douglas explaining that, being no longer his wife in spirit, she must in justice to herself and to him go forth to work out her own salvation, and offering to see him and make any further explanation that he might desire. This note she would leave on his dressing-stand. She wrote several letters to publishers, asking for illustrating to do, and gave as her address the name of an apartment house for working women where she intended to take rooms.

She had decided that it could be of little use to postpone her departure, and that her best course was to go at once, when a maid tapped at her door and said that Mr. Moore had come home and seemed to be in pain. Katharine went to him immediately, and when the doctor had come and gone, and Douglas had taken his pellets and fallen asleep, it was too late for her to go, even had she been willing to leave him suffering—though it could make little difference, she said to herself, for his headache would be gone in the morning, and the shock must come sooner or later.

But having postponed it once, she felt a strange hesitation about taking the decisive step, and lingered from day to day, doing little useless things for Douglas, arranging a thousand trifling details that she knew he would never notice, and becoming daily more convinced that she must leave him. One day she made a sudden resolve. "To-morrow," she said aloud, "to-morrow I will go." She mailed her letters to the publishers, and read over once more the note that she had written to Douglas. It seemed unnecessarily cold and blunt. She tore it into fragments and decided to write one less badly indifferent, but found

some difficulty in composing it. Eventually she decided that to run away, leaving only a note behind, would be a cowardly procedure at best, and that she owed her husband at least the courtesy of an explanation of her position and an outline of her plans before her departure. To-night, then, she would tell him.

She drew a long breath as she realized that in twenty-four hours it would all be over and that she would have gone out into the world again, to fight her own fights and to reap her own rewards, and as she thought of them, she knew that every battle would be with despair and that every garland of victory would shrivel at her touch. The old song came back to her, and unconsciously she timed her movements to its rhythm:

"Could ye come back to me, Douglas,  
Douglas,  
In the old likeness that I knew,  
I would be so tender, so loving,  
Douglas —"

"How absurd!" she exclaimed. But still the melody haunted her, and as she went about doing the last trifling housewifely duties that she would ever do in that house, those first lines repeated themselves over and over in her mind until she grew almost hysterical. "What will it profit me to leave Douglas," she asked herself, with whimsical irritability, "if I must take with me that terrible song?"

She heard a carriage driven rapidly up the street. It stopped suddenly, the doorbell rang violently, and a moment later Johnson, Douglas's confidential clerk, was saying to her: "Have you seen Mr. Moore? We can't find him."

"Why, no," she said, in surprise. "It's very early. He's rarely home before six o'clock."

"And you are positive that he hasn't come in?" persisted Johnson anxiously.

"I haven't seen him. Is it anything important?"

Johnson looked at her in amaze-

ment, and asked, "Hasn't he told you?"

"He has told me of nothing unusual."

Johnson's face grew graver still, and he hesitated.

"Mr. Johnson, tell me about this matter," she said firmly. "I insist upon knowing."

"Things have been going badly with us for months," the clerk explained rapidly. "There has been a panic threatening the Street for several days. Yesterday there were a number of important failures that affected us seriously, and to-day Blum and Company went under, which completed the wreck. Mr. Moore left the office two hours ago and has not returned, nor can we find him down town. He was badly shaken, and we fear—"

He stopped, with a quick glance at her. She met it with startled alertness, and with one accord they turned to the closed door of the library. Katharine reached it first, and found it locked. She looked at Johnson.

"You try!" she said. He knocked upon the door, and they waited in silence. "Again!" she said.

He knocked more firmly, calling: "Mr. Moore, it is I, Johnson."

There was no response. Katharine stepped forward again. "Douglas," she called, "Mr. Johnson wants to see you. Open the door." No answer. She beat upon the panels with her fists, crying, "Douglas! Douglas! Let me in, dear!"

There was a movement within the library, and a moment later the lock clicked, the door opened, and her husband stood upon the threshold. His face was gray and marked by deep lines. Dark shadows lay under his sunken eyes. Katharine recoiled with a little gasp. He stared at her stupidly.

"Mr. Moore," began Johnson, "I have come to tell you—"

"Yes, I know, Ned. Never mind. I have failed. We are ruined."

His head sank and he turned wear-

ily back into the library. The others followed him, and Katharine caught her breath sharply as he dropped heavily into his swivel-chair and let his head fall forward upon his breast. She glanced at Johnson, who bowed and withdrew, closing the door gently after him. Slowly Katharine crossed the room, step by step, until she stood beside her husband, as once before she had stood, looking down at him. But now her eyes were very tender and her lips trembled slightly.

"Douglas," she said softly, "will you tell me about it, dear?" He looked at her dully. She dropped upon her knees beside him and laid her face against his hand. "Don't shut me out of your trouble, dear," she begged. "Let me feel that I am near you and that you have need of me. I am your wife, Douglas, and—I love you! Tell me about it."

"There is nothing to tell," he said; but he laid his other hand upon her

hair. "Nothing to tell except that I —have failed." She smiled at him. "Failed, do you understand, Katharine? We are ruined. I am a beggar, and worse?"

"How worse?" she asked, still smiling strangely.

"I owe many thousands of dollars, which it will take me years to repay."

"But you will do it!" She raised her head quickly.

"If I live," he answered quietly.

She rose to her feet with kindling eyes. "But Katharine," he exclaimed, "you seem not to understand. We are paupers! We must give up everything; our home, our servants, our horses, all the things that are dear to you, and we must begin again at the bottom, with nothing but our four hands and—each other."

Katharine laid her arms around his neck and her lips upon his hair, so plentifully sprinkled with gray. "Thank God!" she said.

## A LYRIC.

*By Frank H. Sweet.*

**H**OW fair it is, the world around,  
The changing life, each day's surprise,  
To see the stars, the land, the sea,—  
To look into her eyes!

To hear the ecstasy of morn,  
The birds in field and wood rejoice,  
The madrigals of wind and trees,—  
To listen to her voice!

To feel the warm, firm, throbbing life,  
The friendly hands our fingers press,  
The strong, true work in which we share,—  
To feel her soft caress!

How fair it is, the world around,  
How wonderful and sweet the part  
That knows its ecstasy and work,—  
That knows her loving heart!

## NEW ENGLAND WEATHER.

*By Edwin Tenney Brewster.*

M ARK TWAIN once told a story about an eminent meteorologist who owned a valuable collection of weather. For the sake of making the collection absolutely complete, the owner purposed to travel over the whole world, and gather specimens from every clime. "Don't do it," said the humorist. "You come to New England on a favorable spring day." The advice proved to be sound. The expert came, completed his collection in four days, and included in it hundreds of kinds of weather that he had never heard of before.

True or not, this story is so inherently reasonable that no New Englander will ever doubt it on internal evidence. For New England, midway between the arctic regions and the tropics, has something of the climate of both: the ice and snow of the one, the hurricanes and thunderstorms of the other. It is, moreover, situated on the border of a great continent, and, in consequence, receives in turn the winds of an ocean island, or those of an inland desert. Nevertheless the "one hundred and thirty-six different kinds of weather inside of twenty-four hours" with which New England has been credited are due less to these circumstances than to the large number of cyclonic storms which visit the region. For the passage of each of these storms means at least two complete reversals of weather conditions; and there are often half a dozen such disturbances in a single month. To these larger storms, then, we must turn for an understanding of everyday changes in New England weather.

The common cyclone of temperate latitudes is essentially an up-draught eddy in the stream of one of the great permanent winds of the earth. Such a whirl, five hundred to one thousand miles in diameter, is swept along, ten to forty miles an hour, by the general eastward movement of the great circumpolar wind. The centre of this eddy is an area of low barometric pressure and of ascending air currents, where the air is cooling as it rises and in consequence forming cloud, rain or snow. The air, after it rises at the storm centre, flows out horizontally in all directions and its place is supplied by an inflow from all sides along the ground. Next the earth, then, the wind blows everywhere toward the storm centre, not, however, directly, but always in the northern hemisphere, with a counter clockwise whirl. Hence the name cyclone, properly limited to storms of this type, but often erroneously given to the tornado.

Two distinct sets of these cyclones affect New England, the one our or-



A Cyclone with its centre in Southern Michigan.

dinary winter storms, the other the violent "coast storms" of autumn and late summer. The first of these may originate in the Rocky Mountains or somewhere in the southwestern part of the United States. They may, on the other hand, start in the northern Pacific or even in Asia and reach North America with their centres about on the boundary between the United States and British America. In any case, they travel east or northeast to the region of the Great Lakes. From there they are likely to continue along the St. Lawrence valley and across Newfoundland. They may die out in the Atlantic or continue through Europe and Asia until they have nearly completed the circuit of the earth.

It must be remembered, however, that no two storms ever follow precisely the same track, nor does any single cyclone maintain for long a uniform speed. "The wind bloweth where it listeth," and the storm lags or hastens, swings north or south, stops or even turns back on its course, as though it had a will of its own. Almost always, nevertheless, these storms pass to the north of New England, so that it gets the south side only.

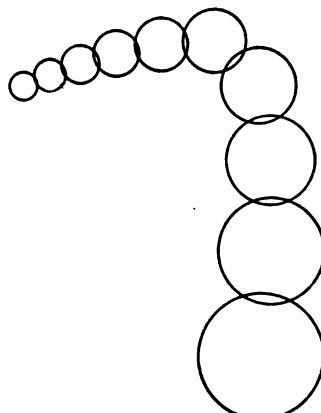
These winter storms recur with a curious regularity, as a usual thing six or eight days apart. Few New Englanders have failed to notice how often it rains on the same day for weeks at a time. Indeed, we have a weather proverb that if it rains on the first Sunday of the month it will rain every Sunday in the month. Doubtless, too, the belief that the changes of the moon affect the weather is connected with the weekly advent of these storms. The moon changes its quarter each week. The storms come each week and last two, three or four days. Every change in the weather, then, is bound to occur within a day or two of some change of the moon. "*Post hoc, ergo propter hoc;*" the moon controls the weather—a conclusion rather inevitable in the absence of ob-

servations from other parts of the country.

Cyclones of this first type, though most common in winter, occur at all seasons of the year, while those of the second type are practically confined to the late summer and autumn. To this class belong our "line storms," our September gales, and indeed much of our bad weather between the beginning of August and the end of October. These storms are really overgrown tropical hurricanes which have wandered north.

The hurricanes of the West Indies are, like other tropical hurricanes, comparatively small storms, one hundred to two hundred miles in diameter. They move forward slowly, and may even stand still for a day at a time; but they rotate with extraordinary speed. In consequence, the wind, blowing in spirally toward the centre, as in all cyclones, may have a velocity of one hundred miles an hour. At the same time the barometer at the storm centre may stand two inches lower than at the margin, fifty miles away. Thus the hurricane is a small, but intensely violent tropical cyclone, an up-draft eddy in the trade wind, as the cyclone of temperate latitudes is an eddy of the circumpolar west wind.

Certain of these tropical hurricanes, starting in the Caribbean Sea, are car-



A West India Hurricane growing as it advances into a Cyclone.

ried northwest by the combined influence of the trade winds and the northward moving currents of the upper air, until they come into the region of the circumpolar drift. This in its turn carries them off to the northeast, so that the hurricanes, according as they have been for a longer or shorter time under the influence of the trade winds, may pass up the Atlantic coast or devastate the shore of the Gulf of Mexico—as lately at Galveston. In either case, as the hurricane works north, it increases in size and diminishes in violence, so that by the time it begins to affect New England, it has sobered down to a rather severe cyclonic storm. Such cyclones are less frequent and less regular in their occurrence than the transcontinental storm. But a more important distinction between them is that the coast storms usually have their centres out at sea, so that New England gets their northwest side.

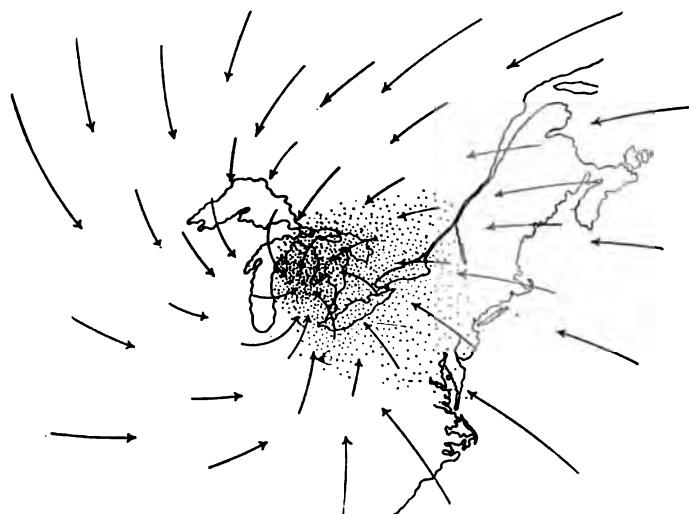
For an observer, located at any part of New England, the advent and passage of a cyclone of either type is marked by a pretty regular sequence of weather changes. In continued fair weather the wind blows from the west. This is, of course, the regular planetary wind of the temperate zone, unaffected by the presence of any storm, but often accompanied by a settling down of cold air from the higher layers of the atmosphere.

The first heralds of an approaching cyclone are thin wisps of cirrus cloud. These "mare's tails," as they are called by the weather wise, are made up of ice needles; for these are the

most elevated of clouds and keep to the region of eternal cold, six or eight miles above the earth. They are the last remnants of moisture which have escaped condensation into rain or snow near the storm centre, and are carried along by the horizontal outflow of air at the top of the storm and by the permanent west wind.

"Mackerel sky  
Twelve hours dry."

Thus says the proverb, rather paradoxically, since the mackerel sky is a modified form of the cirrus cloud, and like it, is a pretty sure sign of rain. Both sorts of clouds, however, mean that there is a storm on the way, but

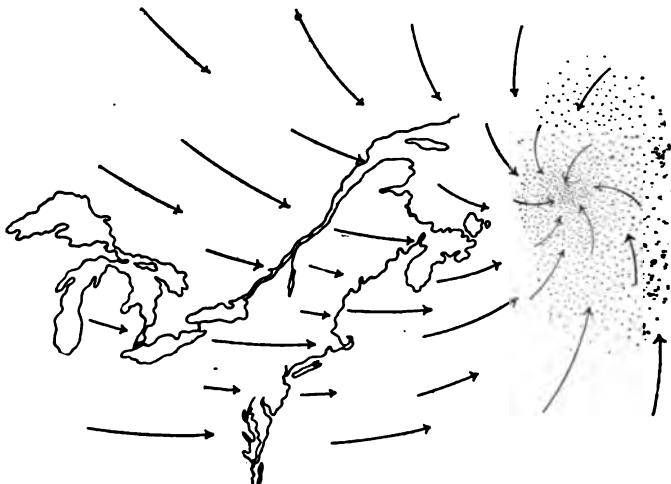


A Cyclone central over Michigan. The arrows fly with the wind.  
Rain area indicated by dots.

that for a day or two, until it comes, the weather will be fair.

After the mare's tail clouds comes the easterly wind. If the coming storm is of the ordinary winter type, the east wind will begin to make itself felt in New England about as the storm reaches the lake region. From any point in New England the storm centre is thus either directly west, or somewhat north or south of west, and the in-draft towards it appears variously as a northeast, east or southeast

wind. In any case, if the storm follows the usual track to the north of New England, the wind is likely to get into the southeast by the time the rain area arrives. This southeast wind comes from a region far to the south and blows for a long distance over the sea; it is therefore warm and moist. Thus it is never very cold during a winter snow-storm, though earlier it may have been "too cold to snow." This southeast wind brings most of the water vapor which makes the clouds and rain. But the whirl of the storm carries this moist air around to the east side, so that the greater part of the rain is always on the front side of the advancing cyclone.

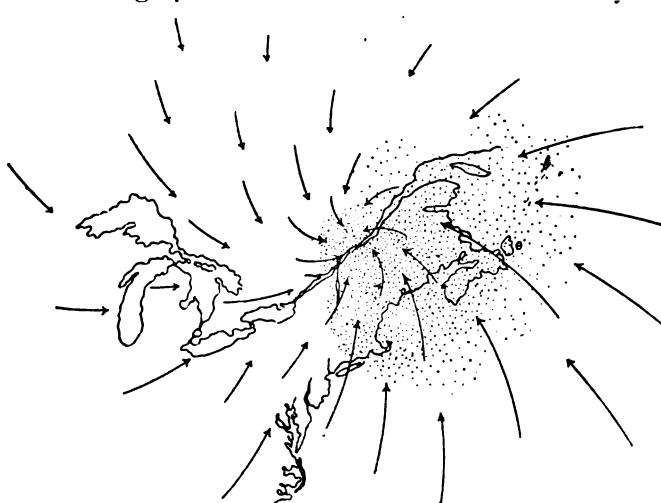


The Cyclone has passed away to the east.

conditions return. Just behind the storm centre comes the "clearing-up shower" with the wind more or less from the west, and just behind this, in turn, comes the rear border of the rain area and the fair weather of the back side of the storm.

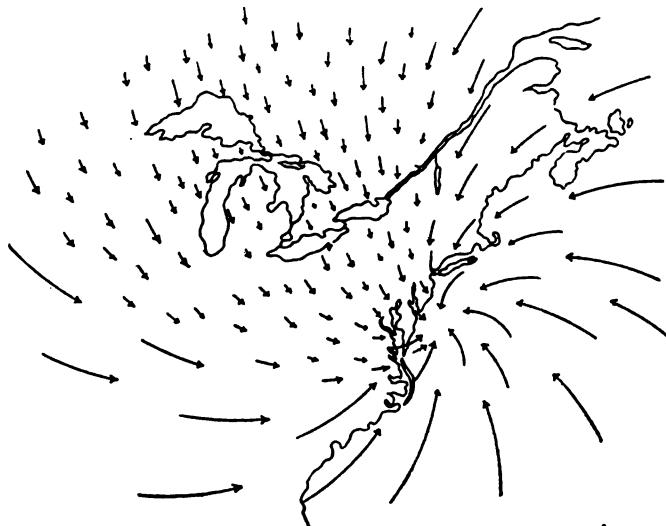
The cyclonic storms which come up the Atlantic coast from the West Indies, on the other hand, give a different succession of winds. The storm comes from the south. The rain begins, therefore, with a north or northeast wind, and the weather clears with the wind southwest as the storm passes away to the northeast. The wind, meanwhile, instead of changing from east to west through the south, "backs around" through the north. The "back-

ing" wind always means that the storm centre is passing to the south of the observer, and that, for New England, nearly always means that the storm is a West India hurricane. Thus the "Backing around" of



The Storm Centre has advanced to the St. Lawrence valley. New England is still within the rain area.

As the storm moves along its track an observer on the south side will evidently find the wind coming more and more from the south; until as the storm centre passes, it becomes southwest and then west, as fair weather



A Hurricane which has come up the coast as far as Delaware. The short arrows show the cold wave which extends south to Virginia, but has not yet reached New England.

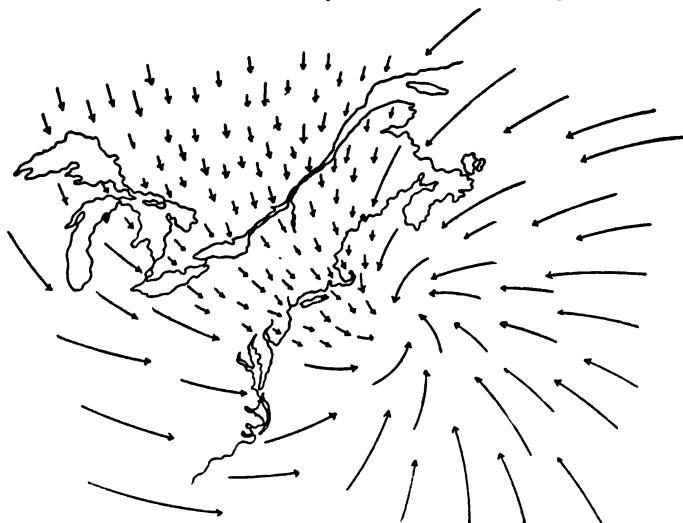
the wind is a sign that the clearing off is only temporary, for it shows that a "coast storm" has been intercalated into the series of transcontinental cyclones. The next periodic storm may thus be expected as usual one week after the last, and consequently no more than a day or two after the extra storm from the south.

After the rain comes the cold wave. Just as air from over the sea comes in at the front of the storm to make the rain there, so air from over the plains of British America flows in from the north, and is carried by the whirl of the storm around to its west side. In summer there is usually no great difference in temperature between the winds from these two sources, perhaps ten degrees or so. In winter, however, the difference may be very great; for the region southwest of

Hudson Bay has a mean January temperature below zero, and the thermometer on occasions gets fifty degrees lower. A large winter storm may thus draw air nearly one thousand miles to the south of the region from which the air takes its temperature, and so carry a cold wave over pretty much the entire northern half of the United States. Fortunately, the genuine blizzard, which is merely an extreme form of the cold wave with snow when

the thermometer is twenty degrees below zero, is a rare visitor to New England; and a moderate cold wave, such as brings freezing temperature to the orange groves of Florida, has no terrors for New England, except when the buds are first starting in the spring.

Thus it is clear that the two sides of a cyclone will often show an extraordinary difference in temperature



The Hurricane has moved farther to the northeast. The cold wave now includes New England.

and this difference will bring about correspondingly violent changes as the storm passes. In some cases the mercury has been known to drop fifty to seventy degrees in one day, and changes of above fifty degrees in a single hour have been reported.

Each storm, then, has moist, warm air on its east side, and cold, dry air on its west side; so that rain and cold wave move together across the country, two halves of a single thing.

The very considerable variety which is introduced into New England weather by the larger cyclonic storms is still farther augmented by two somewhat related "secondary storms." One of these is our common thunderstorm, the other the violent and destructive storm, which, properly named tornado, is usually called cyclone by the newspapers. These small, short-lived, local storms are very appropriately called "secondary," for though they may arise independently of any larger disturbance, they are most likely to occur on the south side of a moderate or feeble cyclone. There the air is apt to be warm, moist and nearly still; such conditions, in short, as precede the thunderstorms of New England summer afternoons.

For this reason an advancing cyclone is often accompanied by a succession of local storms, each one of which travels only a few miles, though they may succeed each other in such fashion that the series may be mistaken for a single storm.

As for thunderstorms, they belong really to the tropics, and occur in New England at times when it has become temporarily a tropical country. With their thunder, lightning and hail, they are essentially tornadoes in which the ascending air current does not rotate, while the tornado, as may very probably be guessed, is a little eddy in the general whirl of a cyclone, very much as the cyclone itself is a large eddy in the great circumpolar whirl. These little storms are only a half mile in height, and are usually no more than a few hundred yards in diameter;

they rarely last more than an hour or travel more than fifty miles, but like the hurricane, they owe their destructiveness to the speed of their rotation. Just how great this is, no one really knows. Probably it is at least one hundred miles an hour, and it has been estimated as high as a thousand. It may well be imagined that there are also other circumstances connected with the behavior of tornadoes which have not been carefully observed; for people who have found themselves "completely carried away with the country" have usually not been moved to record their experiences. Fortunately, these unwelcome visitors are as rare in New England as they are common in the central states of the Mississippi valley. Most of the so-called tornadoes and "cyclones" of New England are violent local winds of other sorts, squalls and thunderstorms, so that it is doubtful if it gets ten genuine tornadoes in a century. There was, however, one in Wallingford, Connecticut, in 1878, which killed upward of thirty persons, and another, less destructive, in Lawrence, Massachusetts, in 1890.

New England weather, then, is simple enough in theory. There is, first, the fundamental climate which changes only with the season of the year, albeit within pretty wide limits. On this foundation are superposed two sets of storms, which, for, say half the days in the year, overlay the seasonal weather with their own characteristic sequence of changes. The storm weather varies, in its turn, with the size and violence of the cyclone, the location of its track and the temperature and humidity of the regions from which come the winds which feed it. To complicate the matter still farther are various local phenomena, secondary storms, sea breezes, fogs and hot waves, due to the heating of the still air next the ground. There is, therefore, no single factor in the "sumptuous variety" of New England weather, which, taken by itself, is not simple and comprehensible enough. But the combination!



## "UP FROM SLAVERY."

(The Life of Booker T. Washington.)

*By Charles H. Crandall.*

WE see a man who wakes in some deep well.  
Dark, damp, and close, the narrow cell appalls ;  
The dull earth brings no answer to his calls ;  
Nor comes remembrance how or when he fell.  
Yet in his breast Hope strikes her sudden bell !  
Feet, hands, seek out each crevice in the walls ;  
Back braced, nerves strung, unheeding fears or falls,  
He nears that light that glimmers down his cell.

How grew this man out of a cabin's grime ?  
What wonder that his simple story fires  
Wide admiration for his strenuous fight.  
And he shall cheer far darker men who climb  
Out of the depth and doom of low desires  
Into the freedom of the upper light.



THE ISAAC WINSLOW HOUSE.

## MARSHFIELD AND ITS HISTORIC HOUSES.

*By Ruth A. Bradford.*

THE New England antiquarian can find no place that comes nearer to his heart than the shore of Plymouth County. After Plymouth and Duxbury comes Marshfield, only third in interest. The blue waters of the bay were the Pilgrims' highway, and their little shallops skirted the shore in quest of game or fish or to discover greener and broader pastures for their cattle. The numerous creeks winding through the salt meadows made an easy passage from the sea inland. It was through one of these that Edward Winslow sailed and discovered the pretty point of upland that determined him to build his dwelling there. This locality was granted to him and named Green Harbor; but his own special domain he called Careswell, after a favorite estate in England. These names remain in use at the present day, and surely they cannot be improved upon.

Doubtless the beauty of the landscape pleased Winslow's fancy as

much as the fertility of the meadows and fields influenced his judgment. Hundreds of acres of salt meadow lay before and around this spot. No drought affected its strong, rich grasses, which still wave as of old in the summer breezes. The daily ebb and flow of the tide, lending beauty and variety to the scene, remain the same to-day as in the olden time. Numberless little eminences, well wooded, relieve the prairie-like level; these during a high course of tides appear like veritable islands. To the south and across this meadow nearly two miles away Powder Point is seen, a high bluff belonging to the township of Duxbury. In Winslow's day there might have been two or three Pilgrim houses on it; but it was noticeable chiefly for the distant report of guns fired by gunners shooting the sea fowl which frequented the spot,—hence the name, Powder Point. The Cushman's, Soules, Westons and others had grants of land and lived there.

This bluff is now studded with summer cottages. Farther to the east and south Manomet sheltered the Pilgrim homes at Plymouth, while Clark's Island, Saquish and the Gurnet's Nose formed other protection from the inroads of the ocean. To the left and just east of Winslow's house there is now a heavy grove of forest trees, which if it was there in Winslow's time made a sure protection from the strong northeast gales of winter. The visitor to-day will find traces of the old cellar, with perhaps a brick or two, if he is fortunate enough to secure the guidance of a near-by neighbor, who will tell of relics dug therefrom.

One of greatest interest was a medal or amulet which evidently belonged to a French Catholic and was made for wearing



DOORWAY TO THE ISAAC WINSLOW HOUSE.



THE BUTTERY.



THE HALLWAY IN THE ISAAC WINSLOW HOUSE.

about the neck. This is in the possession of its discoverer, Dr. Stephen Henry of Marshfield. He thinks that this amulet belonged to one of the French Acadian exiles and that they were located for a number of years in this old unoccupied house at the time of their distribution among the colony towns. This house was inherited by Colonel John Winslow, a great-grandson of Governor Edward; his father Isaac had, about the year 1700, built a new and

commodious mansion not far from the old one, where Colonel John Winslow and his family made their home. This explanation appears reasonable, although there is nothing in the records of the town to verify it. The deportation of these Acadians by this Colonel John Winslow of Marshfield took place September 5, 1755. The preceding August, in a letter to the governor of Nova Scotia, Colonel Winslow says: "As to poor Father Le Blanc, I shall, with your Excellency's permission, send him to my own place." The letter was dated



THE HOME OF PEREGRINE WHITE.

Grand Pré. What prevented Father Le Blanc coming to Green Harbor was never known. He was seized and confined and his large family was scattered through the different colonies. One of the families that filled the place at Marshfield intended for Father Le Blanc bore the name of Mitchell. History records that Colonel Winslow and his descendants were ever kind to these exiles. Of course these people became public charges; but I find nothing in the old records concerning them till the year 1761. Then it was voted at the May town meeting that Pelham Winslow (the son of Colonel John) should receive for wood for French exiles £3 3s. 8d., and Anthony Thomas for cow and sundries for the same, £5 6s. 8d. From that time on, each year, till 1778, appropriations were made at town meetings to those people who had supplied the needs of these people. These names were Winslow, Thomas, Carver, Waterman, Ford, White, Low and Stockbridge. The in-

teresting town records let us into the secrets of their domestic lives in these Old Colony towns. Their language and characteristics being so different, they did not adapt themselves to the life of New England, and so they be-

came and continued in most cases to be public charges, and each year the difficult matter of providing for their necessities had to be considered. I have no doubt the town fathers often wished them transported back to their beloved Acadia. Then, too, they had not the consolation which sentiment now affords in weaving a veil of romance around them; all was a stern and painful reality, touching a tender spot, their pockets. Longfellow, who has made the village of Grand Pré and the story of Evangeline and Gabriel a classic in New England, was yet to be born.

We return to the first Winslow homestead. Into this home in the year 1636-37 Winslow brought his



THE KENELM WINSLOW HOUSE.



DOORWAY TO THE KENELM WINSLOW HOUSE.

wife Susanna, the widow of William White, with her boy Peregrine, who was then a youth of sixteen. They had three sons, Edward and John, who died early in life, and Josiah, born 1629, also a daughter Elizabeth. No record comes to us of sorrowful regret at leaving the old home neighbors at Plymouth. Those first years of privation and struggle together would naturally bind them more closely. Alice Bradford, Elizabeth Warren, Goodwives Howland, Cooke, Dotey and others were still living at Plymouth, but Mary Brewster, Barbara Standish, Priscilla Alden and others were already settled at Duxbury. What with the spinning, weaving and cooking there was little time for vain regrets,—and we will hope there was no occasion for them.

Bradford in his journal bears witness to the regret felt at Plymouth at losing so many of the settlers. In the year 1632 he writes:



BUFFET IN THE KENELM WINSLOW HOUSE.

cattle, good store. But alass! this remedy proved worse than the disease; for wthin a few years those that had thus gott footing ther renite them selves away, partly by force, and partly wearing ye rest with importunity.

“And this, I fear, will be ye ruine of New England, at least of ye churches of God ther, & will provock ye Lords displeasure again them.”

Mr. Winslow had been sent to England on the colony's business with the merchants in the years 1623-24 and 1635; and on his return in 1624 he brought over the first neat cattle that ever grazed on these New England fields,—three heifers and one bull; these had now greatly increased. He was only a short time settled in

“No man now thought he could live except he had cattel and a great deale of ground to keep them; all striving to increase their stocks. By which means they were scattered all over ye bay, quickly and ye towne, in which they lived compactly till now, was left very thine, and in a short time allmost desolate. And if this had been all, it had been less, thoug to much; but ye church must also be divided and those yt had lived so long together in Christian & comfortable fellowship must now part and suffer many divissions. First, those that lived on their lots on ye other side of ye bay (called Duxberie,) they could not long bring their wives & children to ye publick worship & church meetings here . . . so they sued to be dismissed

and become a body of themselves; and so they were dismiste (about this time,) though very unwillingly. . . . And so some spetiall lands were granted at a place generally called Green's Harbor, where no allotments had been in ye former division, a plase very weell meadowed, and fitt to keep and rear



THE BOURNE HOMESTEAD.

the enjoyment of his new home when in 1646 he was again sent to England to answer charges made against the

Plymouth Colony by Samuel Gorton, Robert Child, and others.

"They claimed that many people here were denied the privileges of religious and civil liberty, and that

they had endured various persecutions, etc.;" in which embassy Winslow "carried himself so well as did well answer their ends and cleared them from any blame or dishonor to the shame of their adversaries."

During this sojourn in England Winslow came into such high favor with Cromwell and his party that on an invitation to enter his service he accepted. He was appointed a commissioner of the Commonwealth and asked to superintend an expedition to the Spanish West Indies. He took this office without consulting the home colony, and his four

years of absence proved in the estimation of Governor Bradford "to conduce much to the weakning of the governmente, without whose consente he tooke these employments upon him." On the voyage out to Jamaica, Winslow was seized with fever and died, May 8, 1655. He was buried at sea with all the honors of war. It is matter of regret that he had

not remained in the service of the Pilgrim Colony. The scanty records left tell only that Mrs. Winslow lived

at Careswell till her death, October 1, 1680. Through her declining years she was carefully attended by Elizabeth Thomas, a daughter of John Thomas. Thomas

came as an orphan of fourteen years in the ship *Hopewell*, in 1635. Governor Winslow took him into his household. On arriving at manhood he



THE AMES PLACE, REXHAM TERRACE.



THE SNOW AND WILLIAMSON PLACE.



THE JOSIAH WINSLOW PLACE.

was intrusted with the stewardship of the Careswell estate until his death. It is due to his daughter Elizabeth that we have the tradition of Peregrine's dutiful deportment to his mother during her long life, visiting her frequently, although his home was about three miles away. Her son Josiah, known so well in history as governor after Governor Prince, married, in 1651, Penelope Pelham, daughter of Herbert Pelham, the treasurer of Harvard College. He brought his wife to the home in Marshfield. Here they lived and died; he made an addition to his father's house, and it became the seat of elegant hospitality. Communication was frequent between the leading families in the Massachusetts and Plymouth colonies. Penelope Winslow was said to be strikingly beautiful. I recollect seeing in my girlhood rich brocade dresses, satin slippers, quilted petticoats, English made corsets, and other fine things worn by her and sacredly preserved by her descendants. At that time these elegant articles of apparel, though faded and yellowed, appeared to my mind incongruous with the traditional simplicity and poverty of New England life; but when history revealed the fact that her father Herbert Pelham returned with his family to England in 1647 and there became a member of Parliament, the matter was explained. Doubtless her family wished her to dress in a manner becoming her station as the governor's wife, and there-

fore sent her wardrobe made in London across the water. Portraits of her, with those of her husband Josiah and also of Governor Edward Winslow, are in Pilgrim Hall at Plymouth,—painted in 1651 by an unknown artist in England.

An interesting tradition is connected with the acquaintance of Josiah and Penelope. It is that in one

of Governor Edward's later trips to England he took his son Josiah with him, and that there he met and became interested in the maiden Penelope Pelham. So far as I know, however, nothing in history verifies the tradition.

Now came a period of great discouragement and trial to the colonists. Charles II was restored to the throne. The colonists had hoped much from this change, but were disappointed, for Charles played fast and loose with the charter. Men felt strongly the danger of losing their liberties, and everything for which they had left England and suffered so many privations. Their agents abroad had been subjected to delays, and unjust taxes had been imposed; while at home the Indians under the leadership of King Philip were disturbing the peace of the towns. During these years Josiah Winslow alternated with Thomas Prince as governor of Plymouth Colony. Meantime he was chosen commander of the troops against the Indians, and each town furnished its quota of soldiers. To the town of Marshfield he was always a valued citizen, often holding the office of selectman. In 1657, July 6 (Marshfield Records): "At the said town-meeting the inhabitants present are willing to supply the Town's stock of powder in the hands of Capt. Josiah Winslow, that being weakened and expended by the funeral of Capt. Standish, and the Governor, Mr. Bradford." November 8, 1665, there is



THE DANIEL WEBSTER ESTATE.

record of a deed conveying "to my very good friend Maj. Josiah Winslow," a certain tract of land within the township of Marshfield, "with all the woods, waters, meadows, mines and minerals, all and singular, etc., etc., from Josiah Chickatabut, alias Wampatuck, Indian Sachem, signed, sealed and delivered in presence of Wawayannumma."

This land Josiah was to reconvey and did reconvey to the township of Marshfield. October 18, 1675: "Was given in the amount of damages they had suffered by the late war with the Indians, by loss of bridles, horses, saddles, guns." On the twenty-fifth of the same month, "three watches or guards were appointed. One at the Governor's, one at the Mill, one at Thomas Macomber's. William Ford was one to order them. Half a barrel of powder was kept at Governor Winslow's, and the remnant at William Ford's senior." In a letter written by Winslow to Governor Leverett, July 26, 1675, Governor Winslow says: "My person has been much threatened; I have twenty men about my

house; have sent away my wife and children to Salem; have flanked my house, and resolve to maintain it so long as a man will stand by me."

This was the house where the Indian chief Alexander or Wamsutta, son of Massasoit, was attacked by the fever from which he died. He had been at Mr. Collier's at Duxbury for the purpose of treating concerning the difficulties in the colony. These affairs being peacefully settled, he was returning to his forest home by the way of Careswell and the bay. Dr. Fuller of Plymouth was called to attend him in his illness, and he was nursed most tenderly, but he longed to be at his mountain home. His desire was granted, and he was conveyed by water to Major Bradford's at Kingston, thence on the shoulders of men to Tetiquet (Titicut) River, then by canoes to Mt. Hope, where in a few days he passed to the spirit land. This account was given by Major Bradford to Rev. Mr. Cotton of Plymouth, and is doubtless more authentic than the account by Dr. Increase Mather.

Governor Josiah Winslow's anxieties and labors in the interests of the colony, added to burdens of his own affairs, so impaired his somewhat delicate constitution that he died at Careswell, December 18, 1680, at the early age of fifty-one, his mother, Susanna, dying only two months before him. At a general meeting, it was voted that all the expenses of his funeral should be borne by the colony in token of their love and affection for him.

Leaving the record of the oldest Winslow house, we turn to the second, now standing, which was built in 1699 by Governor Josiah's son Isaac. He was the only son who lived to manhood. He married Sarah, daughter of John and Elizabeth (Paddy) Wensley of Boston. She was a descendant of Governor Prince. This house was built in the most approved



THE HOME OF COLONEL FLETCHER WEBSTER.

style of the day. The site chosen was at the junction of two roads, one leading to Green Harbor and Duxbury beach, the other to the Nathaniel Thomas estate, now known as the Webster home, about three miles distant from Duxbury and Marshfield villages and half a mile from the first Winslow house. There are four large square rooms around a massive central chimney. Heavy oaken timbers show in each corner and across the ceilings, and there are capacious fireplaces with hand wrought wooden



DANIEL WEBSTER'S HOUSE.



PILGRIM MONUMENT.

THE CROSS TO ADELAIDE PHILLIPS.  
THE OLD BURYING GROUND.

panels above them and cupboards on either side. A secret passage in the ancient house arouses much curiosity. In the south front chamber, a sliding panel at the right of the fireplace reveals another sliding panel above, which opens to a dark, deep passage extending towards the cellar, but ending above it. This is a reminder of the unsettled and warlike times when concealment of valued articles was necessary. There is a handsome colonial stairway. The outside corners of the house were ornamented with block-work in wood, which is still unimpaired. The kitchen arrangements were ample and bear marks of great antiquity.

Here were often gathered the leading spirits of the Plymouth Colony for consultation in matters of government, and for social festivities. The Hon. Isaac Winslow, like his ancestors, was a distinguished military character, a justice of the Court of Common Pleas, and judge of probate.



THE GRAVE OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

He was universally beloved, and in town affairs was of great service. He died in 1738, being over eighty.

I find the following in the Marshfield town records: May 20, 1734, "Voted, Isaac Winslow to procure a book for the transcribing the records out of the old town-book;" and again May 10, 1736, "Voted the sum of £10 to Col. Isaac Winslow towards transcribing the old town-book."

Josiah, the eldest son of Isaac Winslow, born in 1701, graduated

the Acadians, he was colonel, and later was commander in chief at Fort William Henry, on Lake George. In connection with the first expedition he has acquired an unenviable notoriety, yet he was only fulfilling a soldier's duty of going with his troops where his country ordered him. Portraits of General John Winslow, his son, Dr. Isaac Winslow, and his grandson, John, are in Pilgrim Hall.

During these years of absence his wife and family remained at the Marshfield home. Their son Pelham was born in 1737. From the *Massachusetts Gazette and Boston Weekly News Letter* I copy: "Last Sunday Nov. 22<sup>d</sup>, 1770, m. at church in Marshfield, by Rev. Mr. Thompson Pelham Winslow Esq. of Plymouth, Barrister at-law, and eldest son of Hon. Gen. Winslow of Marshfield, to Miss Joanna White of that town, a lady possessed of virtues and accomplishments which tend to render marriage not only agreeable, but honorable." As he remained



THE GOVERNOR JOSIAH WINSLOW TOMB.

from Harvard College in 1721. Four years later he was killed by the Indians at Green Island off the Maine coast with his sixteen companions. He was there in command of a fort. "Thus fell in the morning of his life this son of Green Harbor, and all his brave companions except three friendly Indians, who lived to return and tell the sad tale." Edward, the youngest son, was a loyalist and removed to Halifax, dying there in 1784. His descendants have enjoyed high official distinctions in Nova Scotia. John Winslow, Isaac's second son, inherited the Careswell estate, and lived there when not in his country's service. Like his ancestors, he entered military life, and as this was a warlike period he was seldom at home. In the expedition to Nova Scotia, against



The Hon<sup>ble</sup> JOSIAH WINSLOW Cou<sup>t</sup> of New Plymouth  
Died December 9 1680 Aetatis 52  
PENELOPE ♀ Widow<sup>r</sup> of Cou<sup>t</sup> Winslow Dyed  
December 7 1703 Aetatis 73  
The Hon<sup>ble</sup> ISAAC WINSLOW Esq<sup>r</sup> Dyed  
December 9 1738 Aetatis 67

COAT OF ARMS ON THE JOSIAH WINSLOW  
TOMB.



ROAD NEAR THE ISAAC WINSLOW HOUSE.

a royalist during the Revolutionary War, he placed himself under the protection of the British, and he died on Long Island in 1776. His brother Isaac was a distinguished and beloved physician in his own and neighboring towns and was well remembered by the last generation. He died in 1819 at the age of eighty. He was the last of the Winslow name who lived permanently at the mansion house. "His grandson Isaac Winslow of Boston was the only adult male descendant of the name of this branch of the Winslow family in New England."

General John Winslow's wife died at Marshfield in 1772, and General Winslow himself died at Scituate or Hingham in 1774. His body was brought to Marshfield and buried in the Winslow burying ground.

There is a pleasant bit of contemporary history found in connection with these years. In the "Diary of a Boston School Girl," written about 1661, by Anna Green Winslow, and edited by Alice Morse Earle, Miss Winslow writes, April 29: "Tomorrow if the weather is good, I am to set

out for Marshfield." She visited there General Winslow and his son the doctor and "spent 8 days very agreeably, returning in good health and gay spirits; drank tea with aunt Thomas." Her father, like the rest of that family, was a royalist. He had been a lieutenant at the taking of Louisburg in 1749. He went to Nova Scotia at the time of the Revolution. When he returned to New England he went to Marshfield and lived at the Thomas farm, but afterwards went to England



THE HOME OF ADELAIDE PHILLIPS.

and thence to Quebec as royal paymaster, where he continued till his death in 1801. Anna lived mostly in Boston, but died young,—tradition says “at Marshfield in the fall of 1779 of consumption.”

It was about the year 1830 that Daniel Webster was driving from the Cape to Boston in a chaise, with his wife. Going through Marshfield by the road nearest the shore, he was attracted by the beauty of this locality. He probably stopped at the John Thomas residence for entertainment, and inquired of Mr. Thomas if he would be willing to sell his farm and house. It is said he had often stopped there, and there was a warm friendship between them. Mr. Thomas's family had all been royalists and left



ROAD TO THE POST OFFICE.

for Nova Scotia during the Revolutionary War. Afterwards they returned, but part of their estate was confiscated and the remainder had diminished in value, and money was scarce with them. Mr. Thomas did not take long to consider, but named his price, which Mr. Webster accepted, saying the family could continue to live there the same as ever. This agreement was entered into and Mr. Webster with his family came and went at their pleasure each year, the pleasantest relations existing between the two families. When deaths and marriages broke up the Thomas family, Mr. Webster somewhat enlarged the house, building a library addition, which his daughter Julia assisted in designing. He also beautified the grounds greatly and enlarged the farm till he owned over fifteen hundred acres. This absorbed the entire adjoining Winslow estate.

About half a mile away, down a long grass grown lane, is the hallowed spot known as the Winslow and Webster burying ground. Here lie many “whose history we read in a nation's eyes,” also a few who had neighboring farms, and others whose interest in the spot made it a wished for burial place, Adelaide Phillips and the late Stephen M. Allen being among the number. In the centre is the Winslow



THE OLD CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.



MISS MARCIA A. THOMAS.

lot, enclosed by an iron railing. Near by stands a handsome monument erected to the memory of the first settlers, those whose headstones had become broken or effaced. This and the iron fence which encloses the whole yard was procured through the interest and effort of Miss Thomas, the Marshfield historian and genealogist. A "Webster Fair" was held at the Winslow house in 1854 for this purpose. The Webster lot contains the remains of the entire Webster family. Simple white marble stones mark the graves of each member of the family. To this spot was borne the body of Daniel Webster amid the assembled thousands gathered to pay their last token of respect to the distinguished statesman. His death occurred on the twenty-fourth of October, 1852.

The sad event of the burning of the Webster mansion, about 1880, was greatly deplored. At that time Mrs. Fletcher Webster, then a widow, was occupying it with her family. During the rebuilding they lived at the Winslow house, then a part of the estate. A handsome modern house was rebuilt, which is now owned and occupied, with a large part of the estate,

by Mr. Walton Hall, a merchant of Boston.

On a portion of the Winslow land not far from Duxbury beach, Mr. Webster's son Fletcher built a house for himself and his family. This house stands near the borders of a lovely pond where the wild sea fowl congregate. The traveller reaches this through a winding carriage road cut through a fine piece of woodland. This special locality still goes by the name of Careswell, being near the site of the first Governor Winslow house.

Another Marshfield house is worthy of mention. This is the home of the late Adelaide Phillips. It is situated on the right of a beautiful winding and wooded road leading from the Winslow house to the Webster estate and adjoining the last. In the colony days this farm belonged to the John Thomas who was the steward of Governor Edward Winslow's estate. When Miss Phillips purchased it, she converted the old farmhouse into a handsome dwelling, where she lived in great en-

joyment during the periods when she was resting from her public life as a singer. She made it a home



NANCY S. WATERMAN.



SETH VENTRESS.



ASA WATERMAN, JR.

for her father during his life, and her brothers and sisters still occupy it. Miss Phillips was there during her last illness. On a beautiful autumn day her body was borne to its last resting-place in the Winslow and Webster burying ground near by.

Edward Winslow's youngest brother, Josiah, followed him to Marshfield and settled on Marshfield Neck or Rexham. Governor Bradford in his Journal lets us into the secret of his coming from England. In the year 1631 he says: "This year Mr. Shirley would needs send them over a new accountante: he had made mention of such a thing y<sup>e</sup> year before, but they write him word, that their charge was great already, and they neede not increase it as this would; but if they were well delte

with, and had their goods well sent over, they would keep their accounts here themselves. Yet he now sente one, which they did not refuse, being a younger brother of Mr. Winslow, whom they had been at charge to instructe at London before he came. He came over in the *White Angell* with Mr. Allerton and there began his first imploymente, etc., etc." It is safe to conclude that on his brother's removing to Marshfield, from Plymouth, he came with him; for in 1636 Josiah Winslow married Margeret, a daughter of Thomas Bourne of Marshfield Neck. He thus came to be a brother-in-law of John Bradford, the Governor's eldest son by Dorothy, his first wife, who had just before married Margeret's sister, Martha Bourne. The latter also lived several years in this town on an island bordering the beach, which had been granted to John Bradford's father. It long bore the name of Governor's Island, and is opposite Brant Rock. Later, about 1660, Mr. Bradford moved with his wife to Norwich, Connecticut, being one of the thirty purchasers of that township.

Mr. Bourne gave his daughter Margeret liberally of his farm lands adjoining his own place, but on the opposite or eastern side of the highway. Here in the modest home were born six children. Josiah Winslow died in 1674, and Margeret, his widow, in 1683. In the town records we find that Josiah Winslow was often one of the selectmen, and filled honorable positions. His only son, Jonathan, married Ruth



BRANT ROCK FROM GREEN HARBOR.



BRANT ROCK.

Sargent of Barnstable, and their son, John, inherited the homestead. This farm of John Winslow's was so level and so near the meadows where the tides came up through the creeks that sometimes in storms the house seemed in danger of being flooded. Thinking to avoid further anxiety and risk, he decided to sell and remove further inland. A fellow townsman, Mr. William Ford, bought it and moved there. Five generations from him have continued to occupy it. As the severe storm of November, 1898, did not engulf it, though the water did come painfully near, we may think it safe henceforth and forever.

An interesting record has recently been printed in the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE, March, 1900, edited by Miss C. Alice Baker. The article is entitled "A Package of Old Love Letters." These letters were written by the Rev. Richard Bourne of Sandwich to the Widow Ruth (Sargent) Winslow. The Rev. Mr. Bourne studied and learned the Indian language in order to instruct the Indians, and

was one most active in securing the lands of Mashpee to the Indians for a permanet home. The lady must have had many attractive qualities and great virtues, for in spite of a cancer on her lip the Reverend Richard was a persistent suitor, and after much importunity won the lady of his affections. He did not live many years after his marriage. She must have been cured of her cancer for she lived to marry again, this time to Elder John Chipman of Sandwich; and outliving him she died very aged, having been held in great esteem. The ancient record reads: "This Mrs. Ruth Chipman was a Little, lively smart Gentlewoman of very good sense and knowledge, of ye strictest Piety, an excellent spirit of



SURF AT BRANT ROCK.

Family Gov<sup>t</sup>, very good skill in ye Diseases of Women and children, etc., etc."

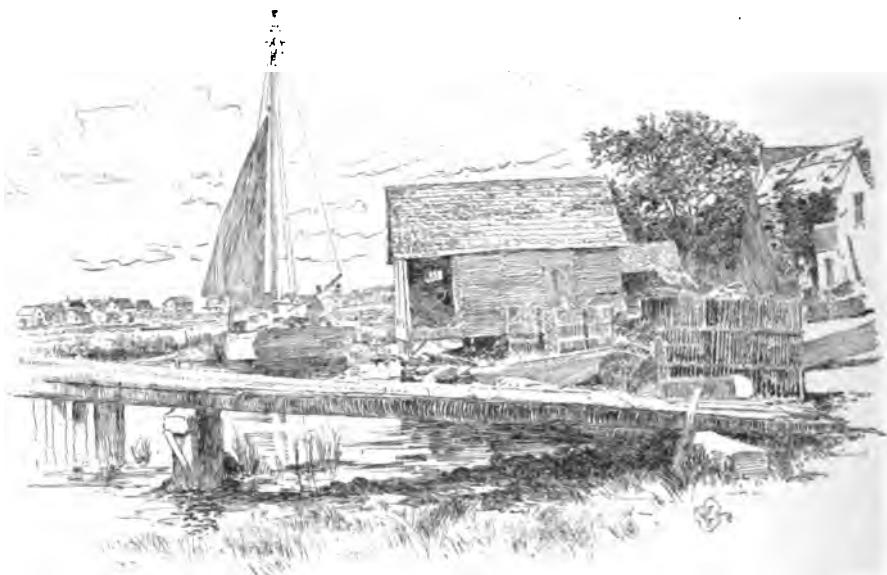
If the tourist to-day wishes to find the site of the dwelling of Josiah and Margeret (Bourne) Winslow, he must take the Neck road at the Marshfield depot, and after about two miles turn to the right down a lane; at the foot of this a farmhouse is still standing which, or a portion of it, was probably built by Jonathan Winslow. Just before coming to this lane is the Bourne farm, where a direct descendant still lives in a newer house, half a mile from where the first Bourne dwelling stood.

Farther on, the next homestead was that of Robert Waterman, who also married one of Thomas Bourne's daughters. This farm remained in the Waterman family for six generations, and was then sold to Captain Otis Baker, whose widow died there in 1900, at the age of 102.

Several years ago, when Brant Rock had become a favorite spot for summer homes, a new road was necessary to reach that place, and a straight course was laid from the Neck road through the salt meadows and then inside the high sand bluffs, to the beach dwellings. We have no occasion to follow this at present; instead, we will turn to the left along a road which at the end of a mile terminates at the beach, where is now a summer settlement called Rexham Terrace, after the old name given by the earliest settlers. Driving slowly up this pretty rural road, we see at the brow of the hill a commanding dwelling nearly embowered in trees, with outhouses and barns about it. This is another of Marshfield's historic houses, the oldest of all. It was built by Kenelm Winslow, a brother of Governor Edward Winslow. He was born at Droitwich in England in 1599, and followed his brothers, Edward, Gilbert and John, to New England in company with his brother Josiah, about 1630. He was admitted freeman January 1, 1632-33. Four years after

his arrival at Plymouth, he married Ellen (Newton) Adams, widow of John Adams. He removed to Marshfield from Plymonth about 1641, having previously received a grant of land at that place, then called Green Harbor. On the 5th of March, 1637-38, "all that parcel of land remaining of that neck of land lying on the east side of the lands lately granted to Josias Winslow, at Green Harbor, are granted to Kenelm Winslow and Love Brewster to be divided between them, provided that Kenelm Winslow have that part next adjoining to his brother Josias, upon the conditions the lands there are granted upon." This tract is described by Miss Thomas, in her Memorials of Marshfield, as "the Eden of the region. It was beautified with groves of majestic oaks and graceful walnuts, with the underground void of tangled shrubbery, and commanded a view of nearly the whole township."

He was generally styled a Planter, and was often chosen as one of the town's selectmen; and he was a deputy or representative in the General Court. But though thus honored, the course of his life did not run entirely smooth. In 1645, June 4, it is recorded: "Whereas Kenelm Winslow complained that he had injustice done him in the suit betwext John Maynard and himself, the Court appointed a committee to examine and enquire thereinto: they reported the charge was untrue, and that the Bench and jury are free of any injustice therein,—therefore they adjudged him to be committed to prison, and to be fined 2 pounds." His imprisonment was very short, and the fine was remitted. Again, May 5, 1646, Kenelme Winslow, for opprobrious words against the church at Marshfield, saying "they were all liars, etc.," was ordered by the Court to find sureties for his good behavior, which he refusing to do was committed to prison for about four weeks. He was evidently a man of positive opinions and not afraid of



A GLIMPSE OF GREEN HARBOR.

expressing them. It is manifest that he was not much injured in the regards of his fellow-townsmen; for in 1649 he was made a member of the General Court, and for five years afterwards was reelected. Our interest to-day centres about the house he built,—at what exact date it cannot now be determined. Winslow had been married about seven years, and was a resident of Plymouth before he came to Marshfield in 1641. His brother Josiah was already living near by on the Neck, and it is possible the families were together during the building of Kenelm's house. There were then seven children, three of them Mrs. Winslow's by her former marriage. A large house was needed, and Mr. Winslow's views of comfort and convenience were large for that period; he evidently had not forgotten his English home, and wished to establish such a one here. Good oak timber was abundant on this grant of land, and he used it. In an early record he was once styled "joyner"—when Samuel Jenny was indentured to him as an apprentice; so he and his apprentice may have had active hands in the house building,

though from the dates Jenny would have been with him then six years. Two good cellars were dug, providing for the winter's needs, and strong stone foundations were laid. The heavy oaken timbers supporting the frame are still unimpaired by the lapse of over 250 years.

He built, according to the custom of that period, an immense central chimney, which gave ample fireplaces in the four rooms of the main house, and others in the kitchen and one above. This chimney necessitated rather a small hall or entry; but the stairways were broad and easy, with several landings. The railings were very broad, and the balusters heavy and handsomely hand wrought. A second flight, nearly as handsome as the lower stairway, led to the great garret. To-day these stairs are worn into hollows by the many generations of feet that have passed over them. May they long remain unrestored! The four rooms at the front of the house were about eighteen feet square, the lower story seven feet in height. The heavy timbers show in the corners, while beams of oak extend across each ceiling. The walls were mostly ceiled

with wood, while above the fireplaces the panels were of extra width, such as astonish a modern eye, for they were cut from trees of a size no longer left in our forests. Fine hand wrought work ornamented the panels in the parlor or west room. The doors are of broad boards and very solid. In the parlor was a corner cupboard called a beaufet. The lower part was a closet, but the upper was open with shelves made in differing quaint patterns, upon which the rare old silver and china were kept. Back of these lower rooms was a large kitchen, where at the great fireplace the family meals were cooked. There were good sized bedrooms with deep closets opening on each side from this room, with doors from each front room also. At the back of this kitchen were pantries and another back room, also stairways leading to back chambers and cellars.

In the second story the chambers were, strangely, higher ceiled, being at least eight feet; and what is stranger still, the three windows in both front rooms were so high that it was necessary to stand up to look from them. No doubt the windows then were all diamond paned, with leaded sashes. Back of these two great chambers was a large kitchen-chamber, now blackened by age and the hue of mahogany, for it has never been defiled by paint. This room was the sitting room of the colored servants, or slaves, as they really were in later years—for there were slaves in nearly every well-to-do family in the eighteenth century. Opening out of this large room were two good sized bedrooms, where probably the servants slept. The great garret was over the whole house; one window looked to the sunrise, the other to the sunset. It was the receptacle of the spinning wheels, loom, winders and the numberless articles pertaining to a well ordered household.

It is a pleasant task to go back to those early days of New England's settlement and gather what we can

from faded and yellowed manuscripts and meagre records, glimpses of domestic life and social customs. Nothing brings the old days back to us more vividly than the old houses which have been preserved for us and which especially distinguish Marshfield.

Kenelm and Ellen Winslow's eldest child Kenelm, when he grew to manhood, moved to Harwich on Cape Cod; and others of the children moved to various places. Ellen married Samuel Baker. Nathaniel inherited the house at Rexham. We wonder if his farming instincts were stronger than in those brothers who left this town for others more remote, and if he began to clear those great fields of stone and pile them into those substantial walls which remain to the present. Stone walls are the sign manual of thrift, energy and patience; and they are a distinctive feature of New Engand farms. One of our late writers has well said: "If ever a coat-of-arms should be adopted for New England as a section of the United States, no more significant emblem could be incorporated in the device than an ordinary stone wall."

Through a day-book which Nathaniel Winslow left, it is found that he had also seafaring instincts; for he commanded the sloop *Seaflower* which freighted oak wood from Careswell Creek to Boston. This command gave him the title of Captain which is retained in the early accounts of him. In 1689 he was appointed as deputy to the Plymouth General Court, and he represented the town also after the union of the colonies. Nathaniel and Faith Winslow had five boys and two girls; and they were buried in the old Winslow burying ground,—as were their son Kenelm and his wife and so many of their kindred.

Their fifth child, Kenelm, born in 1675, continued to live at the home-stead, marrying a neighbor on the next farm, Abigail, daughter of Joseph Waterman. It was not till 1692 that "a highway was laid out from north

side of Green Harbor River along the inside of beach till it comes to mouth of South River, and up from the beach to land of Lieut. Isaac Little, and so on down the hill through land of Nath<sup>el</sup> Winslow; thence by Joseph Waterman and Thomas Bourne, etc., etc." Of course there was a rough cart-road over which these families went to their neighbors' and to church; but horseback riding was mostly in vogue. The road laid out in 1692 is the one still in use.

These were truly primitive years. In 1703, Peregrine White, Jr., was teaching school at a salary of one pound and ten shillings a year and six-pence a week besides for every child. The following year his father, Peregrine, died, aged 84, of a fever, "vigorous and of a comely aspect to the last." His widow lived till 1711. I remark in the lives of those early settlers that the men, though mostly living to old age, died before their wives. These old ladies were evidently endowed with great vitality, yet their lives appear to us to have been full of privations and hardship.

Our historic house was the scene of many a merrymaking, for young people were plentiful, though they lived far apart. The long horseback rides alone or on pillions were the commonest means of conveyance, and long pedestrian journeys were much practised. Weddings and funerals were frequent, especially among the Winslows, for their families were large, and by this time cousins were numerous at Plymouth, Salem and Boston and on the Cape.

Kenelm Winslow had seven children. He married a few years after the death of his wife Abigail, in 1729, the widow of John Taylor of Boston. She was Ann, the youngest daughter of Edward Winslow and his second wife, Elizabeth Hutchinson, who was a daughter of that Ann who was banished from Boston. This daughter was saved from the massacre by the Indians and carried into captivity for several years. Mrs. Ann Winslow out-

lived her husband Kenelm sixteen years. At his death she went to live at Milton, with her son Colonel William Taylor, who married Faith, a daughter of Kenelm. Madam Winslow died at Milton in 1773, at the extreme old age of 94.

Kenelm Winslow, the fifth child, inherited the Marshfield homestead. He married, about 1755, Abigail, a daughter of Hon. Sylvanus Bourne of Barnstable. There must have been frequent intercourse between Rexham and the cousins on the Cape, there were so many intermarriages. In Freeman's History of Cape Cod is an interesting account of the Hon. Sylvanus Bourne, which tells us somewhat of the condition and surroundings of the family from which our Abigail came as a bride to the historic Winslow house. Their antecedents were of the best stock in the colony. Sylvanus's father was Colonel Melatiah Bourne of Sandwich, where Sylvanus was born in 1694. The latter was engaged in commerce, by which he amassed a large property. He was colonel of militia, member of the council; also register of probate, and afterwards judge. His wife survived him many years and died in 1782. Her will shows that the family maintained an affluent style of living. A portrait of her painted by Copley in 1766 shows her with the English Book of Common Prayer in her hand; this portrait is still preserved by the family. It would indicate that she had a leaning to the English Established Church. Among the items of her will are her negro boy Cato, given to her son Richard, to be manumitted when 35; her negro girl Chloe, to her daughter; her husband's silver-hilted sword, his grandfather's large silver tankard, and much other plate, jewelry, the coat-of-arms, etc., are all enumerated.

The home-coming of the bride to the Winslow home at the Neck was doubtless attended with much festivity in the neighborhood. Both families were large, and probably it was a gay

wedding. Kenelm had five brothers and sisters. Abigail had married Rev. Isaiah Lewis of the Cape.

This lonely farmhouse at Marshfield must have been a change to our Abigail, coming from her village life at Barnstable. We wonder if she spun, wove and brewed like the neighboring women, or whether her dark-skinned maidens performed these offices. It is certain that slaves were employed in the household work of the Winslows during several generations.

The Revolutionary period was beginning. Taxes were excessive; liberties were encroached upon; and a spirit of independence of the mother country was growing through the land. Economies had to be practised. Many of the Marshfield citizens were identified with the King's party, especially the Winslows and Thomases; and for many years there was a general acceptance of this state of affairs in the town. No doubt Marshfield was included in the accusation made by James Warren to Samuel Adams at a later date than this, when he declared with vehemence "that the Plymouth County towns could not be aroused except by a power that would arouse the dead." "The associated loyalists at Marshfield numbered about three hundred persons. Among the principal," we read, "may be mentioned nearly every member of the ancient Winslow family; and the residence of Dr. Isaac Winslow was one of the chief places of their meeting." This large tory element was only overcome after the American successes of 1776-77.

Three children were born to Kenelm and Abigail (Bourne) Winslow. The first was given the family name Kenelm, the second Abigail, the third Joseph. In 1761, a few months after the birth of Joseph, Mrs. Winslow died. She was buried with the Winslows, and a stone to her memory and that of her husband, who died in 1780, is still standing. Pecuniary embarrassment came to them

during these years; Mr. Winslow's brother Joseph had associated himself with his brother-in-law, William Taylor, in mercantile business at Boston. With brotherly affection, at Joseph's request, Kenelm signed his name on a bond as surety. The fluctuations of business, owing to the uncertain condition of the country, embarrassed the firm and occasioned failure. The demands of Joseph's creditors, honor compelled Kenelm to meet. This crippled his finances and he was obliged to sell a large part of his estate, mostly outlying lands, adjoining the Bourne farm. The purchaser was his next neighbor, Mr. Thomas Waterman. Mrs. Winslow's name is signed with her husband's to the deed. The next December she died. This was the first break into the land granted to the first Kenelm; and a sad day it must have been in the family annals.

Scanty records are left of what occurred during the twenty years between the death of Mrs. Winslow and that of her husband. Three years after the death of Mr. Winslow, his children felt obliged to sell the whole farm with the dwelling house. They sold it to Asa and John Waterman, sons of Thomas, who had previously bought the land from their father. Mr. Asa Waterman married Anna Dingley of Marshfield and took her to this home; but she lived only a little over a year. He married in 1774, Ruth Little of Marshfield, who survived him and kept up the farm, dying in 1838. Their son Asa grew to manhood inheriting the sterling traits of his parents; and these, with a love of the home acres and a rare ability in cultivating them, brought back the farm to more than its pristine attractiveness. He married Nancy Sampson of Marshfield, a woman of uncommon ability and good sense; and this ancient house was ever kept by them in excellent condition, combining with the old, a modern aspect of comfort and hospitality. It was always an open house to nephews, nieces and

friendly visitors. At the death of Mr. Waterman in 1863, his widow, not wishing to continue the care of so large a farm, sold it. The purchaser was Captain Curtis Goodsell, who now occupies the place.

The writer has a personal as well as an historic interest in this old Marshfield house; for it was her mother's birthplace, and here she passed many happy days during childhood and youth, and her love for the place has never lessened. A lifetime of varied and delightful experiences, journeys through foreign lands and much wandering through our own beautiful country, leave her still the same ardent admirer of this spot. She loves to recall its lovely situation, its broad fields and sweetly smelling meadows. The great barn below the hill, where the swallows flew noisily in and out by hundreds among the old rafters, the rows of oxen and cows in their stalls, the calves in their pens, and the well-filled mows,—all this was an unfailing delight. In berry time the roadsides and stone walls were bordered with blackberry, raspberry and thimbleberry vines and bushes, and the pastures with huckleberries.

Just above the house the ocean was visible from Scituate lighthouse to Manomet, and its ever varying hues in days of sunshine or of storm, with the passing sails and steamers, gave ever fresh delight. The beach was half a mile away, with its roll of breakers along the white sand, where the peep and sandpiper then enjoyed almost undisturbed possession, except for a few gunners in the fall. Now the summer cottager has come, and the beautiful silence of the place is changed. It may be selfish to wish it otherwise; but memory holds the past sacred.

There was a swamp with fine old trees back of the house, on the edge of a meadow where the children gathered spring flowers, violets, Jack-in-the-pulpits, anemones and windflowers,—and in the orchard, ragged robins, Johnny jump-ups and strawberries.

In the winter evenings by the great wood fires there were games, popped corn and molasses candy. Time never dragged. Books were plenty. We went to bed early, for we breakfasted by candlelight. The great chamber where I slept was like the North Pole in temperature; it had a capacious fireplace, but never a fire. The feather bed was like down and the bedclothes were of the warmest, but it took the heroism of a descendant of the Pilgrims to brave the chill of that room on a midwinter night and morning.

During the summer months the garret was a favorite resort. Here apples, cranberries and herbs were spread, and there were old furniture, trunks of books and papers. The looms, spinning wheels and other implements of household industry, though then mostly discarded, were stored here and bore marks of the usage of many years. There was one corner of this garret partitioned off, making a small room not more than eight feet square, that bore the name of "Chloe's Hole." It was perfectly dark, having no window or ventilation; the door was of heavy boards, with an oaken bar across for fastening. The tradition was that it was built to confine a slave by the name of Chloe, who belonged to the Winslows, and who became insane. The room had a great terror for my childish heart, and I seldom ventured to peer into its blackness. I often wondered if she died there. As I read at a later day the will of Mrs. Sylvanus Bourne giving her slave Chloe to a daughter, I found a clew to this sad tale. This Chloe may have been the same given to her daughter Abigail, who married Kenelm Winslow and lived here.

Another historic house in Marshfield worthy of mention is that of Peregrine White, born on the *Mayflower*, in Cape Cod harbor. He settled, after his marriage to Sarah Bassett, on an estate given him by his father-in-law, William Bassett. This was on the southeast side of

Telegraph Hill (so called later), and not far above the meadow which separates North and South rivers. Till within a few years a portion of the house built by him was standing; now a new house is on the site. His house was a large two-story farmhouse, not as expensively built as those before described but above the average. It was in sight from my uncle's house, about a mile across the salt meadow, and my mother told me that when a girl, in the winter season, when the creeks and rivers were frozen over, the families paid visits, going on foot, whereas by the road it would have been a drive of three or four miles.

The home of the historian of Marshfield, Miss Marcia Abiah Thomas, where she and her sister lived during their last years, is near the Marshfield railroad station; but they were born in a large farmhouse which stood higher up, at the beginning of the Neck road. Miss Marcia's interest in genealogy and history was absorbing. She knew every one's exact spot in Pilgrim ancestry. So interested would she become in discussing antiquarian matters, that her talk was like a mountain torrent, and in her excitement she woud talk, cry and laugh at the same time. This original and interesting woman made large historical collections relating to the town. It is to be regretted that she was not encouraged to publish more. Only one small volume, "Memorials of Marshfield," was left by her; this was printed and sold at a fair held at the Isaac Winslow house in 1854 for the purpose of raising funds to keep in good condition the ancient Winslow burying ground and place a monument to the memory of the earliest Pilgrim settlers. This book is invaluable, and I am much indebted to it for data in writing this article.

Not only is Marshfield interesting to the historian, but it has an increasing modern interest to the seeker for the beautiful in nature, to the summer tourist and those seeking

permanent summer homes. There are few places more attractive for delightful drives inland, as well as along shore. Its old winding roads, either through the pine, oak and maple groves, or the farm lands where the stone walls are beautiful with ivy and woodbine, or half concealed by the wild grape or clematis vines, and the birds nest and sing their sweet notes unmolested, are all beautiful. The state road runs through the town for the benefit of bicycle riders or "fancy" driving, but it has fortunately left many a delightful spot untouched. It is to be hoped that Marshfield will adopt the true spirit of rural improvement, the disposition of retaining natural beauties instead of destroying them for what is artificial. Millions of dollars are scattered over the land every year in the pursuit of nature's unspoiled charms. It is unwise, therefore, to destroy those near at hand. The familiar lane or roadside draws the wanderer back to his home acres, or entices the dweller within city walls to rural scenes.

The territory of Marshfield is large. It includes Marshfield Hills, Sea View, Centre, and Green Harbor Village, as well as Brant Rock. Sea View is a growing summer settlement. In the early days it was known locally as Littletown, having been settled by Thomas Little and his descendants. Here, close by the beach, stands the Hotel Humarock. A fine beach stretches to the north along which are summer cottages. Then come the Life Saving Station and the Cliffs of Scituate. To the south the shore extends to Rexham Terrace, a quiet and delightful summer settlement, and thence to Ocean Bluff and Brant Rock, now grown to large villages, reached by barges running from the Marshfield railroad station, a distance of about three miles. The last two places have grown from resorts for a day's or week's outing to pleasant abiding places for a season. Several good hotels have been built, and many tasteful houses, occupied

by their owners. Here the cool sea breezes and the roll of breakers along the sands refresh the senses and kindle the heart into admiration at the vast sweep of ocean before and around.

From here a drive of a mile across the diked meadows brings one to the picturesque village of Green Harbor, once a mere fishing village, now a favorite summer home for families or for a few weeks' enjoyment of beach life. Bathing, boating, sailing, fishing are all at hand; and artists might well revel in many of its picturesque situations. A small church called Grace Chapel was established here a number of years ago by the earnest efforts of Miss Marion Devereaux; it is a Unitarian chapel, and is maintained in part by more wealthy churches in and about Boston.

The town of Marshfield proper has two churches, Congregational and Methodist. The first is the earliest church founded in the town. It was in this building that Mr. Webster attended church when in Marshfield; and its minister at that time, Rev. Luther Farnham, performed the service at his burial.

West of this village is a Baptist church. At Marshfield Hills there are Unitarian and Congregational churches. This is a flourishing and attractive village. A public library

was built here a few years ago by a bequest from the late Mr. Clift Rogers, a native and in later years a resident here. This was built as an adjunct to the library at the older section of the town. About 1885, Mr. Seth Ventress, a native of Marshfield, but a resident for many years in Boston, dying unmarried, left a legacy of \$10,000 for a public library building. This was to remain on interest five years and the income to be invested in books. The library has since received legacies and valuable contributions of books. The building is also used for a town high school. Near by is an Agricultural Hall, used for the annual fair, which has now been combined with the Bridgewater County Fair. This draws large crowds every autumn.

It is no longer a tedious journey, as in the olden days of stagecoaches and chaises, to reach this interesting town, for the South Shore branch of the New York and New Haven Railroad gives almost hourly trains from Boston during the summer months. Thus far the jar and buzz of the trolley cars have not invaded the place; yet as "coming events cast their shadows before," its advent is foretold, nay, is impending, and a few years hence will probably see them speeding their way either along the coast or inland over the Neck to the ocean.



## AS ONE HAVING AUTHORITY.

*By Imogen Clark.*

HE had been waiting for nearly an hour, her bonnet strings tied in their stiff, precise bow beneath her withered chin, her shawl drawn tightly across her narrow shoulders and fastened with the great cairngorm pin.

The room seemed to be waiting, too, though with no appearance of festival in its prim lines. The blinds were closed at the windows and admitted no light save the little golden dots along the sides where the slats fitted into their sockets. Some of these sun-motes lay on the sofa and others on the floor; one had crept as far as the old woman's feet, but she did not perceive it though her eyes were lowered. Presently a door was opened and a man's voice shouted, "Ready, mother?"

She glanced around helplessly, her lips trying to frame some answer.

"Oh! I mustn't break down," she moaned, "I mustn't." Then, as the call came again, she steadied herself into a semblance of composure. "I'm here, Jerry," she cried feebly.

"It's as black as a pocket," the man grumbled as he peered into the room. "Oh! there you are, and ready too. That's good. You women generally keep a fellow waiting. But you needn't have shut up everything as tight as a drum."

"I'd a fancy to do it myself," the voice quavered a trifle, then went on almost calmly, "I sent Ellen off this noon, she's going to stay a few days with her people, you know. I thought if she waited to close the house she'd break down, and as it was she cried a good deal—poor thing!"

"Well, you are a trump! Got a lot of horse sense, haven't you? Like mother, like son." He patted her shoulder carelessly. "I'm sorry you

closed up though, I'd a notion to go over the house for the last time—"

"The last time?"

Her voice held a shrill note which, in his denseness, he interpreted as one of anger, not of anguish.

"One never can tell what a day will bring forth," he laughed uneasily. "I can't say when I'll be here again—that's all I meant. It was just a whim and I suppose the place has changed—"

"It hasn't changed. Go and see for yourself. Though the blinds are closed the light comes in, as if—as if it loved to. It's been coming in for more than half a century and it won't be kept out. Go and see for yourself."

She hurried into the hall, turning toward the stairs, and, as if her will and not his inclination compelled him, he ran unquestioningly up the flight. As he disappeared she swept her surroundings with agonized eyes. The sunshine, filtering in through the fan-light above the front door, revealed the old portraits on the walls. There was an increased friendliness in their smiling faces, as if in some way they comprehended her suffering, but she cringed before their mute sympathy. The sound of that cheery whistle above-stairs hurt her like the sting of a lash.

"Horse sense," she said half aloud, "is that what he calls callousness? He never had much feeling, but little Jem now—"

A sob choked her and she clung to the balustrade, trembling all over, yet straining her ears to hear the man's steps as his pilgrimage carried him farther away. A closing door recalled her to the immediate present. The survey was almost finished, and before long another door would be opened and shut, but its echoes

would go on sounding in an empty house. Through the pain of this thought another,—preposterous,—futile,—daring,—took possession of her. She gasped at its audacity. It was impossible—unheard of! It was not impossible. She threw back her head defiantly and glanced at the watching pictures; the next moment she ran up the stairs as lightly as a girl.

Jeremiah Burgess did not meet his mother as he came along the upper corridor, his eyes gleaming with shrewd appreciation, not of things hallowed by association, but of the market value of certain bits of mahogany which had appealed to him in the darkened rooms. As he reached the stairs a voice fluttered down, half reproachful, half imperative.

"You've forgotten the attic."

"Jove! so I had. Are you up there? Hold on! I'm coming, though we haven't any time to spare."

His words preceded him like some joyful trumpeting herald, and she, quick to recognize the boy in his tones, turned to meet him, her lips trembling with an appeal which earlier she would have hesitated to make to the man he had become. Some sudden caution, however, arrested her before she could speak; notwithstanding the retrospective gleam in his face as he surveyed the room lighted by the blindless bull's eye windows, his expression was hard and calculating. Though he could remember long happy days under these darkened rafters when, despite the howling wind without and the rain that dropped a veil over the little country world at his door, the room itself had glowed with the sun of romance and had resounded to the call "to arms," there was an impassable gulf between him and his boyhood. Fortunately for himself he was a man free from any approach to sentiment.

He moved rapidly up and down and his mother watched him, silent in her turn. In that strange jumble of

southern seas where he and Jem as desperate pirates struggled for supremacy, in the brilliant pageants of wars and tourneys, she had no place, yet his gaze, busy though it was with the past, swung back to her again and again. Her fine stoicism pleased him immeasurably. Mindful of the ways of women, he had prepared a little speech to be used in emergency, about keeping a stiff upper lip and no breakdown seemed imminent. "This was Jem's corner."

He was quick to perceive her altered expression, and, as if to fore-stall some appeal, dragged out his watch and consulted it feverishly. On the moment the lines about her mouth grew rigid and her eyes stern.

"So it's time to go," she said calmly. "Well, you've seen everything, even to the black hole of Calcutta, as you boys used to call it."

"Why, I've missed that and I must have a peep. You coming, too, mother?"

"Didn't I always come?"

He laughed at her quick retort.

"Jove, yes! How I used to wish you wouldn't, but you were inexorable. Let me slip the bolt. I tell you what, they knew how to make fastenings in the old days; that little bit of iron is worth a dozen of the claptrap things they turn out now."

He opened a door revealing a small closet dimly lighted by the narrow transom above which also admitted air. Mother and son stood looking silently before them.

"Pretty tough old oak," he went on, glancing appreciatively at the marred surface of the inner side of the door; then he stooped and touched some ugly dents, flashing a laugh up into her face. "Jeremiah Burgess, his mark. James Burgess, ditto. But it never would open! Why, the place is positively comfortable, after all. Oh! Lord, don't we look at things with different eyes as we grow away from them? The old chair, too! You always were tender-hearted, you thought the floor too

hard for refractory youth to come to his senses on. Now, how did I get the idea that it was dark here, dark enough to seem like the black hole?"

"Your conscience, perhaps. It's pretty light, as you see. But take a growing boy and shut him up away from all the fun and the sunshine itself will lose its brightness. It's what we're deprived of that's golden, not what is meted out to us."

"That's true." He leaned further into the closet. "Funny, isn't it, how the old feelings come back? Why, mother, what's up?"

As he spoke, without any volition on his part, he took a hasty step across the sill impelled by a small gloved hand. He recovered his balance almost immediately and turned in bewilderment, but the door was smartly banged to in his protesting face. The next moment the bolt was shot into its socket."

"Just like old times," he chuckled, looking about him in the semi-obscenity, and laughing at the joke, which, though it was against him, he could yet appreciate. When he thought it had lasted sufficiently long he tried the knob, but the door held firm. He put his shoulder and knee against it and exerted his utmost strength; after several efforts he was obliged to confess himself as incapable of stirring it as the boy of ten had been.

"Pretty tough old oak," a voice said dryly from without, "and the bolt's to be depended upon. I tell you what, they knew how to make fastenings in the old days."

"Come, come," he interrupted irritably, "let me out. The carriage is waiting and it's nearly train time." He kicked the insensible barrier between them, as she had made no apparent effort to release him. "I'm not a child to be treated in this fashion, this trifling has gone far enough. I request you to open the door immediately—immediately, do you hear?"

"And I tell you I don't intend to open it until I get good and ready. I

know you're a man in years, feelings, appearance, but you are still my child, and to-day I will exact obedience from you, or you pay the penalty. I'm in sober earnest, though I'll let you out gladly if you'll do as I say."

"What do you want?"

"I want to stay here until they take me away for good. Promise me that I shall. Just say the word, boy, mother's listening."

Unconsciously she had adopted a little phrase from the past and she found herself bending close to the door, as she had so often done, to hear the signs of penitence from within. She had always been stern in meting out punishment, yet beneath her inflexible will there had throbbed, at the same time, an intense desire to mitigate her rigor.

"I thought I was only going to you for a visit," she went on as he did not speak, "but when people dropped in and talked about last times, just as you did downstairs, it set me thinking, though I couldn't believe it. You said it was only to be a visit." Her voice sank to a pleading note, as if victory lay with him, not her. "If you'll say I can come back whenever I want to, I'll let you out."

"Why, of course," he laughed. "We don't keep guests by force, besides our bolts are of modern make."

She moved nearer. He could hear her fingers fluttering gladly about the door.

"Well, but—swear it—or—or—write it on a bit of paper and pass it through the crack. You've a pencil and an old envelope. Write that you, Jeremiah Burgess, with God looking on—"

"This is the most arrant nonsense I've ever heard. I'll not endure it." He rattled the knob angrily. "Stop this fooling at once and open the door."

Her hand fell away from the bolt.

"Then it was in your heart to deceive me? You meant to get me away and then refuse to let me come back?"

"My dear mother, you're growing old and this house is too large and too isolated for you to occupy with only your servant. Agnes and I would feel easier to have you with us, and besides—"

"And besides," her quick brain furnished the lapse for his stammering tongue, "you haven't mentioned this before, but I know there's been some offer made for this place. Out with the truth."

"There has been an offer, I admit, and I have replied that for the present it is not in the market. Agnes and I, however, think it would be a good thing to sell; such a chance may never come again. I did not intend to speak of this now, because I—we—thought that once you were with us you would see things with our eyes, and when your consent was gained—Oh! we shouldn't use force—"

"Force? No. But constant dripping will wear out the hardest stone. Not that I am a stone, God knows, or with a heart of that kind. I see what you mean. The nagging from morning to night, the harrying me into a corner,—old,—defenceless,—breaking my will a little day by day, until for very peace I must agree with you. Well, Jeremiah Burgess, now hear me. You shall stay where you are until you swear that I shall be as free as air in this matter."

"Then I'll stay here till hell freezes over. My rights in this property are more than yours, since I've Jem's share and I'll act as I think best. You needn't flatter yourself that you've circumvented me by your cunning. I will rouse the neighbors and prove to them by your own act that you are unfit to be trusted with power. They'll say quick enough that you're not in your right mind. Then we'll see who is master."

She put up her hand as if to ward off a blow, her face white with misery; for the moment she neither spoke nor moved.

"Your—own—mother," she gasped at last.

"We can arrange matters amicably, even yet," he mumbled, as if ashamed of his threat, but she would not listen to his gentler voice.

"When I see fit we'll talk about amicable arrangements, not before," she interrupted sharply. "A full stomach gives a haughty answer, but a fasting one adopts a humbler tone. I don't fear any interference from the neighbors—you forget that this place is isolated—and Ellen isn't here. I'm going now, Jerry." Her voice dragged wistfully, but the ominous quiet held no assurance of a softening of spirit in the prisoner. She waited a moment, then, with a bitter laugh, she passed noisily from the attic.

Her triumphant bearing did not desert her as she dismissed the carriage and stood on the porch watching it crawl along the road, though her eyes saw nothing of it and the hazy blue of the sky into which it finally vanished. Then she went within doors, laid aside bonnet and shawl and sought the sitting-room, the scene of an earlier waiting. The place in the wanining afternoon was quite dark, yet she made no attempt to open the blinds, but took up her position on the sofa, sitting stiffly erect. For the moment she allowed herself neither thoughts nor feelings.

Outside, some birds near the house were singing the little broken songs of autumn, and within the eight-day clock in the hall ticked loudly; otherwise the silence hung heavy everywhere. Presently she started up with lifted head and strained attention. Strange sounds penetrated the stillness, heavy blows upon a wooden surface, the fierce rattling of a door, then those futile thuds again. Her lips relaxed.

"He's strong, but I doubt if Samson himself could break through," she said, half aloud. "He'll stop soon, when he sees how useless it is, he'll only bruise himself." She caught her breath sharply, over-

whelmed by the thought of his physical sufferings.

"I don't care," she muttered, "I don't care; 'twon't be anything to the way he's hurt me."

But the picture of his bruised flesh was too much for her and almost instantly she crossed the room to a small cupboard and groped around on its shelves, talking softly to herself.

"Hm! plenty of oopidiloo—I felt sure of it—and arnica, too. There's nothing so good for bruises as fomentations of arnica, unless it is witch hazel, only Jerry never could abide its smell. I must have everything ready."

When she had satisfied herself that the necessary articles were at hand, she returned to her place more tranquil in mind. The sounds above-stairs had ceased and an interval of quiet ensued, broken after a while by a tremendous din, as the irate man, hoping to attract the attention of some chance passer-by, rent the air with his shouts for assistance. Again the listener allowed herself the luxury of a smile, and this time, as she settled comfortably into her corner, a little sound that was first cousin to a laugh escaped her.

"Land's sakes!" she ejaculated, "it's enough to wake the dead. Well, well, all the Burgessses had strong lungs and carrying voices—not that they'll do Jerry much good now. Let him shout himself hoarse. It can't hurt him unless—unless—he should break a blood vessel—"

She thrilled under this new danger and wrung her hands in sudden dread. What could she do? Open the door—free him—let him walk out over her heart and the ruins of her home? She half started to her feet, then sank down again, clinging to the arm of the sofa with a fierce grip. The time crept on, the darkness deepened into night, and the house grew strangely quiet. Her fingers were numb with the tenseness of her grasp, yet she dared not free herself. That anchor-

age gone, she knew how unerringly her dearest hopes would suffer shipwreck. She was fighting for her home as stoutly as the bravest patriot ever fought for his land; to keep it she had thrown away her son's love and esteem, for after that day's work the old feelings could never be re-established between them.

"I don't care," she moaned again, "I had to do it. I'll let him out in the morning."

In the morning. How far away it seemed! The clock in the hall struck eight, each sound quivering upon her heartstrings. The minutes were endless in their going and so much might happen in those long, slow hours. She might die for one thing, like Mrs. Poindexter, who had gone to bed for the night in apparent health and had been found dead in the morning.

"And not a soul to know when she went," the old woman mumbled, "nor suspicioning that the end was so near. Cynthia Poindexter was always as sound as a nut and here I've had heart flutterings and turns for years. I might be taken like as not, then I wonder how Jerry would feel when he saw me."

The picture of his remorse and contrition held her fancy captive for a few minutes, until across its grawsome details another thought struck sharply. Why, he wouldn't know! He was a prisoner behind that strong little bolt. And the neighbors would be equally ignorant, they would suppose her safe and well at her son's home. Every blind of the old house was closed, the doors were locked and the hackman would not think to speak of the altered plans. No one would know until Ellen came back, then all Broadmeadows—curious, bustling, kindly Broadmeadows—would hurry in to help where no human aid could avail further. And they would say such nice things of her—she knew their ways!—as they passed noiselessly about the quiet house, not suspecting aught of that closet in the attic. There would be

no cries nor blows to attract their attention; nothing but silence, or a little moaning, perhaps, which would not reach their hearing. Then the silence would come there—and stay.

And while they were saying those kindly things and Agnes, half distracted at her husband's inexplicable absence, would yet find time in her own grief to sorrow over the loss of his mother, he would be lying upstairs—dead! When would they know—how would they know? What would they think then? Not one of them but would guess that she had bolted the door; that her hand was red with the stain of his blood.

She grew faint at the idea and trembled like a little leaf caught in the swirl of some mighty wind, yet she managed to get to her feet and, tottering forward, secured a light. Then she hastened from the room and apprehension pressed like some ugly spectre close at her side, chilling her with its icy breath. The stillness of the house terrified her. He might be dead—dying. The closet was so stuffy! On a sudden she remembered the heavy fold of flesh that lay along the edge of his collar and the purplish hue that came into his face in these later years in times of excitement. The thought burned in upon her brain like some acid and, as if to accentuate it, the light she carried fell just then across the portrait of an irascible-looking old gentleman with puffy red cheeks. Her hands shook. "Great-uncle Jeremiah Burgess," something within her said clearly, "died of apoplexy—died of apoplexy." She quickened her steps, panting with fright.

The attic reached, she passed swiftly to the closet whose deep silence made everything whirl unsteadily. She set the lamp down and put out a trembling hand, but as it hovered above the fastening there came the sound of an unmistakable snore from within. She bent nearer, standing mutely—not praying, not thinking even, but just listening to what

seemed to her the most exquisite music of this or any world. After a little she drew the bolt and opened the door with a cautious touch.

The light showed the man sitting astride the chair, his arms folded on its back, his head resting upon them, one cheek uppermost. She stood looking down at him. He was a boy once more—her boy! That glint on his temple was gold, not silver, the gold that crisped all the shock of curls still heavy to the mother's eyes, blind to the bald spot over which the thin wisps of hair had been laboriously plastered. The face was young again—free of all selfish, calculating lines. Her boy—her boy! Her hands fluttered like snowflakes above him.

It was no new thing to be there to coax the unwilling repentance from his lips; apology had never come readily to him. For the moment, so real was the past to her, she did not doubt but that his first words would be an admission of regret. She knew, too, how the lifted eyes with their gleam of shame would meet hers half quizzically, half defiantly. Then something made her shrink back dismayed. She dared not wake him. He was not a boy, he was a man—and she was the real offender. There could be no words of penitence on his part; only bitter upbraidings such as life at its longest would be too short to forget. There would be no shame in the raised eyes, but a look instead that would sear her very soul. She dared not meet it. She stole away utterly broken. Slight as was the noise of her going, however, it roused him.

"No you don't, Jem," he muttered and, wakened by the sound of his voice, he sat erect stretching out his arms.

"Get along, old fellow" he said, still under the dominion of his dream, then his eyes flashed a startled interrogation upon his surroundings. The next moment the realization of the past few hours and the degradation he had endured swept over him like some

huge wave that submerged all gentler remembrances. With a savage oath he seized the lamp and hurried from the attic.

The whole house lay in darkness save for the light he carried. The doors of the sleeping-rooms were closed as he had left them in the afternoon; he opened each one grimly, but his search was unavailing. Then he passed to the lower floor and, as he reached the hall, across the tumult in his breast, there came the sound of a voice from the sitting-room. It was strange to his ears but instantly he was on fire with the thought that it belonged to some neighbor who was commenting upon the ignominy of his late punishment. And in twenty-four hours all Broadmeadows would be laughing at the way his mother had outwitted him—the Broadmeadows which he, Jeremiah Burgess, had seen fit to patronize!

He put the lamp down and stole to the door; almost immediately he discovered that the voice, which from a distance had seemed unfamiliar, was his mother's. It was keyed to a whisper and came in little gasping breaths interrupted every now and then by a sob.

"She's making me out a monster," he snarled to himself, then he bent nearer.

"Jerry's real set," the muffled voice said slowly, "he gets that from his father. All the Burgesses from A to Izzard were set—I—I ought to have remembered, but I didn't. It just came to me that I could bring him round to my way of thinking so I—I pushed him into the closet and bolted the door."

There was a short pause which held no comment save the silence of a strict attention.

"And when once the thing was done there was no undoing it. You know how that is! I forgot he was a man grown. And some men you can't drive—they turn fractious at a 'must.' Jerry's that kind, and always was, even as a little chap. And coax-

ing won't do much with him either; he's just got to have his way. But the house—" A quick sob interrupted the speaker. "Oh! God, the old house. I've lost that and I've lost his love, too. He won't be the same to me ever again. I—I—can't bear to think how he'll look at me. Oh! please dear God, just make it clear to him before he comes downstairs why I did that dreadful thing. Help him to understand a little."

The listener started back; his mother had no visitor, she was alone with her God. The first feeling he experienced was one of relief that Broadmeadows was not, and would never be cognizant of his ignominy. How he appeared in the eyes of his Maker was of lesser moment. But even at its height the sense of relief slipped from him, leaving him awed and shamefaced in the presence of that naked human soul. He turned to go, then something kept him rooted to the spot, his anger forgotten as he listened to the intimate outpouring of the surcharged heart.

"I—I suppose Jerry doesn't stop to think—he never was cruel. This house is just like any other to him, and the man probably offered a big price and money is such a temptation. He says he worries about me off here alone—not that any harm could come in Broadmeadows!—and he wants me with him. But it wouldn't be my home. Oh! God, you know what a proud spirit I have and how I'd hate to sit at the side of the table and see another woman pour the tea day after day and manage the house. I'd want to have my say. But I could stand that! It's—it's the giving up of the old place that most kills me. Fifty-seven years last month, dear God, since I came here a bride. The clematis was like a veil of lace over the porch and the honeysuckle was blossoming in the hedge between the red leaves of the creeper—oh! you who made them all, you remember how beautiful they were that year. . . .

"And the house—home! I couldn't

bear to have strangers passing in and out, calling it their own and growing to love it in their turn. It's mine—mine! I've never been lonely here a minute, though folks think I need cheering up. You know different, Lord. It's never silent to me, I can hear the old voices and the old steps—*his* steps and the boys—and I can see all their faces. Nights when I sit by myself they're all around me—all—every one—" Her sobs choked her; after a moment she went on:

"Oh! dear God, you know how wicked I've been this day and there ain't any going back. But if you'll let me have Jerry's love again I'll give up this house willingly—willingly, Lord. I'll go with him to the city, I'll try to like new-fangled ways, I'll try to hold my tongue, and if you'll help me I'll keep a smiling face to the end and not say anything about this—this place. I'll let it go to get his love again. Be merciful to me, oh! Lord, he's my boy. I can't have him turn from me—he's all I have left—be merciful to me—"

The man at the door pushed it wide

and the light from without ran in like a little golden path that led across the floor to the kneeling figure at the opposite side of the room.

"Mother!" The word stuck in his throat, it was scarcely audible; he tried again and succeeded better.

"Oh! I say, mother, haven't you a piece of apple pie for me? I'm most starved."

She was on her feet in an instant—dazed—incredulous. It was some echo from the past; the room was full of voices. Then the light from the hall steadied her nerves and showed her his figure dark and large against its glow. She swept to his side, but before she could touch him his arms drew her close. She put up her trembling hands and turned his tear-stained face to the lamp, her own white and broken.

"Bless that closet!" he said, quickly. "Do you think I'm going to let it go out of the family? I guess not. My boys shall have a taste of its discipline and be better men for it, please God. Hush, mother, hush—there isn't money enough in the world to buy the old house."

## THE TENTH TIME FALLETH SNOW.

*By Julia Harris May.*

TEN years, my darling, since I saw thine eyes  
And heard thy voice and touched thy clinging hand,  
And by its pulse-beats half could understand  
What thou wert thinking. Memory glorifies  
The beauty of thy life, as summer dies  
Upon the fields again. Above our garden land  
The tenth time falleth snow, by north winds fanned,  
Since I enjoyed thy radiant surprise  
At birthday gift or picked the blossoms near  
Our home with thee. It was a summer noon;  
On yonder bank, close to thy listening ear,  
I tried to sing a song to Heaven in tune,  
And heard thee say: "Not that, to-day, my dear,—  
But sing me this: 'Oh, linger long, sweet June!'"





MANASSEH CUTLER.

From a painting by N. Lakeman in the possession of the Essex Institute.

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## THE BOSTON ELEVATED RAILWAY.

*By George A. Kimball, its Chief Engineer.*

FIFTY years ago the street passenger business in Boston and vicinity was handled by omnibuses. The single fare from Boston to Brighton was twenty-five cents, to Cambridge fifteen cents, and to Medford eighteen and three-fourths cents. A few years later better accommodations were demanded; horse railways were proposed by some and opposed by others until in 1852 the question was brought to the attention of the state Legislature and a charter for the Dorchester and Roxbury Railway—the first railway in Boston—was granted. In the following year charters were also given to the Metropolitan and Cambridge Railroads, and on March 26, 1856, the first street car in Boston was run between Cambridge and Boston. Later in the same year horse cars were running between Boston and Roxbury, and by 1858 Boston, Cambridge, Charlestown and Roxbury, with a combined population of 203,850, were provided for, although many parts of routes were in competition with the omnibus lines.

The building of suburban horse railways gradually increased and tracks were laid in all the main city thoroughfares. Many companies, which built short lines, were chartered, and, naturally, the weak were absorbed by the strong until in the year 1865 only four companies were

operating, each in its own district. The population served, including Boston and vicinity, was 324,180 in 1860, and 405,434 in 1870.

In 1872 the Highland Company was incorporated, and in 1881 the Charles River Company. Both were lively competitors of the Metropolitan and Cambridge companies respectively, and in 1886 were naturally consolidated with their nearest rivals.

The increasing business and financial success of street railway traffic attracted the attention of a syndicate of gentlemen, headed by Mr. Henry M. Whitney of Boston, and they bought a portion of the stock in the several companies and arranged a consolidation of all the street railways in Boston and vicinity except the Lynn and Boston. This consolidation went into effect November 11, 1887, under the name of the West End Street Railway Company.

Almost immediately the officers of the new company began to study the question of equipping their road with electricity. The best experts were employed, costly experiments were tried, and after a very careful investigation it was decided to use the overhead trolley system similar to the one then in use in Richmond, Virginia. The work of equipping with electricity was begun in 1888, and the first electric car was run February 16, 1889.

The consolidation of the several lines gave the people the opportunity to ride from the suburbs into and through Boston for one fare, where before they had paid two; the new electrical equipment materially increased the speed and allowed for the better accommodation of the rapidly growing population of Boston and vicinity. The natural result of a long ride for a single fare, greater speed, and a larger population was an increase in the passenger business,—that of the West End Street Railway growing 23 per cent in 1889, 10 per cent in 1890, and 4 per cent in 1891.



OLD STYLE CHARLESTOWN-BOSTON BUS.

To accommodate this development many additional cars were run, and these occasioned a serious congestion in the principal streets in the crowded portion of the city, which increased each year and was the cause of great inconvenience to the public. During the rush hours, passengers using the Tremont Street cars near the Common were delayed in reaching their homes or in crossing the city by a long line of blocked cars which barely moved. The time required in passing through the congested portion of the city, about a mile in length, was frequently more than was consumed by the express trains on the steam roads

running a distance of thirty miles into the country. The people were agitated and demanded relief; some suggested elevated railroads, others street widenings or tunnels. In 1891 the Legislature authorized the city of Boston to appoint a commission to consider the question of rapid transit and report a plan. The report was made in 1892, and recommended the rearrangement of the terminal facilities of the steam railroads entering Boston; street widenings; a rearrangement of the surface tracks, the removal of a large number of them from narrow streets in the congested district and the placing of them in a tunnel or subway under Tremont Street, which would provide for the greater number of the through cars to the southerly and westerly portions of the city; and two complete lines of elevated road, one from South Boston to Charlestown, and the other from Roxbury to Cambridge, the two

lines to be connected at Causeway and Eliot Streets.

The Boston Transit Commission was created by the Legislature in 1894, and was authorized to build a subway under or near Tremont Street to extend northerly to about the North Union Station. The legislative Act under which the Transit Commission was authorized to construct the subway also granted a charter to Joe V. Meigs and others to build an elevated railroad through the congested part of the city. A main line was authorized from Sullivan Square, Charlestown, to Milton, passing through Haymarket Square,



BUILDING THE ELEVATED RAILWAY.

Congress Street, Post Office Square and Federal Street; a main line from Somerville through East Cambridge, over Craigie Bridge, Leverett Street, Brighton Street, Causeway Street, Portland Street, Washington Street, Devonshire Street, Arch Street, Harrison Avenue, Kneeland and Washington Streets to Forest Hills; and a third main line from Harvard Square, Cambridge, over the West Boston Bridge, Charles Street, Park Square, Pleasant Street, Tremont Street, Pynchon and Centre Streets to Jamaica Plain. From the three main lines branches were authorized to Brookline, Everett, Chelsea, South Boston, Brighton and other suburban places. The Act authorized the building of the elevated road "according to plans or systems shown in patents granted to Joe V. Meigs, or according to such other plans or systems, except the system now in use in New

York known as the Manhattan system, as the board of railroad commissioners may approve.

The Transit Commission commenced their surveys and studies for the subway immediately after their appointment. The actual work of building the subway was begun on March 28, 1895, and the portion between Park Street and the entrance at the Public Garden was opened for passengers on September 1, 1897, the remainder on September 3, 1898.

The length of the subway is about a mile and one-third from either of the two southern entrances to the northerly portal, which is near the North Union Station. The floor will average about eighteen feet below the street level, and a portion is provided with four tracks; and other portions with two tracks. There are five stations all arranged with "island platforms" or platforms between the

tracks. The stations are lighted with arc lights, and the subway between stations with incandescent lights. Before the subway was completed, it was leased to the West End Street Railway Company for a term of twenty years, the yearly rental to be four and seven-eighths per cent on its cost, which was about \$4,250,000.

The completion of the subway was a great advantage to the travelling public, as the long delays on Tremont Street, which caused so much trouble, were avoided. The cars now pass through the subway in about one-third the time formerly consumed for the same distance on the surface, and a passenger is reasonably sure of reaching his destination on time.

The Act of the Legislature which authorized the building of the subway also required the removal of the surface tracks over that portion of the

subway in Tremont Street between Scollay Square and Boylston Street, and on Boylston Street between Tremont Street and Park Square. In 1899 the Legislature passed an Act authorizing the relocation of these tracks with a proviso that the Act should not take effect until accepted by the popular vote at the municipal election, but the people rejected the Act by a large majority. The tracks were therefore removed.

In 1896 a few of the larger and more progressive stockholders of the West End Street Railway Company purchased the charter granted to Joe V. Meigs and others in 1894 for building elevated railroads, and immediately engaged in the study of the transportation problem in Boston and vicinity. The use of the subway then under construction, in connection with a system of elevated railroads, furnished an opportunity to run elevated trains under the thickly settled portion of the city and to avoid the building of an elevated structure in some of the principal streets where a strong public sentiment existed against it, and where the owners of valuable estates had already protested. The Legislature of 1897 was asked to amend the Act of 1894 in many particulars, the most important of which was the striking out of that portion of the Act which authorized a system according to the Meigs patent and prohibiting



END OF AN ELEVATED CAR SHOWING THIRD RAIL AND CONTACT SHOE.



THE SULLIVAN SQUARE, CHARLESTOWN, TERMINAL.

the system now in use in New York known as the Manhattan, and substituting in its place authority for a system constructed in accordance with such plans as the railroad commissioners might approve. The original Act was further amended and added to, and as finally enacted was not only a charter for building elevated railroads, but in many particulars a contract between the Commonwealth and the railway company, in which both made promises and agreements. Among its principal features the following may be mentioned:

Granting locations in streets for elevated structure and stations, and connecting the same with the subway at the northerly and southerly ends, and the use of the subway for operating elevated trains; authority for the company to collect a five-cent fare for a term of twenty-five years. No tax not already imposed or hereafter to be imposed by general laws on street railway companies to be

during a period of twenty-five years imposed on the lines owned or leased by the company. In addition to the regular taxes and in compensation for the use and occupation of the streets by its elevated railroad and leased surface lines, the corporation to pay to the Commonwealth annually during the term of twenty-five years seven-eighths of one per cent of its gross earnings. This might be termed a preferred payment, as the statute requires that this sum must be paid to the Commonwealth whether a dividend is paid to the stockholders or not; if the dividend paid exceeds six per cent, then a sum equal to this excess must be paid to the Commonwealth in addition to the seven-eighths of one per cent of the gross earnings. The Commonwealth to distribute the money received, as compensation for the use of the streets, among the cities and towns in proportion to the mileage of elevated and surface tracks in each. A free transfer system for passengers travel-



THE CITY SQUARE, CHARLESTOWN, STATION.

ling in the same general direction. The Boston Elevated Railway Company to lease the West End Street Railway.

The original, or Meigs, charter of 1894 authorized the construction of an elevated railroad through the congested part of the city, through some of the principal streets, many of which are narrow and bounded on either side by valuable real estate. To make use of the subway for passing trains through the congested portion of the city would avoid the erection of an elevated structure in these crowded and busy streets, and, with this in view, a system of elevated roads was laid out and is now nearly completed from Dudley Street, Roxbury, northerly through the city proper via the subway, to Sullivan Square, Charlestown, except a loop on the easterly side of the city via Atlantic Avenue, passing the new South Terminal Station and along the water front, by the ferries and steamboat lines. The distance from Dudley Street to Sullivan Square is

4.9 miles via the subway, and 5.4 miles via Atlantic Avenue. There are in all eighteen stations, of which twelve are on the elevated portion and six in the subway. The average distance between stations on the elevated is six-tenths of a mile, and in the subway one-fourth of a mile. In making the return trip from either terminal, the trains run around a short loop, thereby saving the time and inconvenience of reversing the trains.

The terminal at Dudley Street is located at the junction of several surface lines which reach important suburban districts. A large proportion of the surface cars pass up an easy incline on each side of the elevated structure to the level of the elevated station, where the passengers change cars by walking across the platforms to the elevated trains. By means of these inclines for surface cars, the passengers reach the elevated station without climbing the stairways. The surface cars reverse their direction by running around loops on the outside of the



THE ELEVATED RAILWAY ON CHARLESTOWN BRIDGE.

station, as shown in the illustration. The cross town line cars and some others pass under the elevated station, and passengers transfer from one surface car to another, or to and from the elevated trains overhead.

The northerly terminal of the elevated line is at Sullivan Square, Charlestown, at the junction of several important surface lines. The cars from the surface lines reach the elevated level over two inclines, as at Dudley Street, but the arrangement differs from that at Dudley Street in that the surface tracks terminate in the large station on either side of the elevated tracks, instead of passing around loops as at Dudley Street. There are ten tracks for surface cars, five on each side of the track on which the elevated trains are operated. The station has ample waiting rooms and suites of offices for the superintendents of both the elevated and surface divisions. The local or cross town surface cars pass under the station at the street level, where passengers transfer in the

same manner as at Dudley Street. Fronting on the main streets are stores which will be rented for business purposes.

The way stations are so arranged as to be easily accessible from the street, and also provide passengers with an easy means of transfer between the surface cars and elevated trains.

At the South Station connection is made between the large railroad terminal station and the elevated station so that passengers who wish to reach the steam trains pass over a short bridge directly into the terminal station. By a similar arrangement at the other end of the city passengers pass between the elevated station and the North Union Station over a bridge which spans Causeway Street and connects by a stairway with the sidewalk in front of one of the principal entrances to it.

All the stations are connected with the street by two flights of stairs, one for passengers entering, which leads to the ticket office and waiting room, and the other for passengers leaving,



A TRAIN ON THE PLEASANT STREET INCLINE.

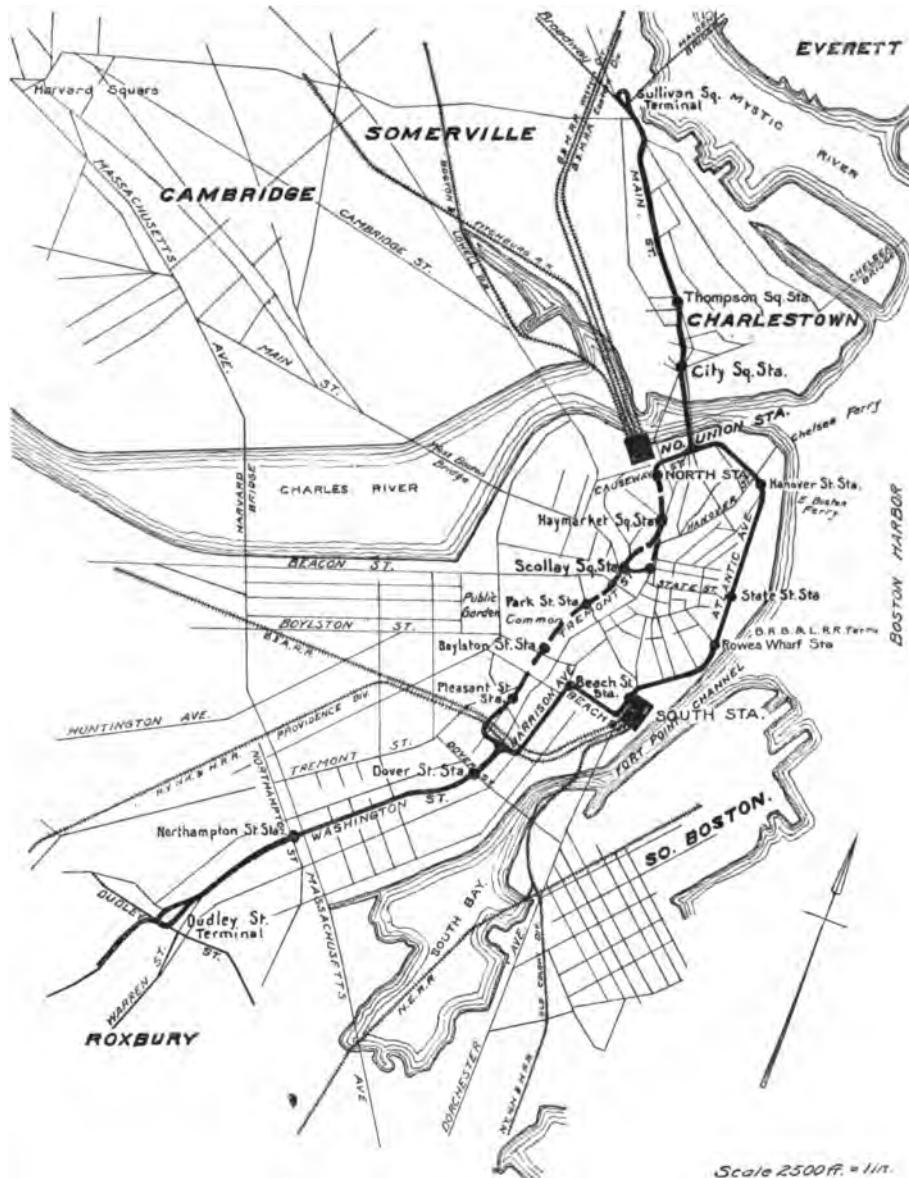
which, avoiding the waiting room, leads directly from the station platform to the street. By this arrangement there will be no confusion between entrance and exit passengers.

The elevated structure is built of steel, and the design for the most part is what is known as the open web or lattice girder. It is supported on steel posts, most of which are fifteen inches square. In the narrow streets the structure spans the roadway with the posts on the edge of the sidewalk, while in the wide streets the posts are set in the roadway on either side of the surface tracks. The foundations for the posts are of concrete made of broken stone, sand and cement mixed in the proportion of 6, 2 and 1. The foundations begin about ten feet below the surface and average about nine feet square at the base, gradually diminishing in size to the cast iron bases on which rest the steel posts supporting the structure, which are firmly anchored to the foundations by long steel bolts imbedded in the concrete. Near the water front most of

the concrete foundations rest on piles which are driven into the ground for a distance of from twenty to fifty feet. Some of the foundations were very expensive, owing to the soft material in which they were constructed and also on account of the large number of underground structures which were encountered, many of which it was necessary to change.

On the longitudinal steel girders are placed the cross ties, to which are spiked the steel rails with steel guard rails bolted to them on all sharp curves. Then four large guard timbers are placed longitudinally along each track, which, together with the ties, are firmly bolted to the steel structure, as shown in the illustrations.

The first work of construction, in a small way, was the building of the foundations for the posts in connection with the new Charlestown bridge over the Charles River, in 1898. The first active work of constructing the foundations for the elevated structure in the streets was begun near Dudley



MAP SHOWING THE TERRITORY COVERED BY THE ELEVATED RAILWAY.

The Elevated is shown by the black lines.

Street, Roxbury, on January 23, 1899; the honor of removing the first shovelful of earth was given to little William Gaston, then two years of age, the son of the president of the Boston Elevated Railway Company, and grandson of the late Governor Gaston. The first steel structure was

erected on the Charlestown bridge on March 30, 1899, and completed on that portion of the line near Guild Street on May 31, 1901.

The steel structure runs for nearly the whole distance over a line of trolley cars. By reason of the large amount of travel in the city streets



POWER STATION ON ATLANTIC AVENUE.

and the danger which would be incurred in working over live trolley wires, the erection was carried on at night, the surface cars were transferred to other routes, and the wires removed. The posts and girders were completely assembled and riveted at the bridge shops, delivered in Boston on the steam cars, and hauled to the site on large trucks. A traveller or derrick was erected on the completed parts by which the posts, girders and other members of the framework were hoisted from the street to their proper position. When one span was in place, the traveller, which was on wheels, was moved forward by steam power and made ready to erect the next. On the straight portion of the line the work was carried on with great rapidity; in one instance twelve spans, or 643 feet, were put up in a single night. The illustration

shows the method of erection and the large truck used in conveying the long girder through the streets.

The power for operating that part of the elevated system in the vicinity of the new Lincoln Power Station on Commercial Street near the North Ferry is supplied by that station, while the remaining parts are supplied by the several surface car power stations. The location of the new power station is a favorable one, as it is central to the work to be performed, and is built on a wharf where large vessels can land coal at a minimum cost for freight. The harbor also provides an ample quantity of salt water for condensing.

The station consists of two buildings adjoining each other, one for the boilers and the other for the engines. It is built on a concrete foundation resting on piles from twenty to forty feet in length. The frame of the buildings is of steel, and the walls of brick with stone trimmings. The chimney is two hundred and fifty-one feet high, with a flue thirteen feet in diameter; its diameter on the outside at the base is thirty-three feet. The



A SIGNAL.



A TRAIN RUNNING.

chimney is supported on a foundation of concrete, reinforced by steel rails embedded in it at intervals, the whole resting on piles driven with great force to a solid bearing. The total weight on chimney foundation above the top of the piles is 10,094 tons.

The present station is so arranged that it can be extended to the east or west to provide for future demands. Three engines are now being built with a total nominal capacity of twelve thousand horse power, but capable of producing fifty per cent additional power for short intervals. The proposed extension of the station will allow an increase of double its present capacity.

The coal is to be hoisted from the vessels in the dock to a conveyor, which will deposit it in the large elevated bin in the station just above the boiler. The illustration of the unfinished station shows the outside of the coal bin with its sloping walls. The capacity of the bin is three thousand tons, and the coal will drop through spouts to the fires where it will be handled by the automatic stokers. The ashes will drop from the fires under the boilers into a hopper, then to the conveyor, which will deposit them in a large bin.

The engines are of the type known as vertical compound, with a capacity of about four thousand horse power. They are directly connected with the electric generators of twenty-seven hundred kilo watts capacity.

The elevated cars are much like those used on steam railroads, but smaller, and the general dimensions are practically the same as those of the cars now in use on the New York elevated. In addition to the usual doors at each end, there are also doors in the centre on each side, which are opened and closed by the platform men at the more important stations and during the rush hours. The seats run longitudinally just as in the cars now in use on the surface lines. On the platform at each end is a folding cab, which may be entirely closed for the use of the motorman, or may be open for the free use of passengers in entering and leaving. Heat and light are supplied by electricity.

On one truck on each car are installed two electric motors, each with a nominal capacity of 150 horse power. The current for these is taken from the third or conductor rail through the contact shoe which slides along it, as shown in the illus-



THE DUDLEY STREET TERMINAL.

tration. This third rail is connected at different points along the line with the electric feeder system, which in turn is connected with the power houses. The third rail takes the place of the trolley wire, and the contact shoe the place of the trolley wheel, as used on the surface cars. This third rail is laid just outside of the two running rails, and rests on insulated supports which stand on the top of the ties; it is about five inches higher than the running rails, and may be seen in the illustration showing the track system and contact shoe. The insulated supports are so constructed as to prevent the electric current from reaching the structure.

The electric motors are governed by what is called the "Multiple Unit Control," which, from the motorman's cab, at either end of any car, affects all the motors on any number of cars in the train. Usually the train, whether it consist of two or five or more cars, will be operated by a motorman who will occupy the forward end of the forward car. The handle which he uses is similar to those on the surface cars but smaller. It is arranged for greater safety so that, in putting on the power, the motorman must hold the handle in a certain position; if he lets go it will fly back and turn off the current.

This system of equipping each car



INTERIOR OF THE SULLIVAN SQUARE TERMINAL.

with a motor, rather than using one motor car with several trailers, has been the source of considerable discussion and controversy among railroad experts. One of its many advantages is that there are driving wheels on every car in the train, and on the Boston Elevated sixty per cent of the weight of the car and load will rest on the driving wheels. This is an important factor to be considered when running trains up the steep grades encountered on this road. The

signals, by which a train will not be allowed to pass into any section until its predecessor has passed out of it. This feature of the system is similar to that in use on steam railroads, but in addition to the general custom, provision is made so that, in case for any reason the motorman should run by a signal at danger, an arm which at such times projects above the track engages a valve in the brake system, applies the brake, and automatically stops the train.



TRACKS AT SULLIVAN SQUARE TERMINAL.

grade between the elevated portion and the subway is five per cent, and there is an eight per cent grade in the subway.

As on most steam roads, the cars are all provided with automatic air brakes, but the system differs from steam railroad practice in that the power for operating them, produced by an electric compressor, is attached to each car so that it may be worked either in a train or separately by itself.

The entire road is provided with an electro-pneumatic system of block

At all junctions are electro-pneumatic interlocking switch and signal systems operated from five towers by compressed air, conveyed by a pipe laid the whole length of the road, and furnished by two compressor plants, one located in Roxbury and the other in Charlestown.

There is to some extent a popular feeling that an elevated railroad is not as safe as one that runs on the surface, but the figures show that the contrary is true. For instance, a comparison of the returns made to the

Railroad Commissioners of the state of New York from the Manhattan Elevated Railway and those made to the Massachusetts Railroad Commissioners by the Boston and Albany Railroad and the West End Street Railway, being the average of the results of four years, 1893 to 1896 both inclusive, shows that

3,453 persons were killed or injured on the West End Street Railway, 1,451 on the Boston and Albany Railroad, and 108 on the Manhattan Elevated Railway; or, putting it into another form, the ratio of the number of passengers killed or injured to the total number carried on the West End Street Railway was 1 to 172,889, on the Boston and Albany Railroad 1 to 34,324, and on the Manhattan Elevated Railway 1 to 7,374,790. On the surface roads, both electric and steam, many persons are injured on the streets and at street crossings, while the steps are so placed as to be the cause of frequent accidents. Of course an elevated road is free from both these, which probably in a large degree accounts for the difference.

The construction of the Boston Elevated Railway has been carried out on a very broad and liberal basis, particularly in regard to safety. The foundations were designed and built to carry, at least, five times the weight which will probably ever be placed upon them. The supporting piles were tried by heavy loads to at least four times the amount which they will be called upon to carry, while the concrete was tested by the United

States Government at the Watertown Arsenal, and found to be up to six times its load. The specifications for the steel work were very rigid, requiring that samples be taken from each melt of steel and broken in a testing machine, and, if found unable to resist a certain strain without break, they were rejected.

The track, which is very heavy and provided with safeguards to prevent derailment of cars; the block signal system, intended to keep the trains a certain distance apart at all times and prevent collisions; the automatic device for stopping the train should a motorman forget and run by a danger signal; and the automatic arrangement for shutting off power if the motorman should become disabled and let go the handle, all contribute to safety of operation.

To recapitulate: The Boston Elevated Railway, as described, consists of about seven miles of elevated structure equipped with third rail, and three hundred and seventy miles of leased surface tracks equipped with overhead trolley. The tracks are laid in twelve municipalities, and the road serves a population of about one million people; it carried 201,124,710 passengers during the year ending September 30, 1900. The surface lines are equipped with 1,538 box electric cars and 1,442 open electric cars; and the elevated lines are equipped with 100 box cars. The elevated division is designed as an express system, the surface lines acting as feeders.



## THE FLOWER-WIZARD.

*By Edith M. Thomas.*

I HAD taken a cottage for the summer in the half sylvan township of New Morrow; neighbored on my right by the scattering beech and maple that formed the frontier of the "West Woods," and on my left by the only remaining representatives of the family that in former days of influence had given its name to the village. A solitary couple were these Morrows, though daughters three there had been,—Rose, Lily and Columbine; but they, like their namesake blossoms of other years, had perished out of the gardens of earth, leaving in the places that had known them only a fragrant tradition of grace and loveliness.

The Morrows lived alone. Their long low cottage, gray from years of paintless exposure, was scarce to be seen, however, embowered as it was, from underpinning to eaves, in riotous greenery,—woodbine, trumpet creeper, wistaria. It was now summer, and all foliage had attained its full growth. The two front windows were curtained completely and exquisitely by the deft embroidery of the "five-fingered ivy." The front dooryard was a wilderness of bloom, whence sundry blossoms of old time sweet memory, China pinks, phlox and Canterbury bells had made their escape through the fence. The fence itself, leaning outward in a gracefully waving line, seemed to stand only through the good offices of such hardy vines as had, as it were, stitched together the wry and loosened pickets.

The Morrows may have been sole of their name and kin, yet within their precincts dwelt many young and growing families which I had not been able to secure as colonists within my borders, despite many induce-

ments of bird-houses artfully placed in piazza or shade tree. But with my favored neighbors, robins, bluebirds and chippies made their glad homes. In truth, if one could judge by their own reiterated and melodious assertion, it was a pair of wrens that had leased the entire Morrow domain; and it was only through bird amity and sufferance that either human or feathered neighbors were permitted to share with these winged autocrats.

The birds, bees and butterflies—the last in spangling profusion, as it seemed to me—had free access to this flower-brimmed garden. It would have been difficult to say why other visitors might feel that no such cordial welcome awaited them. This impression may have been due to the rare glimpse of the human occupants. I had been for three weeks their nearest neighbor; and neither I, nor any member of my household, could recall even a glimpse of the cottagers. Whose care, then, was the garden, we asked, the garden which flourished like a toilless Eden in the better days of our first parents?

One morning I was abroad very early. How long I had promised myself to shake off dull sleeps, and see at least one sunrise of the whole summer in the country! I would walk until I met Guido's vision of the Young Dawn. The east was already mellowing into a tint between rose and apricot. My way lay past the Morrow garden, whence breathed all manner of sweet incense, accompanied by the bubbling declaration of the darling wren's sovereignty in that flower realm.

I paused to inhale the blended fragrance. And, as I stood still in the shadow of a trellised vine that rose just beyond the fence, I heard the

drip-drip as of water running off the leaves and falling on the ground. There had been no rain during the night. Some one must have been giving the garden an early shower bath from the sprinkler. As I listened I heard also, at intervals, what seemed a gentle whisper. A rustle near at hand warned me of some approach. Through leafy interstices of my trellised vine, unseen myself, I saw the lean, slight figure of an old man, watering pot in hand, bending over a plant which appeared to belong to the evening primrose family. This little, silvery old man, white of hair, as of face, was moving his lips in the gentle whisper I had heard. Once, twice or thrice, moreover, he passed his free hand above the plant, after showering its stalk and green leaves from the watering pot. Then, he stood quite still, as if waiting for some expected occurrence. To my amazement, one after another of these primrose-resembling blossoms, beginning with the topmost, began slowly to unfold its petals, until the flowers, some four or five in number, and yellow, like a chain of yellow butterflies, were mustered under the benign eye of this *genius loci*. He, however, passed on bestowing similar ceremonial upon various other plants. But from none of these did he seem to expect so immediate a response: a gentle shower bath, after which a wave of his thin hand in blessing above them, sufficed in their cases.

I forgot Guido and the Young Dawn in watching the tender delight depicted on the face of the little old gardener. In that delight, moreover, appeared a curious commingling of benevolent patronage, as he bent above his grateful clientele.

A flowering vine, which clambered along the fence, now attracted his attention; and his charitable mission thereto discovered the ambushed spectator. Apologies were on my lips, as befitted one who had stolen in upon what seemed so nearly a de-

votional service. But evidently apologies were unnecessary. It was altogether a matter of indifference to this priestlike celebrant, who had, or had not, seen him at his mysterious rites. He looked up from his beloved task for a moment, nodded a pleasant "good morning, ma'am," and then continued, as if in reply to my mental interrogation, "Yes, it might seem pretty early to be up, to folks that haven't as much to do as I have." I admitted that the welfare of a garden so full and fine as his must require almost continual industry. To which he replied, "It isn't alone that it requires work, ma'am,—that is such work as settin' out, weedin' and such like. But it requires goin' to bed late and gettin' up early. You see, the flowers have to be put to sleep at night (and some of 'em go to bed very late); but more partic'larly, they have to be waked up in the morning. Yes, I have to wake 'em all up in the morning," he concluded repetitively.

Just then a voice from the house, a softly monitory voice, calling, "Cornelius, come in to breakfast," brought the interview to an end; and with an invitation to visit the garden whenever I should be inclined to do so, and with a whimsically benevolent smile on his face, the little silvery old man moved slowly up the walk and disappeared behind a portière of vine leaves into the house. I had wished to ask him as to the habits of the grateful primrose which I had but a few moments before seen unfold with such magic promptitude; but since the question would have implied cognizance on my part of the necromantic means he had used, I had forborne to gratify my curiosity.

A few days later I devised a legitimate errand to the Morrow cottage and garden. My young people had come in from a row of some miles upon the river, bringing with them a royal trophy of water lilies, some even of the rare, rose-tinted variety. A happy thought, to divide with my neighbors; and to them I repaired, bringing "lil-

ies in full hands." I found the pair in the garden. My acquaintance of a previous morning was busied with training upon strings a weak looking but perversely straggling creeper. The lady of the household, who had been seated upon a bench in the shade, rose, knitting work in hand, and made a hesitating movement forward. A startled look came over her somewhat saturnine, yet not unkindly face, as she stammered an indistinct word of greeting. That look, I was aware, intuitively related itself to the diminutive figure of her husband, who at the sound of our voices had turned with alert and smiling welcome. "Right glad to see you, ma'am."

I made my presentation of water lilies, adding, "The young people tell me that there is a wilderness of lily pads up the river and the finest display of blossoms they ever saw. I am sure I never have seen any as fine as these."

The smile of welcome changed to one of immense satisfaction, I would almost have said of self-satisfaction, as the master of the garden slowly answered: "I'm very glad you like 'em so much, for I took a *great deal of pains makin' 'em!* Everybody likes to have their work appreciated;" this last as if in apology for what might seem undue conceit.

"Cornelius!" interrupted his wife, with a tone evidently charged with as much crisp exhortation as was consistent with the speaker's idea of decorum. "You go into the house and get the big brown bowl full o' water, to put the lilies in." Mr. Morrow cheerfully obeyed.

Placing a chair at my disposal, Mrs. Morrow bent down to detach her ball of yarn from the tangle of vines with which it had become involved. The face that she lifted had become entirely impassive; and without remark she resumed her knitting.

I ventured to observe, "You must be very fond of flowers."

"I don't know as I am," she rejoined dryly. "Folks can get too

much of a thing sometimes." Then adding, suddenly, with a sort of beseeching, haste as her husband reappeared at the door, "Don't dispute him about anything, please."

The lilies duly disposed in the big brown bowl, I rose to go; so sure was I that to my hostess, at least, the presence of a visitor afforded scant pleasure. But my purpose was pleasantly frustrated by the interposition of the gardener himself. "Just give a look, ma'am, to my vines;" pointing to the weak creepers, the training of which had engaged his attention on my entrance. "Queer thing about those vines. Thought I knew all there was to 'em—ought to—for I made 'em myself." (Here Mrs. Morrow cast an imploring glance at me.) "But I've found out they're mighty independent creatures; *they've* got their own notion and I've got another, about their climbin'. They want to go to the right and I want 'em to go to the left, up these strings. Tain't any great matter, I'm sure, except I believe in enforcin' discipline. Always did with my little girls, Rose and Lily and Columbine. And it worked well. They didn't need it though so much; but it was different with Narcissus, he bein' a boy. Yes, children and vines are a good deal alike."

At mention of Narcissus, I had noticed that Mr. Morrow cast a furtive look at his wife, who had returned the look with a slight but most emphatic shake of the head. I gave my attention to the vines. "I have an exceedingly interesting work by Darwin on this subject of climbing plants and their ways. I would be glad to lend it to you, if you cared to read it, Mr. Morrow."

There was a pleased acceptance on the part of the gardener; and on my return home I at once dispatched a messenger with the offered book.

Two days later I was advised that Mrs. Morrow was at the door and wished to see me. She could not be induced to enter at first, but looked

apprehensively about her, then, through the open door, and into my face. I thought I understood the wistful expression that labored up through the impassive dulness of her heavy countenance. "Come right in," I said, "I am quite alone, and no one will disturb us. We can have a quiet talk together and get acquainted."

She was persuaded; and after she was seated lost no time in drawing forth from under her arm the book I had loaned her husband. "I've brought it back, ma'am. It excited him too much. He's bad enough any way; but he's particularly bad about vines just now. Last year it was ferns, ferns, ferns—I call 'em brakes—nothin' but ferns; this year it's all vines. I wouldn't care if he didn't feel such responsibility and worry so all the time," she added with a tremor in the monotonous voice, so characteristic of the overworked, unrecreating countryside.

"Responsibility, how responsibility?" I questioned.

"Oh, don't you know, ma'am? Hain't any of the folks told you yet? He thinks that he *makes all the flowers* there is, no matter where, in the garden, and in the woods, and all over creation. Them that he can't superintend personly he prays for and sort o' deputes to our little girls in the spirit world to look out for. Oh, if Rose and the rest on 'em had only lived! All three of 'em went within a week of each other with scarlet fever," she said with a half sob in the dry voice.

"But you have a son left—Narcissus?" I asked.

"That's only one of his notions. There never was any Narcissus. If we'd had a boy he'd 'a' been called Narcissus. Mr. Morrow, he forgets sometimes and speaks as though we'd really *had* Narcissus. If it gives him any comfort, I s'pose I hadn't ought to mind. But I can't help thinking of them that really was,—our little girls."

Up to her face went the coarse checked gingham apron she wore at all times, and when it was withdrawn the dull eyes, hastily stanch'd of their tears, were set straight ahead, and the dry voice, only slightly tremulous, resumed, "But as I was a-sayin', I brought the book home because it excited him too much. He's been givin' partic'lar attention to vines lately. He thinks they're livin' creatures; and he's been experimentin' with 'em night and day."

"How experimenting?" I asked.

"Why, trainin' 'em up wrong-ways, then right-ways; measurin' how much they grow, and sittin' up nights to see what they do, when other plants is gone to sleep. Just now it's a grapevine that runs over the tool shop that he's givin' his mind to, and he stays there most o' the time. He's got a new the'ry 'bout vines feelin' their way with their tendrils, just as a blind man 'ud do with his fingers. He thinks that if you'd hold out something for a vine to climb on, it 'ud sort o' understand what you meant, and 'ud turn that way and take hold; but you've got to be patient about it."

"But, Mrs. Morrow," I urged, "I should think occupying his mind in such ways as you describe would be tranquillizing rather than disturbing. Being 'patient' could scarcely prove exciting."

"Oh, but 'bein' patient,'" rejoined Mrs. Morrow, "means that he's got to sit there hours at a time, and not stop to eat nor to sleep. Don't you see, he b'lieves, bein' that he thinks he's made 'em all, that they'll come to *him* anyway; sort o' feel their way, if he waits long enough and don't never stir from one spot. But I must be goin'. Hope I ain't tired you out talkin' about him; but sometimes I feel's though I must let it out to some one; and he's taken a great fancy to you, ma'am. Maybe you'll run in sometimes?"

Assuring her of my sympathy in her trouble, and that I should cer-

tainly avail myself of her invitation to be "neighborly," I watched my visitor wending her way home with, I thought, a lighter footstep, as of one who having discharged the heart of its sombre revelation, starts on an easier footing with society and the world at large.

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Household events for the week following this interview precluded my "running in" at the Morrow cottage, a fact which I shall always regret. One morning—it was scarcely sunrise—my neighbor was again at the door, this time without apology, without timorousness or the shadow of self-consciousness. "What is it?" I hurriedly asked.

"He's gone!" And with no further word the speaker turned abruptly and proceeded whence she had come, her face covered with the gingham apron which had before served to hide the wearer's painful emotions.

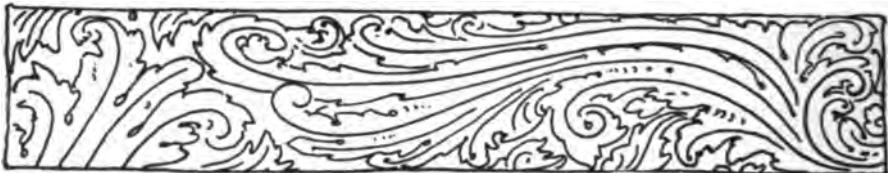
I followed. Whatever had happened, the garden was not the scene thereof, for my guide passed by a little path to the right, around the cottage, and entered a small, long, low, vine-festooned building at the rear. I noticed that through the single open window a tentative drooping branch of the engarlanding grape-vine had made its way. A glance through the door revealed various farm tools, a scythe, rake and hoe, here and there. With my silent guide I passed into the tool shop, where, seated before a rude slab table upon a carpenter's bench, as rudely con-

structed, the little old flower-wizard of New Morrow appeared to have fallen asleep after an all night vigil. His head lay upon an arm carelessly extended along the table. A smile was on his face. The vigil could not have been a troubrous one. The morning breeze was lightly stirring through his sparse silvery locks. But what was this? Around the forefinger of the extended hand a tendril of the tentative vine-branch was firmly clasped, as though in response to the behest of the wizard. Numerous chalk marks upon the surface of the table seemed to indicate that a record of the vine's growth had from time to time been made by the speculative old gardener. There was also an outline, apparently, of the position to be maintained by the outstretched hand.

"He's had his wish, anyway," said the lonely woman at my side. "For three days and nights he's set there almost constantly, a-holdin' out his hand to that vine-branch. It's been comin' nearer and nearer all the time, feelin' its way. He said it 'ud come to him and twine round his finger, and it did. He's had his wish."

As I looked at the smiling face of the sleeper, I thought of those metamorphoses of old, by which, through a quick leafy change, mortals were drawn into immortal umbrageous peace, in the very spot where had been enacted the fretful drama of their human existence. A caress, as of sentient kinship, seemed to be implied in the tender touch of the young vine-branch.





## A NEW ENGLAND DEMOCRAT OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

*By Frederick A. Wood, Ph. D.*



N the northern bank of the Merrimack, at the point where that picturesque stream, a few miles below its entrance into Massachusetts, turns eastward to the sea, lies the town of Dracut, which on June 12 celebrated its two hundredth anniversary of incorporation by the Legislature. It has had a distinctly individual career, both by reason of its physical situation and on account of the rise into manufacturing prominence of its neighbor, Lowell, which originally was located wholly on the opposite side of the river, but which repeatedly has encroached upon the territory of old Dracut. This town differed in its early days from the typical New England farming community in the fact that fishing and lumbering were profitable industries. The population naturally tended to scatter itself along the river, while the gradually rising uplands to the north were utilized for pasturage or left in large part covered with their magnificent forests. The long river front forbade the growth of a strictly central village. Community life took an exceptional form, characterized by

freedom from convention, a keen enjoyment of nature, a touch of conviviality, and a decidedly conservative attitude toward innovation. The loss of the wedge of territory called Centralville by annexation to Lowell in 1851 contributed noticeably to the disintegration of common interests, while the later annexations to Lowell in 1874 of what is known as Pawtucketville (directly fronting Pawtucket Falls), and in 1879 of another strip on the western limits, reducing still more the original area of Dracut, had the same tendency. Nevertheless, the town has a record in which it has every reason to take pride; its children have done it credit in more than one field of honorable endeavor.

To Chelmsford, which originally included Lowell, Dracut owes its settlement. That town had been founded in 1655, principally by emigrants from Concord and Woburn, and in due course of time its population overflowed into the western portion of Dracut. The two founders of Dracut, however, went to Chelmsford from Ipswich. These were Edward Coburne and Samuel Varnum, the latter the great-grandfather of the man to whom our title refers, General Joseph Bradley Varnum. Both are

supposed to have been born in England, although the father of Samuel Varnum, George, spent the greater part of his life in Massachusetts. Both have left numerous descendants, now living in Lowell, Chelmsford and Dracut. Samuel Varnum is said to have been the first actual settler. The deed of his land grant is dated January 10, 1664. To the title derived from the Massachusetts authorities was added in 1701 a bill of sale to the descendants of Varnum and Coburne from John Thomas, sagamore of Natick, the Indian claimant of the land, in consideration of three hundred pounds of silver. In the same year Dracut—the name had previously been used to refer to the section on the north bank of the Merrimack—was incorporated. As in so many other instances, the name was adopted in fond remembrance of the English town from which the first settlers came, both Varnum and Coburne having lived in one of several places so styled in the old country. The first recorded deed calls the territory "Drawcutt," but Sewall in his "Diary" gives it as "Dracot," and in the petition of 1701 for incorporation the spelling has its present legal form.

Dracut's early history, largely on account of its location at the bend and falls of a river swarming with shad, salmon, sturgeon, alewives and other fish, had much to do with the Indians. For many years the most interesting landmark of the town was the Old Garrison House, hard by Pawtucket Falls, at which a small detachment of troops was often quartered and to which the inhabitants looked for protection when the red men took the warpath. This historic building, which was erected in 1674, and was one of the first framed structures used for forts, was removed in 1880. In 1741 the town, which by the act of incorporation extended seven miles along the river front and six miles northward, lost a strip about two miles wide through the determination of the boundary line between Massa-

chusetts and New Hampshire. The territory allotted to the latter state became, with other land, the town of Pelham. It was surrendered by the inhabitants of Dracut only after vigorous protest. Could they have foreseen that the growth of Lowell was in the next century to have reduced their territory still further, wellnigh destroying the distinctive local character of the community, they must have been even more loath to part with it.

It was in this town of Dracut, whose beginnings have been so briefly indicated, that one of the foremost disciples of Thomas Jefferson in New England was born in 1750. General Joseph Bradley Varnum's ancestor Samuel was the founder of the town; a century and more later the descendant of Samuel was to become, not merely its leading citizen, but one of the chiefs of his political party in the state and a factor of importance in the national councils of democracy. The career of General Varnum was far from being an accident; it is only necessary to observe the sturdy, simple stock from which he sprang to account in large part for the energy which accompanied his life of 71 years, the good judgment that marked his public acts and utterances, and his unwavering adhesion to the idea of personal and political liberty. General Varnum's grandfather, Joseph, and his father, Samuel, had less noticeable rôles than that of the first settler to play, but they inherited the stalwart character of their ancestor and transmitted it without deterioration to their posterity. The father of the General was also the father of that other distinguished patriot of the Revolution, General James M. Varnum, who, leaving Dracut to enter Brown University and to be graduated in its first class, became prominent in Rhode Island affairs, served with credit during the war, much of the time with Washington's army, and became a representative in Congress and a

judge in the Northwest Territory, dying at the early age of 40 at Marietta, O.

General Joseph B. Varnum was married in 1773 to Molly Butler, daughter of Jacob and Mary Eames Butler of Pelham, N. H. This brave and energetic woman, whose simple and wholesome character was in no wise different from that of hundreds of New England housewives during the period of storm and stress, has given the name to the Molly Varnum Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, one of the largest and most successful branches of the organization in Massachusetts. Into her husband's early life and military career this article will not enter in detail. General Varnum, although a young man and with very meagre educational advantages, already had considerable prominence in local matters when the mutterings of war began to be heard. He had been commissioned a captain of minutemen, and his company was in readiness to respond to the first call to arms. Farmer and lumberman, his house, which is still standing, was hard by the river at the point, about three miles below Lowell, where the banks of the stream converge to make an easy ferry, and which for a hundred years has had the name of "Varnum's Landing." Tradition says that the news of the marching of the British from Boston on the night of April 18 was brought by a messenger to the opposite shore of the river early on the morning of the 19th; that the report of a musket carried it to the Dracut side, and that the announcement was quickly and similarly acknowledged by the young minuteman.

General Varnum took an active, though not conspicuous, part in the war, serving at Lexington in 1775, with General Sullivan in Rhode Island in 1778, and with the army in New York at the surrender of Burgoyne. He assisted in conducting the German prisoners from Saratoga

to Boston after the surrender. His service in promoting the cause of the patriots, however, was not limited to work in the field, for he was foremost in Dracut in stimulating enlistment. When we remember that that town furnished to the Revolutionary forces over 340 men, although it had a population of less than 1,200, no further evidence of the patriotism of Dracut need be cited. For this noble record undoubtedly the untiring efforts of General Varnum and his good wife Molly were largely responsible.

Nor did the interest of General Varnum in military affairs cease with the termination of hostilities against Great Britain. After participating in the suppression of Shays's Rebellion, he became, in 1787, a colonel of militia, a brigadier general in 1802, and a major general in 1805—a post which he held at the time of his death in 1821.\* During his membership in the National House of Representatives and the Senate he came to be recognized as the foremost authority in those bodies upon military subjects, and his speeches indicate his firm grasp upon them.

Creditable as was General Varnum's military record, however, it was not his principal title to the grateful recollection of his countrymen. In civil life he was the recipient of honors whose volume attests the confidence of his constituents and the wisdom of his conduct. Few men in our history have had more signal marks of continued approval of their public acts. It is to this, the civil, phase of the career of General Varnum that this article will call particular attention.

His apprenticeship in politics in Massachusetts before he went to the national capital as a representative had been excellently adapted to fitting him for his future legislative work. From 1780 to 1795 he was constantly in the service of the state

\* It is interesting to know that his brother, James M. (who, it appears, was a strong Federalist), retained command of the Rhode Island militia after his retirement from the Continental Army until within a year of his death.

as representative, senator and councillor. Moreover, he was familiar with the Massachusetts judiciary system, having been both sheriff of Middlesex County and a justice of the courts of that division. He was also a member of the state convention of 1788 which, after a memorable session, approved the Federal Constitution. It is greatly to his credit that, ignoring the immense public sentiment in the rural towns against the proposed instrument, he gave his support to the recommendations of the Philadelphia convention. By reason of his attitude at that time he has been called a Federalist in politics, but, as he was in the company of such a stanch follower of Jefferson as Madison, the designation could be only temporarily applicable. He could not agree with Elbridge Gerry in opposing adoption, but his whole life exhibited a consistency in championing the essential policies of what was soon to be known as the Republican party. He believed fully in the "compact" theory of the Constitution.

It is worthy of note that General Varnum's entrance upon national politics was the occasion for an exceptional tribute to his personal character. He had been elected to the lower branch of Congress in 1794 by an exceedingly narrow margin, and an effort was made to unseat him. On February 25, 1796, four memorials from inhabitants of his district were presented to the House, asking for an investigation. General Varnum himself moved that they be referred to the Committee on Elections. The specific charge of the protestants was that of the one hundred and eighty-five votes returned by the selectmen of Dracut (of whom General Varnum was one) sixty were illegal because fifty-five were cast by proxy and five were those of persons not qualified to vote. It also was alleged that the town clerk would not furnish a certified copy of the record of the election and that "none of the

inhabitants of that town, from their attachment to Mr. Varnum, would give any information respecting the election." The case was thoroughly investigated and was discussed at some length on the floor of the House, among General Varnum's supporters being Albert Gallatin. The committee's report was to the effect that the election in Dracut had been conducted with fairness and propriety and that whatever irregularities had occurred were in other places and were principally due to the misconduct of the petitioners. In the amended report as it was adopted by the House was the statement that "the charges in the said petitions against the sitting member are wholly unfounded and that the conduct of the sitting member appears to have been fair and unexceptionable throughout the whole transaction."

General Varnum took from the beginning a prominent part in the House proceedings. His first important speech, made on January 16, 1797, before the contested election case had been decided, exhibited his Republican proclivities. No one of the series of financial measures enacted by the Federalists during their period of dominance disclosed less judgment than the direct tax on lands and houses and on slaves. By reason of the constitutional requirement that direct taxes must be proportional to population this measure inevitably was inequitable and unremunerative. The experience of the succeeding years, as well as the later attempts to resort to the same form of taxation, proved the wisdom of the objections made by the Republicans. These were tersely stated by General Varnum in the speech just mentioned and in others made in May of the following year. He believed the tax would rest heavily upon the poor and upon people of moderate means, while many of those best able to contribute to the expense of the government would be untaxed to a large degree. He presented an elab-

orate analysis of fiscal needs for the purpose of showing that the tax was unnecessary. In the later speeches, however, recognizing that the government appeared to be bent on war with France, he took the position that, in the event of hostilities, a direct tax would be permissible, if all property were levied upon, as in the states. He was one of the last speakers to denounce the bill before it was passed by the House.

The provocations of France which came after the negotiation of the Jay Treaty with England, and which took the form of preying upon our commerce and at length grew into a demand for tribute from the Directory, played splendidly into the hands of the more ardent Federalists, and for a time it seemed as though Hamilton would have the opportunity he wished for war and for an attempt to realize a scheme of national aggrandizement which included an attack upon the Spanish possessions in America, as well as upon France. Up to the time when Adams took advantage of a more conciliatory attitude on the part of France to negotiate a treaty, preparations for a conflict were being pressed upon Congress. Fully in sympathy with the great head of his party, Varnum gave the Federalists' military and naval plans little support. He opposed on the floor of the House the resolution for arming merchant vessels, one permitting the President to provide a further naval force whenever he thought it necessary, one authorizing the state governors to hold 80,000 militia in readiness, the bill providing for an additional corps of artillerymen and engineers, that allowing the purchase of cannon, arms and ammunition, the measure establishing a provisional army, and the bill encouraging the capture of French privateers by permitting a bounty on guns. General Varnum's essential position was that considerable forbearance should be exercised toward France and that, if the worst should come, the militia

of the states would be sufficient to repel any invading enemy until an army could be raised. It is unnecessary to say that his views were totally at variance with those of the party in power. The Federalists were not only preparing to meet what seemed an unavoidable war, but their leaders had some very businesslike ideas of the methods of organization that would be needed to make their warfare effective. The somewhat primitive notions which the Republicans were inclined to advocate, largely, no doubt, because they opposed the whole project of war with France, are illustrated by General Varnum's remarks on a fixed maximum rate of interest for the war loan. He urged that, if money could not be had at a stated rate, citizens should be called into service without money, and provisions should be taken from those who had them to spare. When his party a few years later was engaged in fighting Great Britain, his sense of responsibility led him to take much more practical positions.

When a bill providing for the printing of the dispatches from the American envoys at Paris was presented, General Varnum had an opportunity to speak emphatically in defence of the course of his fellow-Republican of Massachusetts, Elbridge Gerry. A representative from Connecticut had said that a man who, on leaving Paris, would believe that the Directory desired a reconciliation with the United States must either be insane or have known that he uttered a falsehood. General Varnum resented both imputations, and he afterwards had the substantial endorsement of so important a Federalist as President Adams in his assertion that Gerry was neither irresponsible nor mendacious. He was fully justified in remarking in the course of this speech that it "seemed to be the darling object of a number of people in the United States to involve this country in war."

General Varnum stood with his

party in opposition to the stamp tax of 1797 and the law of 1798 which lengthened the period of residence required for the naturalization of foreigners—two measures which, along with other Federalist iniquities, the Republicans lost little time in blotting from the statute book after the accession of Jefferson to the presidency. It is interesting to note that in the course of the debate on the stamp tax bill, when an amendment was proposed increasing the tax on lawyers from \$5 to \$10, he favored an even higher rate. It seems to have been a part of his theory of taxation that lawyers and the financial and commercial classes were not taxed proportionately with the farming element.

The thoroughly democratic attitude of General Varnum is seen most clearly, however, in his view of slavery. As early as January, 1797, while he was serving his first term in Congress, he took high and humane ground on the subject. A petition had been presented from certain negroes of North Carolina who alleged that they had been reenslaved after emancipation. They claimed that persons of their race were always liable, if they had been emancipated, to be reduced again to bondage under the fugitive slave act of 1793. Mr. Varnum, with other members of the House, zealously espoused their cause. He said the petitioners had received injury under the act mentioned, as well as under the laws of North Carolina, and that they had an undoubted right to the attention of the general government. The House, however, refused to receive the petition.

A year later, in March, 1798, the bill for the government of the Mississippi Territory came up. The measure was identical with that under which the Northwest Territory had been governed, aside from the prohibition of slavery. Representative Thatcher of Massachusetts moved to strike out the excepting clause. Mr.

Harper of South Carolina opposed the motion. General Varnum thereupon declared that the remarks of the member from South Carolina showed that he did not wish to support the rights of all men, for "where there was a disposition to retain a part of our species in slavery there could not be proper respect for the rights of mankind." He looked upon the practice of holding blacks in slavery in this country to be equally criminal with the practice of the Algerines in carrying American citizens into slavery. In this debate Gallatin argued strongly that the amendment could not be rejected on account of a lack of jurisdiction by Congress.

When the time came to act upon the constitutional provision regarding the slave trade after 1807, General Varnum showed that his detestation of the institution had not abated. An amendment to the bill imposed punishment by death upon the owners and masters of slaves, but it was further amended so that imprisonment for from five to ten years was substituted for the death penalty. To the latter amendment General Varnum objected, contending that, if the Southern people would not inform against slave traders in case the punishment was death, they would not if the penalty should be imprisonment for a term of years. However faulty this reasoning may have been, it pointed conclusively to an intense desire to reduce the evils of slavery to a minimum. He had entire confidence in the good faith of the Southerners. "I have so often," he said, "heard gentlemen from the South express their dread of the final ruin of that country from slavery that I do believe this law can and will be executed." Later acts of Congress embodied the view of General Varnum that the punishment for slave trading should be more severe, but, as the event proved, international coöperation alone was adequate to the suppression of the traffic on the high seas.

The treatment accorded by the Massachusetts representative to his black servant, "Royal," is proof that his theories were deeply implanted. The story is that when Silas Royal was an infant he and his diminutive sister were bought for a couple of fine salmon and carried from Boston in a pair of saddlebags, and that the little girl died before their owner reached Dracut. Royal spent practically his whole life in the Varnum family, receiving his freedom and accompanying the General wherever the latter went. An attempt to re-enslave him and send him South was frustrated by the determined course of the brothers, Joseph B. and James M. At times he chose to leave the Varnum homestead and make shift for himself, but he invariably returned, to take up his accustomed duties and to receive a cordial welcome from old and young. It is related that the happiest moments of his life seemed to be when, in company with General Varnum, he arrived in Dracut from Washington and observed the deference shown by the people of the town for his master. This evidence of the latter's personal popularity undoubtedly contributed to his own self-esteem. Royal was buried in the little graveyard where the bones of the General and his wife repose.

Apropos of the legend that the negro was bought with a fish is another story, long current. General Varnum, just before starting for Boston on one occasion, had caught a fine salmon, which seemed the very thing to present to his friend, the governor, with his compliments. On the way he stopped at a tavern, and in the course of his talk with the loungers made known his purpose. Resuming his journey, he presently greeted the governor, made a happy little speech and handed the package to His Excellency. The latter examined the gift with interest and finally remarked: "General, this may have been a salmon in Dracut, but in Boston it is a pollock." Considerably

chagrined, General Varnum responded that he was sure he had a salmon when he left home. Taking the package with him, he set out for Dracut, stopping again for refreshment at the same hostelry, where he related the circumstances of the affair. No sooner had he alighted from his horse at home than he again undid the bundle, when, to his infinite astonishment, he beheld the salmon. His wife's comment upon his report of the mysterious train of events was: "Mr. Varnum, I think you must have stopped a long time at that tavern."

The inauguration of Jefferson and the triumph of the growing democracy offered an occasion for the sweeping away of much of the Federalist legislation of the preceding decade. General Varnum joined heartily with the other Republican leaders in this programme. When the bill repealing the internal taxes appeared he spoke warmly in favor of it, referring particularly to the weight of the carriage tax upon the people of his state, who, he said, were compelled to pay \$14,096 out of total receipts from this source of \$77,871. But, he added, "the high and satisfactory motive for a repeal" was that the tax was not needed. Again, when the bill repealing the judiciary law enacted just before the retirement of Adams from the presidency was reported, he made a long and able speech devoted in part to the constitutionality of the proposed measure. The state legislatures, he said, had exercised a control over the state judicial systems similar to that involved in the suggested discontinuance of the newly organized Federal circuit courts. He also argued for the expediency of the bill on the ground that the new courts were not called for. In the course of this speech, which was the last heard by the House before the bill was passed by that body, he eulogized the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. Jealousy of the Federal judiciary was a cardinal proposition of the creed of

Republicanism, and Varnum was in full accord with his party.

The purchase of Louisiana by the representatives of the Administration in France was an event of such a revolutionary nature, especially when viewed with reference to the states-rights theory and strict construction, that consistency among the followers of Jefferson was not to be expected. An unforeseen emergency had arisen to confound the party of strict construction. A practical problem in statesmanship was to be met, and theory had to give way to expediency and common sense. The attitude of General Varnum in this crisis did not differ greatly from that of the mass of Republicans. While clinging to the traditional ideas of his political fellows, he wished to support the policy of the President so far as he could with a good conscience. On October 21, 1803, he made a short speech in favor of the bill to enable the Administration to take possession of Louisiana. That his heart was not in the Administration programme, however, may be inferred from the fact that only a day or two before he and many other Republicans had voted with the Federalists for a resolution calling upon the President for such papers as would show the value of the title to Louisiana—a resolution which was defeated by a vote of 57 to 59 through the efforts of John Randolph. Moreover, when, a little later, the Senate bill for the government of the territory of Orleans was taken up by the House, General Varnum criticised the whole system, in accordance with which the people of the territory were to have no part in the government. He insisted upon an elective legislature. The effect of the opposition of Varnum and those of his way of thinking was the adoption of an amendment vesting legislative powers after the first year of the operation of the act in an elective council, and the act was limited to two years. When the Senate, in a spirit of compromise, allowed the time limit to be

further reduced to one year, the House receded from its amendments. Thus the law went into effect, but, if it is remembered that Jefferson and Madison are supposed to have drawn the original bill, the extent of the Republican distaste for the Louisiana policy of the Administration may be appreciated. In this dissatisfaction General Varnum shared.

How much his course during this episode was due to the fact that John Randolph was championing the cause of the President is an interesting speculation. Henry Adams is authority for the statement that "the Varnums and Crowninshields of Massachusetts cared as little as DeWitt Clinton or Aaron Burr for the notions of Speaker Macon and John Randolph." Certain it is that two years later Varnum and Randolph engaged in a bitter war of words on the floor of the House. Randolph then attacked the Administration, while Varnum was accused of being a party to "backstairs" influence at the White House. The feud between the two men became so ingrained that when, in 1807, Varnum was chosen Speaker, he dropped Randolph from the chairmanship of the Committee on Ways and Means. Gallatin, then Secretary of the Treasury, is quoted as saying, apropos of this incident: "Varnum has, much against my wishes, removed Randolph from the Ways and Means and appointed Campbell of Tennessee. It was improper as related to public business, and will give me additional labor." Gallatin knew well the immense faculty for making trouble which the keen-witted and sharp-tongued Virginian would display as a free lance in the House. That the personal feeling between Varnum and Randolph was mainly due to the erratic and overbearing nature of the latter may reasonably be inferred from a study of his career quite as conclusively as from the popularity of the member from Massachusetts. A fair judgment upon the course of Varnum in

reference to the Louisiana question is that the attitude of Randolph for the time being only confirmed him in his belief that the Administration had broken from its states-rights moorings. There is no doubt that he, like most New Englanders, looked with some alarm upon the acquisition of Louisiana.

General Varnum had received the votes of twenty-seven Republicans for the speakership at the beginning of the Ninth Congress, but it was not until the Tenth Congress met, in 1807, that he was to be honored with an election. He was chosen by a majority of one, but the fact that the Eleventh Congress again placed him in the chair is proof that, while he was surpassed in brilliancy as a presiding officer by his immediate successor, Henry Clay, he discharged very satisfactorily the difficult functions of the speakership.

It was while he occupied this office that the use of the previous question as an engine for the control of debate on the part of the minority was definitely established. The circumstances of this extremely significant event may be briefly mentioned. Mr. Eppes of Virginia, in February, 1811, had moved to amend a bill by substituting a provision for the revival of commercial non-intercourse with Great Britain. Mr. Gholson of Virginia called for the previous question, and the House voted that the main question be put. Thereupon Mr. Gardiner of New York attempted to continue the debate, but was immediately called to order by a member. Speaker Varnum ruled that, according to the recent practice of the House, it was in order to debate the main question after the previous question had been voted. He explained that the practice had been established by the body two years before, contrary to his own opinion and ruling. In view of this well defined attitude of the House at the time he felt bound to decide that debate was permissible. An appeal from this ruling was taken and the

Speaker held that the appeal was debatable. The House reversed this decision, and then, without a division, ordered that, after an affirmative vote for the previous question, no further debate on the main question should occur. The position of General Varnum on this issue appears to have been that his own views should be subordinated to those of the House. Inconsistent as was the principle of closure as a rule of conduct for the party professing to be the exponent of free speech, it already seemed to be a parliamentary necessity. But the vote of the House in 1811 was confirmation of a judgment of Mr. Varnum which required an educating experience before it could be generally accepted.

Massachusetts has had four Speakers of the National House of Representatives. Theodore Sedgwick presided over the Sixth Congress, from 1799 to 1801. Later in the century Robert C. Winthrop and Nathaniel P. Banks held this high office. It was a happy thought which suggested to certain citizens of Massachusetts the propriety of presenting a portrait of Mr. Winthrop to the National Capitol. It at once occurred to the members of the state's delegation in Congress in 1886 that the other distinguished Massachusetts men who had occupied the chair should be honored in the same manner. Accordingly, they brought the matter to the attention of the state authorities, by whom portraits of Sedgwick, Varnum and Banks were provided. On January 19, 1888, the Hon. John D. Long, then a member of the House, in behalf of a committee of the Executive Council of Massachusetts who had taken the portraits to Washington, presented them to Congress. To the Hon. Charles H. Allen, of Lowell, now governor of Porto Rico, who represented the district in which Dracut is located, fell the pleasant duty of addressing the House upon the public services of General Varnum. Mr. Allen spoke eloquently

and appreciatively, referring to the Revolutionary patriots in these words:

"Amid pastoral scenes the most delightful, this rugged man had his early life, and among such associations were formed those habits of thought, that simplicity of character, that ardent patriotism, that intense zeal, which characterized the youth of that historic section and made possible that sudden arming and gathering which found the men of Middlesex County, on that historic April morning, at the bridge at Concord, to inaugurate the great struggle of the Revolution, out of which this nation was to arise."

The portrait of General Varnum which was presented to the House was a copy made by Charles Loring Elliot, about fifty years ago, of an original done by a painter whose name is not known. The copy was intended for the National Capitol, but it had passed into the hands of a descendant of the subject, from whom it was purchased by the committee of the Executive Council.

From the speakership General Varnum passed, in 1811, to the National Senate, thus dividing with Elbridge Gerry, who had been elected governor in 1810 and 1811, the highest honors which the overthrow of the Federalists in Massachusetts gave to the Republican party of this state. If Timothy Pickering, the senator whom Varnum displaced, had the distinction of being the most extreme type of a Federalist, his successor brought to the Senate a personality which quite as thoroughly represented democratic tendencies, political and social. General Varnum was not prominent in debate during the Madison Administration, but he was president *pro tempore* of the Senate from December 6, 1813, to April 17, 1814. In 1813 also he was the candidate of his party for the governorship of Massachusetts, sustaining in the campaign the only defeat of his long political life. One of the mementoes

of the period is a scrap of doggerel in which the pending issues were epitomized:

"Let peace and commerce flourish long;  
I gave my vote for Caleb Strong;  
But those who wish for war and tax,  
And ask for leave to swing their packs—  
O, darn 'em!—  
May vote for General J. B. Varnum."

It was true that Varnum approved the war with Great Britain. Henry Adams says: "Of all the supporters of the war, Senator Varnum of Massachusetts was one of the steadiest. He was also the highest authority in the Senate on matters pertaining to the militia." Concerning his opinions upon the necessity of the war no better illustration is to be found than the following extracts from a private letter written by him to a constituent only a few weeks before Congress took the decisive step, and which very accurately reflects Republican sentiment in Washington at the time:

"All hope of accommodation with Great Britain seems to be entirely over. That nation pretends that it has conquered the Ocean, and that it has a right, in Consequence of the Conquest, to dictate to all the World the Terms on which it shall be navigated. This is one of the maxims held out by the Barbarous Nation before the Christian Era; but since that glorious period, all Christendom have agreed that the Ocean was designed by God himself as the great Highway of Nations, for their mutual convenience and benefit. This doctrine, I believe, has been established in Heaven, and is as uncontrovertable as Revelation itself. How then can we justify it to ourselves, to posterity and to our God, to relinquish these important rights? How can we account for our Conduct at the Consummation of all things, if we Remain Idle in God's Heritage, and through sloth or fear Suffer his people to be despoiled of their hard earnings, while they are peaceably transporting them to a Market, upon the Highway assigned them by Heaven for that very purpose, for the benefit of themselves, and those to whom they are designed to supply, and the people themselves, many of them, arrested and carried into the most abject Servitude and Slavery? This is the Situation in which the Nation is now placed, and every exertion possible has been made to Regain our Rights by peaceable means; but

all have proved abortive. And, moreover, it is now held up, even in the Parliament of Great Britain, that the continued oppression upon our Commerce, is not so much to Injure France, as it is to Check the Rival prosperity and commerce of the United States. A more direct attack upon our Independence, if they were to assail any part of Our Domain by an armed force, could not be made. This being the Situation, I presume it will not be thought strange, by those who love Civil and Religious Liberty, and Independence, that the Government have resorted to means of defence. For my own part I think it has been delayed too long, and that nothing but a love of peace, and a hope that we should Obtain Remuneration for the Wrongs we have unjustly Suffered, could justify the delay.... The Nation is now Strong in Men, and ample in Municions of War, and other necessary Resources. The depredations upon our Rights are a thousand fold greater than those which caused the Revolution. And where is the Man that will not gird on his Armour and defend them? I trust he is not to be found."

B. W. Crowninshield, another Massachusetts Republican, who became Secretary of the Navy in the latter part of Madison's Administration, is reported to have said that Mr. Varnum's influence and vote at a crucial point of legislation made him largely responsible for the declaration of war. Certain it is that the Senator had no liking for the policy of New England Federalism, although his sympathy with the sufferings of his section in consequence of the interruption of commerce was plainly evident from a resolution looking to the payment of the militia of the states by the national government which he introduced shortly after the Hartford Convention.

By the irony of changed circumstances, the Republican party was led, as the war proceeded, to adopt the very forms of taxation which it had so heartily disapproved when they were proposed by the Federalists—direct, whiskey and stamp taxes. General Varnum, doubtless reluctantly, was led to give his assent to some of these measures, sharing with his party associates in a course whose

excuse to those believing in the old Republican philosophy was its necessity; but, so far as the direct tax was concerned, his votes against it showed that he had not changed his opinion after the lapse of more than a decade.

In military legislation, also, he made it plain that his general approval of the war could not lead him to accept unquestioningly whatever the Administration might suggest for carrying on the struggle. His most notable act during his term as senator, indeed, was his opposition to the bill which provided for resort to a two-years' draft upon the militia of the states for recruiting the armed forces of the nation. This was in the fall of 1814, when the fortunes of war were at a low ebb. General Varnum began the debate with a speech "vehemently hostile to the proposed legislation," which he pronounced "unnecessary, unequal and unjust." When the measure came to a vote, he was one of two Republicans who joined with the Federalists in voting against it. Nevertheless, it went through the Senate, only to encounter further opposition in the House, where it was amended. A conference report was not acceptable to the lower branch, and the Senate allowed the matter to drop. Daniel Webster always expressed great satisfaction that he shared in the credit of defeating what he called "Monroe's conscription," but no one factor in the opposition was more potent in compassing the failure of the measure than the fierce onslaught of General Varnum in the Senate.

The last important position taken by the Massachusetts senator during his Washington career, however, was in harmony with Monroe and with his own lifelong principles of strict construction. He recorded himself against the proposition for internal improvements, which was especially advocated by the younger Republicans, which was accepted by Congress, but which met a presidential veto. He was out of sympathy,



GENERAL JOSEPH B. VARNUM.

moreover, with the rising protectionist sentiment of the new leaders of his party, but he recognized the need of a national bank and voted for the bill which chartered the second institution of that kind.

Retirement from the Senate in 1817 did not mean the close of General Varnum's career as a public servant. In that year he was chosen to represent his senatorial district in the State Legislature, and when he died, on September 11, 1821, he was the senior member of that body. During the last years of his life, also, he was elected a selectman of Dracut. One of the re-

marks of John Quincy Adams which best reveal the character of that high-minded statesman, made when he was approached on the subject of running for Congress after he had filled his term as President, was that an ex-President could not be degraded by serving as a selectman of his town. General Varnum apparently had the same opinion of any elective office, however humble.

When the convention for the revision of the Massachusetts Constitution met in Boston in 1820, it was hoped that ex-President John Adams would preside, but his health did not permit him to do so. Chief Justice Parker of the Supreme Court was chosen president, but on account of illness he was unable to serve regularly. General Varnum, accordingly, occupied the chair during many of the sessions. It may be assumed that the work of this convention had a large place in his heart. Throughout his life he had held devotedly to a complete equality in citizenship, to full civil and religious liberty. Yet in his own Massachusetts a property qualification for voting still existed and the Constitution enjoined attend-



THE HOME OF GENERAL VARNUM.

ance upon religious worship. It is true that the force of the second rule had been broken by a statute which allowed citizens the option of paying their "ministerial taxes" to independent religious societies, instead of the regular town or parish church; but the entire separation of Church and State was yet to come. General Varnum spoke earnestly in the convention in behalf of religious tolerance. That body recorded itself in favor of two amendments based on that idea, one following the lines of the statute mentioned and the other repealing the clause of the Constitution which required officials to declare their belief in the Christian religion. The people, however, refused to ratify the first amendment, and it was not until 1833 that all religious denominations were placed upon a plane of equality under the Massachusetts law.

The convention was more successful in undermining the property discrimination for the elective franchise; the amendment which it proposed, and which was adopted by the people, retained as conditions for voting only the payment of a tax within two years, the attainment of twenty-one years of age, and residence within the Commonwealth for one year and within the town for six months previous to elections. Thus General Varnum had the pleasure of seeing in his old age the virtual triumph in Massachusetts, so long the stronghold of Federalism, of the principles to which he was most attached; he had the satisfaction, indeed, of knowing that he had contributed materially to that event. No member of the convention of 1820, excepting Mr. Webster, had a larger part than he in the work of that body.

The genuineness of the democratic character of General Varnum was illustrated once more by his request that at his funeral there should be no civic or military ceremony. He wished that the last rites should occur at his farmhouse and that his body be attended to the family lot, within a stone's throw of the house, by his friends and neighbors. By the beau-

tiful Merrimack he lies, a man who inspired the most loyal friendship in those who fought on his side in the political battles of the time, and who commanded the sincere respect of his opponents.

He began his political activities as a partisan of the cause of the colonies, a sturdy farmer patriot. As the two great parties took form and espoused policies, the bent of his mind toward social simplicity and broad sympathy for struggling and humble humanity led him instinctively to place himself in the camp of Jefferson, the hero of American democracy. At no time in his after-life did he show any pronounced divergence from the path marked out by his party creed. In respect to the Louisiana purchase, indeed, he was more Jeffersonian than Jefferson. He showed, too, in some instances a more practical nature than did his great exemplar. This is apparent from his views on national defence. In one of his speeches he confesses he is no great admirer of gunboats—the "mosquito fleet"—that absurd hobby in which Jefferson never seems to have lost faith. His strict interpretation of the Constitution he never relaxed, and his belief in the principle of political equality was never shaken.

He is described as above the average height, somewhat corpulent, of a light complexion, with dark blue eyes, and a strong and regular cast of features. He was fond of social life and was an entertaining conversationalist. It is the testimony of those who knew him that in his private life he exhibited preëminently the virtues of good humor and neighborly helpfulness.

For his numerous and varied services, performed with a strict regard for the dictates of conscience; for his good sense and high patriotism; for the consistency with which he held to his political tenets, he deserves an honorable place in the recollection of his countrymen, and especially of those of their number who exalt the name of Jefferson.



THE MADONNAS OF ST. MARK'S.

## MISS ROBERTS'S RELIGIOUS PAINTINGS.

*By William Howe Downes.*

**I**N a broad sense, all good painting is religious, since it has its origin in the divine aspiration of the soul towards perfection, but when we speak of religious painting as distinguished from other genres we commonly mean that painting which concerns itself either with the inner religious experiences of the individual or with the historical pages of the spiritual life of man. Probably the religious art which comes to mind most readily when the subject is mentioned is the work of the Italians of the Renaissance period. Those psychological qualities which gave it its greatest value are not to be repeated in a more humane and sophisticated age. The religious painting of the twentieth century should look forward, and make itself the reflection of the new light, the larger hope, the more catholic spirit of charity and brotherly love, which is the heart of modern Christianity. There is more vital religion to-day than there was in the time of Signorelli, and it will find

its expression in a greater art. Not for us the lovely or the terrible visions of the old race of cathedral builders; not for us the mysticism, the supernaturalism, the theology of the stalwart old ecclesiastical painters and sculptors. Out of new conditions and ideals grows the new art, equally serious, equally devout; but as different as the modern thought and purpose is from the old.

The first quality to make itself felt in Miss Elizabeth Wentworth Roberts's religious paintings is her intense seriousness. An artist is not entitled to special praise for sincerity, because this, being fundamental, must be taken for granted. But there are degrees of earnestness, according to the infinite differences of temperament in individuals. Miss Roberts's two principal religious works demonstrate that the modern mind is more interested in the struggles and burdens of living and sentient human beings than in the lurid dreams of the Apocalypse; and remind us that the sorrow, peni-



THE LEFT PANEL FROM THE MADONNAS  
OF ST. MARK'S.

tence and simple faith of humble peasants are more to us than the whole body of mediæval ecclesiastical tradition. Her point of view is par-

ticularly significant and interesting as illustrating the modern tendency in these matters as contrasted with the hollowness of all attempts to revive the monkish formulæ in religious pictorial art. It is not that the old ideas are altogether divested of their interest, but those ideas are now chiefly valuable as history; they do not, naturally, express the spiritual needs and aspirations of our generation. That religious art will more and more occupy itself with humanity, even as modern religious thought divests itself of the obsolete garments of the middle ages in order to clothe itself in the glorious vestments of natural piety and righteous living, is inevitable.

We may take as examples of this modern point of view "The Madonnas of St. Mark's" and "Domine non sum dignus." What faith stands for in the lives of the poor, the afflicted, the sinful and the weak; what significance and comfort there is for these in the rites and symbols of the church; and how the burdens of suffering humanity are brought to the foot of the altar,—such are the motives, as old as Christian art, but ever new, which have inspired Miss Roberts's brush. She has felt the heavy pathos and the urgent need of consolation in the lives of the European peasantry; she has perceived what their simple faith means to them, how it ministers to their needs, what a place it fills in their narrow lives. Her pictures are illustrations of these experiences, and, although she necessarily depicts them from the outside, it is with deep human sympathy and insight.

"The Madonnas of St. Mark's" is a five-part composition designed as one decorative motive of admirable balance and continuity. The peculiarly strenuous character of its religious sentiment is clothed in a delightfully original and harmonious decorative garb. Although each of the five panels has a unity and completeness of its own, they are all organically related and bound to-

gether by their spirit as well as by their design and tone. The originality of the composition consists not so much in the disposition of the lines and masses of each panel taken by itself as in the combination of the five panels, which form a variation on the pyramidal idea, lending a singular sense of repose and equilibrium. The architectural frame completes and amplifies this impression. The expression and movement of the mother who prays, holding her infant in her arms as she kneels before the altar, crouches beneath the picture of the Virgin, stands gazing up at another Madonna, or reverently kisses the hem of the Holy Mother's garment, are full of the pure spirit of devotion, and it is evident that she has been enabled to come nearer to the mystery of Mary's motherhood by the joys and pains of her own motherhood. I have never seen this touching idea expressed in pictures with more delicacy of imaginative perception. In color and tone, as well as in design, the thought is aptly embodied. The warm, smoky atmosphere of the church interior, in which the color scheme is based on an unusual ground of dull plum color, suggested by the tone of the walls and the pavement, is highly agreeable to the eyes. The engraving shows how effectively the light and dark spaces are distributed. Summing up the qualities of the work, we find it to combine the expression of an emotional experience, the central idea being so universal as to need no explanation, with an ornamental intention which is worked out successfully on original lines.

"Domine non sum dignus" is not so pleasant in a decorative sense, and, not being conceived as a decoration, falls short of "The Madonnas of St. Mark's" in respect to composition and color; but it is even more pathetic in significance, and tells its story with force and solemnity. The motive, doubtless inspired by actual episodes, is by a slight but perceptible margin



THE RIGHT PANEL.

removed from the absolute simplicity of idea which holds the other work in such remarkable unity; thus it follows



"DOMINE NON SUM DIGNUS."

that there is less clearness in the expression of it, and this extends to the arrangement of the masses, so that the relation between the various figures and parts of the design conveys no sense of that inevitableness which in a masterpiece makes us feel that it could not have been otherwise. One might weave a story out of this picture, and it would be melancholy, but it is always better to let the picture tell its own tale, however ambiguous. The studies for this picture were made in Paris.

The painting called "Types of the Black Forest" is a well studied and penetrating character piece, in which a group of peasants are portrayed in the act of receiving the blessing after morning service. "The Madonna of the Kiss" (owned by Miss F. Welsh) is one of the original studies for the "Madonnas of St. Mark's." "Low Tide on the Coast of Normandy" (owned by Miss E. C. Roberts) shows that Miss Roberts possesses distinct talent as a landscape painter. In her recent exhibition in Boston, Miss Roberts showed a series of eight designs for decorations to be placed in the Church of St. Asaph, Bala, Pa.,

and copies of works by Botticelli, Benozzo Gozzoli, Carpaccio and Paris Bordone. Her portraits, figure pieces, landscapes, etc., including "The White Shawl," owned by Miss A. Thomson, "The Norwegian Bride," "My Grandmother's Birthday," "The Green Gown," "Sunshine and Shadow," and "The Quiet End of Evening," emphasized the impression of seriousness and ability made by her religious paintings.

It is not possible to form a final opinion on the designs for the Church of St. Asaph in their present stage, since the drawings should be seen in their proper settings and finished form, the more so because they are evidently adapted with much thoughtfulness to the architectural environment of which they are to form a part. Miss Roberts manifests in these studies an uncommon degree of scholarly invention, and, as was noted in the case of the "Madonnas of St. Mark's," she shows the rare faculty of ornamental composition in which not only each design taken separately but all the series viewed together give an impression of agreeable unity and harmony. Combined with her



AWAITING THE BENEDICTION.

(Types of the Black Forest.)

sensitive expression of emotional life, this decorative instinct should enable her to produce notable religious decorations. Her study of the primitive Italian works has been of distinct service in forming her style, without for a moment influencing her choice of motives or moral point of view. A more intimate and congenial influence, and a more natural one for a modern painter, has been that of Dagnan-Bouveret, whose feeling for religious themes is beautifully tempered by the human note, and is perhaps more vitally sincere than that of any of the contemporary European painters. But in the final analysis, after all due account has been taken of exterior influences, there seems to be quite enough of the per-



THE CHURCH DOOR.



"BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN."

sonal equation to set Miss Roberts's work apart as the spontaneous artistic utterance of a fine temperament, the impulses of which are stamped by a new and real mental quality. It is hardly necessary to say that this is what we critics are always looking for. Were it more common it would be the less valuable. There are many minor things in art which are fine and admirable, but they are mostly unessential.

"Not from a vain or shallow thought  
His awful Jove young Phidias brought."

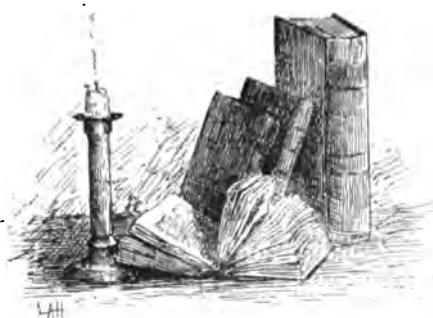
Originality then is the name for this quality which, more than all others, makes works of art immortal. And the strangest part of it is that originality comes to those who are seeking something else. Every earnest worker in the arts must have discovered by experience that the conscious search for novelty of form is vain; that its coming often seems fortuitous; it results from some cause deeper than the desire to shine. Artists know well enough that there is nothing in the world that can take the place of moral enthusiasm. They

may give it other names if they do not like these words, but it amounts to the same thing. It lies behind and beneath all great achievements. This is why all good painting is religious; this is why art is in itself a religion. A great yearning to let others see the beauty and the wonder that we have seen is the mainspring that sets the wheels in motion.

"The beauty and the wonder, and the power,  
The shapes of things, their colors, lights and shades,  
Changes, surprises, and God made it all!  
For what? Do you feel thankfully, ay or no,

For this fair town's face, yonder river's line,  
The mountain round it and the sky above,  
Much more the figures of man, woman,  
child,  
These are the frame to?"

It is not, Can you draw skilfully? but, Do you feel thankfully? Given the feeling, it seems that the rest of the equipment of the artist may be had for the asking. This is as true now as it was in the day of Lippo Lippi. Without the holy zeal born of generous and lofty sentiment, art is a pitiable jugglery, not worth thinking about,—a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.



## SORROW.

*By M. T. Maltby.*

A N angel of God to two women came  
Saying, "What will ye ask in the Father's name  
When at last ye enter the gates of heaven?  
For whatever ye ask ye shall be given."  
White with shedding of tears, one raised her face,  
Stiff set in the furrows which sorrows trace,  
And she said, "On earth I have had to quaff  
The cup of grief—in heaven let me laugh."

In pity he turned to the other then,—  
To a woman with eyes which held no pain;  
Whose sunny face was a message of cheer  
To lives which had else been sadly drear;  
With lips ever ready for laugh or jest—  
Denying the anguish which no one guessed;  
And she answered the angel, "When I die  
God grant me in heaven a place to cry!"

## MANASSEH CUTLER AND THE ORDINANCE OF 1787.

*By Nathan N. Withington.*

THE movement of New England into the West constitutes one of the most important chapters of our history. A new consciousness of the significance of this movement began with the oration of Senator Hoar at the Marietta centennial in 1888. Old Rutland, Massachusetts, "the cradle of Ohio," as it has well been called, has become in the years since 1888 a veritable Mecca for the students of the history of New England's relations with the West. The old home of General Rufus Putnam has been secured for permanent preservation as a historical memorial and has already been the goal of many pilgrimages. The centennial of the settlement of the Western Reserve by New England men was recently celebrated even more impressively than the centennial of the founding of Marietta by Rufus Putnam and his associates. Whatever relates to this great New England movement a century ago is acquiring new interest. It is perhaps an opportune time to direct attention once more to one who was second only to Rufus Putnam, if indeed second to any one, in securing the opening of the Northwest Territory to settlement upon the most hopeful and salutary basis.

Manasseh Cutler was born in Killingly, Connecticut, May 13, 1742. He graduated at Yale in 1765, and soon after settled at Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard, where he engaged in the whaling business and kept a shop. Next he studied law, was admitted to the Massachusetts bar in 1767 and conducted a few cases in the Court of Common Pleas. Finding law uncongenial, he began the study of theology, and having married, in 1766, Mary Balch, daughter of Rev. Thomas Balch of Dedham, he re-

moved to that town in 1769 and continued his theological studies under the direction of his father-in-law. In 1770 he was licensed and preached as a candidate at Ipswich Hamlet, now Hamilton, where he was ordained in 1771, holding the pastoral relation to the same parish until the end of his life.

At the rumor of the fight at Lexington, he led a party of Ipswich men to Cambridge, arriving too late to take part, but witnessing the retreat of the British into Boston. In September, 1776, he was commissioned as army chaplain, and served under Colonel Ebenezer Francis in the Eleventh Massachusetts regiment. He did gallant service as a combatant in Rhode Island in the action of August 28, 1778, and received honorable recognition. During the latter part of the war the doctor of Ipswich Hamlet was serving in the army; and in order that his people might not lack medical attendance, Mr. Cutler studied the art and practised for several years, creditably, according to the testimony of neighboring physicians.

About this time an English work on botany interested him in that study, and he was the first to examine the flora of New England, of which he described three hundred and fifty species according to the Linnaean system. He was a friend of Dr. Belknap of New Hampshire; and in 1784, in a party of seven persons, they explored the White Mountains, and they are said to have been the first white men who made the ascent. By their instruments it was computed that Mount Washington rose 10,000 feet above the level of the sea—an error of about 3,400 feet. In 1781 Cutler was elected a member of the Ameri-

can Academy, and was thereafter a contributor to its proceedings.

His name is connected with national events of such importance as the cession of the state grants of unsettled lands to the national government, by which action the Union was cemented; and he drafted for Nathan Dane the celebrated Ordinance of 1787, which excluded slavery from the Northwest Territory, and gave that vast region to freedom and insured for it education and religion. He was a foremost agent in carrying out the great plan whose object was the settling of the domain which had been so wisely and nobly predestined, the securing of the best class of settlers, and allaying the discontent of the soldiers of the Revolution at the ingratitude with which their services had been repaid by furnishing them homes and lands. In accordance with this scheme, in December, 1787, an expedition set forth from Cutler's house in Hamilton, consisting of sixty persons, who were joined by others from Rutland and other places, all under the lead of General Rufus Putnam, for the settlement of Marietta, Ohio.

Yale College gave him the degree of LL. D. in 1791. In 1795 he declined an appointment as judge of the Supreme Court of the Ohio Territory. He was chosen representative to the Massachusetts General Court in 1800; and from December 7, 1801, to March 3, 1805, he served his district in Congress as a Federalist, then declining reelection on account of his health. The remainder of his life was active; and he died July 28, 1823, universally honored and mourned.

This bare record of the chief events of his life is sufficient indication that this was an extraordinary man who had settled for life as the pastor of a poor country parish, contented with that humble position, yet with a mind active in so many fields of thought, wise in seeing the trend and needs of the age, and with a vigor of character which made him a leader and not a mere scholar. He enlarged the boundaries of knowledge by his botanical labors, and sought to do it in other departments of science, and he showed himself eminent as a man of affairs and a leader among practical men in his connection with the disposition of the Northwest Territory.



BIRTHPLACE OF MANASSEH CUTLER AT KILLINGLY, CONN.

His versatility is conspicuous; but to that must be added a wisdom, common sense and persistent force which do not always accompany versatility.

There is enough of interest in such a life to make it worth while to get a more definite and detailed picture of it; and for this we fortunately have the material in his "Life, Journals and Correspondence," by his grandchildren. These two volumes are a mine from which material could be drawn for a most interesting and valuable biography, and are themselves of enduring interest.

Dr. Cutler inherited his handsome



DR. CUTLER'S CHURCH AT HAMILTON, MASSACHUSETTS. THE PARSONAGE AT THE LEFT.

and sturdy frame and vigorous mind from parents who were substantial farmer folk of Killingly, who lived so near to the Rhode Island line that it ran through their house. His earliest New England ancestor came from Norfolk, England, and settled in Watertown, Mass., in 1634. On all sides he inherited Puritan blood of the early settlers. He was a type once common in New England, of the country Congregational minister poorly paid but greatly respected, a scholar and a man of great and deserved authority, who was not only the pastor and guide in spiritual concerns, but the leader of thought and manners, whose functions have since been divided and subdivided and are now undertaken by books, magazines, lectures, newspapers and all the instruments of light and leading. It was an aristocracy indeed, but one of personal worth, and owed its ascendancy to the spontaneous deference of the people to superior knowledge and wisdom. The "emancipation of Massachusetts" from the control of such ministers was not an emancipation of slaves from

thraldom, but of children who have come of age from the tutelage of their parents.

In personal appearance Dr. Cutler is described in his later years as a stately gentleman of the old school, of light complexion, ruddy cheeks, tall, well proportioned, with a benevolent, genial and handsome face. His portly form was commonly dressed in black velvet coat and smallclothes, black silk stockings and silver knee and shoe buckles. His bearing was such as inspired awe and respect upon approaching him, but he had manners which put the new acquaintance quickly at his ease without diminishing the reverence felt for his person. While he was courteous and dignified, he was sociable and hospitable, delighting in the company of distinguished men especially, but also in that of his fellow men of any class, so that it is said that there was seldom a vacant seat at his table. He once gave an account of his first introduction to Dr. Franklin as follows:

"As I walked up the avenue to his house, I reflected, I am going into the

presence of a great man—one who had stood before kings and the mighty ones of the earth. I hesitated; my knees smote together; but I could not retreat. I was greatly surprised to see in Dr. Franklin a small, lively old man in his morning gown, perfectly simple and unaffected in his appearance and manners. He immediately recognized me as the author of a botanical work; invited me to walk in his spacious and elegant garden; and in five minutes I felt as free and as much at home with him as with my own family or my most intimate friend."

Mr. Ira Cheever of Chelsea, who taught school in Hamilton in 1819, was invited to supper with Dr. Cutler one evening, and he says his own feelings were precisely similar to those which his guest had recorded in the paragraph here quoted. Such was the presence of one of the able and learned men who formerly were content to settle in the poor rural parishes of New England, upon a stipend

which would be considered at present inadequate for a female school-teacher of the lower grades; and there were many such ministers in Massachusetts, the richest of the New England group. Dr. Cutler's granddaughter says:

"Unambitiously settling in a small village, in 1771, called Ipswich Hamlet, not even incorporated, his salary was proportionally limited. I think it never exceeded \$450 as the annual amount, with perquisites of wood and other favors, as was the custom; but a handsome income was the result of boarding and teaching candidates for college and pupils in bookkeeping and navigation from Newburyport, Salem, Ipswich and other towns in the county. Social and genial, he was a lover of good cheer; his table never lacked abundance or variety; and this was the time when the flow of soul was swiftest, and the dessert was enlivened with a hoarded anecdote or the relation of a droll incident or experience. This habit he encouraged



THE PARSONAGE.



DR. CUTLER'S DESK AND CHAIR.

as a sanitary measure to create the laugh that waits on appetite; for a merry laugh was his delight."

Dr. Cutler was a farmer and gardener, and a good one, and he gave good advice to a son who found farming too plodding an occupation while his father was in Congress—advice in the style of Poor Richard, for Cutler had several characteristics of Dr. Franklin besides the resemblance in the personal impression each made upon younger men.

Dr. Cutler was a Congregational minister; and it is proper that something should be said of his religion. He was a practical Christian and his life was beneficent and exemplary. He believed theoretically in the doctrines of the Westminster Catechism, but in the journals, letters and addresses it does not seem that he laid great emphasis on the peculiar doc-

trines therein propounded. In the charge which he gave at the ordination of Rev. Daniel Story, to go as pastor of the Marietta settlement, there is nothing which one of the old-fashioned Unitarian ministers might not have spoken. There is a curious illustration of his sturdy calmness of judgment in the record in his journal of his impressions of a sermon he heard delivered by the celebrated Whitefield at Wrentham, in 1770, when he was twenty-eight years old. He says:

"His text was handsomely opened; his subject turned principally upon the necessity of the assistance of the Divine Spirit in performing all our duties. Had not so much as the heads of his sermon written—very flighty and rambling—his audience not overmuch

affected. He had many good expressions, and many very odd and improper for the pulpit. Not at all pleased with him upon the whole, as his discourse was not at all enlightening and instructive, but very broken and interwoven with impertinent stories. His gestures very extravagant, though natural and easy. His sermon an hour and a half, and all the substance, I imagine, might have been delivered handsomely in ten minutes." Dr. Cutler adds characteristically: "Rained considerably, which was much wanted, as it had been extremely dry."

Apparently he was not a profound theologian, and he certainly was not a sensational preacher, but a pious, upright man of sound, practical sense, which he applied in the pulpit and his pastoral work as he did in his business and in his political labors. The

sermons which are published are well written and indicate a vigorous and enlightened mind, public spirited and patriotic, accustomed to consider great affairs and to take an active part in their conduct. They give the impression of strong feeling controlled by sound judgment and without a trace of fanaticism. That he was a good pastor as well as an acceptable preacher is evident from the reverence in which his memory is still held in the parish by the descendants of those to whom he ministered. That he was guided by good sense in his religion is indicated in his comments upon Whitefield's preaching; and that he was more liberal than most New England ministers or than the general public



CLOCK OWNED BY DR. CUTLER.

is shown in his diary recording the doings of Sunday, July 15, 1787.

Dr. Cutler was then visiting Philadelphia and New York in the interest of the plan for settling the Northwest Territory; and the diary tells how he set out on his return from Philadelphia. At the upper ferry of the Delaware River he came to the Forge, Rolling, and Slitting Mills; and the record reads: "At these mills I let my horse stand to cool himself about ten minutes and took a walk into the mills and viewed these curious works, but, as it was Sunday, did not take any minutes of their construction." Still, as he was a keen observer, he gives some account of them and of the impression they made upon his mind.

CANDELABRA AND COMMUNION CUPS PRESENTED TO DR. CUTLER'S PARISH, AND  
PUNCH BOWL OWNED BY HIM.

All the articles herein reproduced are in the possession of his granddaughters.

At the end of the entry for the day he writes: "I have rode today fifty-five miles, and have attended public worship both forenoon and afternoon—a pretty good day's work for Sunday." At that time the laws of Massachusetts and Connecticut made it a criminal offence to travel on Sunday.

The diary gives frequent indications of the interest which Cutler took in physical science, which he had

vancement of science; and at the boarding school which he kept there were many youth who afterwards became eminent, and who all looked back upon their school days with Cutler as some of the most profitable days of their lives, and to himself with the respect which is inspired by a great teacher. The consideration in which his scientific work was held is evident in the number and reputation of his correspondents at home and abroad, in England, France, Germany, Italy and Sweden, in all which countries his botanical achievements were known and appreciated. He began the study of botany seemingly by chance in 1780, and he began at once to apply what he had learned from books to the study of nature and the examination and description of the flora of New England, in which he was the pioneer. He was also a good mathematician and something of an astronomer, geographer and topographer. The American Academy of Arts and Sciences in 1781 elected Dr. Cutler to membership, and he contributed to its proceedings papers "On the Transit of Mercury over the Sun, 12th November, 1782;" "On the Eclipse of the Moon, 29th March, 1782, and of the Sun in the following April;" "Meteorological Observations, 1781, '82, '83;" "An Account of Some of the Vegetable Productions Naturally Growing in this Part of America;" and "Remarks on a



MANASSEH CUTLER'S TOMB IN THE OLD BURYING GROUND  
AT HAMILTON.

to satisfy with few advantages of books and apparatus. Considering these disadvantages the record is truly remarkable,—the record not only of his attainments but of his advancement of the boundaries of knowledge by original research in the botany of New England. While he is still a young man there are entries recording astronomical and meteorological phenomena; and these are continued as long as the diary was kept. He was a frequent correspondent with others interested in the ad-

ditional sciences and the progress of science; and at the boarding school which he kept there were many youth who afterwards became eminent, and who all looked back upon their school days with Cutler as some of the most profitable days of their lives, and to himself with the respect which is inspired by a great teacher. The consideration in which his scientific work was held is evident in the number and reputation of his correspondents at home and abroad, in England, France, Germany, Italy and Sweden, in all which countries his botanical achievements were known and appreciated. He began the study of botany seemingly by chance in 1780, and he began at once to apply what he had learned from books to the study of nature and the examination and description of the flora of New England, in which he was the pioneer. He was also a good mathematician and something of an astronomer, geographer and topographer. The American Academy of Arts and Sciences in 1781 elected Dr. Cutler to membership, and he contributed to its proceedings papers "On the Transit of Mercury over the Sun, 12th November, 1782;" "On the Eclipse of the Moon, 29th March, 1782, and of the Sun in the following April;" "Meteorological Observations, 1781, '82, '83;" "An Account of Some of the Vegetable Productions Naturally Growing in this Part of America;" and "Remarks on a

Vegetable and Animal Insect." He also, with the assistance of Dr. William D. Peck, prepared the chapter on Trees and Plants in Belknap's "History of New Hampshire."

These various labors would have marked Dr. Cutler as a man of versatile and strong mind; but he would not have won a niche in the shrine to those whose memories are preserved for generations as public benefactors if this had been all. But his name is intimately associated with events of vast and vital importance to the establishment and perpetuity of the Union. The colonies had grants from the British crown of lands extending westward to the Pacific Ocean, and these grants were of as divine right as that by which the Pope had divided the unknown parts of the world between Spain and Portugal, making the boundary between these dominions of great hopes a meridian of longitude. The treaties of peace after the Revolutionary War had given to the states actual rights, as far as white men were concerned, in a vast region at the northeast; and the cession of these to the federal government was at once an incentive to and a bond of union. Indeed it seems now that it was an indispensable condition, and that if the lands had been retained by the several states, the Union might have perished as an untimely birth before it had drawn breath.

When Dr. Cutler was 45 years old, these lands and important questions connected with their disposition turned his remarkable powers in a new direction; and the good sense, the shrewdness in dealing with men, the comprehensive views and the patriotism which had inspired him in the war were displayed upon a wider field. His share in one of the most important epochs of the history of America is deserving of honorable memory at the present time, as it had the recognition by the men of his own generation whose regard was worth having.

There were two important special questions connected with the public lands, namely, that they should be systematically settled by patriotic men who would hold them for their country, and that provision should be made for the soldiers. As an officer of the Revolutionary army, Dr. Cutler naturally felt sympathy with the soldiers who were disbanded at the close of the war, many of whom were left destitute after having given the flower of their youth to the service of a country which did not show itself particularly grateful to the heroes who have been so highly honored with the unsubstantial tributes of posterity. At the time, many of them were discharged from the service far from their homes, to which they had to make their way as tramps, subsisting by beggary or by the terror they inspired. Partly by the weakness of Congress and partly by the unwillingness of their countrymen to tax themselves to pay a debt which ought to have been sacred, an army of disbanded soldiers was scattered to its homes with nothing but certificates of indebtedness, which were almost worthless under the feeble confederacy, and which many of them disposed of at an enormous discount.

Dr. Cutler and General Rufus Putnam were the chief promoters of a plan by which a large number of these should be granted lands and homes, and the Northwest Territory should be settled with the best and most patriotic of the American stock. Thus the Ohio Company was formed at the Bunch of Grapes Tavern in Boston, March 1, 1786. The plan was to raise a fund in continental certificates, not to exceed one million dollars, to be expended in purchasing United States lands in the territory for the purpose of settlement. The shares of the company were to be each one thousand dollars in such certificates and ten dollars in gold or silver. This was the beginning of the movement resulting in the settlement of Marietta, Ohio, which accomplished in a

considerable degree the purpose for which it was intended so far as related to provision for soldiers of the war, and all that could have been expected in founding a settlement of good citizens and of moral and intelligent men,—education being especially fostered in the establishment of a college as one of the first institutions of the new colony.

Closely connected with this scheme, in Dr. Cutler's mind, was the carrying through of the famous Ordinance of 1787, which dedicated the whole territory of which the Marietta settlement was a part to freedom, education and religion, slavery being forever excluded from the territory by the ordinance. Indeed this was a preliminary and condition of the settlement; and Cutler's part in it was important if he were not the actual author of the famous sixth article of the ordinance, which ran as follows:

"There shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in the said territory, otherwise than in punishment of crimes whereof the party shall have been duly convicted: Provided, always, that any person escaping into the same, from whom labor or service is lawfully claimed in any one of the original states, such fugitive may be lawfully reclaimed and conveyed to the person claiming his or her labor or service as aforesaid."

The latter clause shows that the principle of the fugitive slave law was postulated by the South and yielded by the North so early. In proof of Dr. Cutler's agency in having this important article inserted in the ordinance, his descendants, in "The Life, Journal and Correspondence," bring some strong evidence. Dr. Joseph Torrey of Salem, Mass., wrote to Judge Ephraim Cutler, January 30, 1847: "At a recent professional call at Hamilton, Brother Temple produced large files of Ohio documents, but I had time only for a hasty examination. I saw among these documents the Ordinance of 1787 on a printed sheet. On its margin was

written that Mr. Dane requested Dr. Cutler to suggest such provisions as he deemed advisable, and that at Dr. Cutler's instance was inserted what relates to religion, education and slavery." Daniel Webster was convinced by examining the documents that Cutler suggested the article, and Dr. Cutler himself claimed it, and told his son that "he was acting for associates, friends and neighbors, who would not embark in the enterprise, unless these principles were unalterably fixed." At the centennial celebration of the town of Hamilton, in the summer of 1893, a grandson of Cutler was the orator of the day, and he, modestly on his part, but proudly for the town, gave the credit of the ordinance to its people, of whom his grandfather, he said, was only the representative.\*

This estimate hardly does justice to the man who was the representative of a plan which was doubtless in the minds of many, but in no other mind so clearly as in his; and no other man probably could have carried to success so well the negotiations with public men in and out of Congress. The tact and shrewdness, the knowledge of men and the motives by which they are led to act, and the combination of pleasing address and firmness with which he held to his own view against what at first was a hostile majority in Congress, were admirable, and they mark the superior man able to control other men and public affairs of large importance.

In June, 1787, Cutler set forth on a journey to Philadelphia and New York for the purpose of securing from Congress such action as the Ohio Company desired, and as a preliminary to interest public men and men of influence in the scheme. At Philadelphia he met Dr. Franklin for the first time, who received his New England visitor cordially as one who was

\* See the notes appended to the Ordinance of 1787, as published in Old South Leaflet, No. 13, for a discussion of the respective parts of those who secured its passage. Dr. Cutler's Description of Ohio in 1787 is published in Old South Leaflet, No. 40.

already distinguished by his botanical work and writings, and not the less cordially that the introduction was by Elbridge Gerry. Dr. Cutler also saw in Philadelphia Mr. Madison and Mr. Mason of Virginia, Governor Martin and Hugh Williamson of North Carolina, John Rutledge and Mr. Pinckney of South Carolina, Mr. Hamilton of New York, Robert Morris, the financier, and other distinguished Philadelphians, on all of whom he seems to have made a good impression.

At New York he came to the test of his powers. Apparently a majority of the members of Congress were opposed to making the desired concession, and the most favorably disposed were hardly willing to accede to the terms demanded by the company. Fortunately for his prospect of success, however, there was another large land scheme in which a number of rich and influential men were interested, and a chance for what in later times has been called "logrolling." Congress enacted one ordinance containing a grant, but on terms which were not satisfactory to the company, and it was declined by Cutler. By this time it seems that the public advantages of the plan had so impressed themselves upon the members, that the refusal of Cutler to accept the proposed terms was a disappointment and somewhat of a mortification.

At this juncture occurred an incident which shows that the politicians of 1787 were not very different from those of 1901. The diary relates that at a conference between Cutler and congressmen certain Southern members "were so complaisant as to ask repeatedly, what office would be agreeable to me in the western country. I assured them that I wished for no appointment in the civil line. Colonel Grayson proposed the office of one of the judges, which was seconded by all the gentlemen present. The obtaining an appointment, I observed, had never come into my mind, nor was there any civil office I should,

at present, be willing to accept. This declaration seemed to be rather surprising, especially to men who were so much used to solicit or be solicited for appointments of honor or profit; they seemed to be more urgent on that head." Thereupon Cutler proposed General Putnam as an acceptable person for judge.

On July 20, the secretary of Congress furnished Cutler with the ordinance adopted the day before, which stated the terms of a contract to which he was not willing to accede. Accordingly he informed the committee of Congress that he could not contract on the terms proposed, and would prefer purchasing lands of the states, who would give incomparably better terms; and therefore he proposed to leave the city immediately. They begged him to stay, and gave hopes that the matter could be arranged according to his views. Dr. Cutler had a plan in reserve, which enabled him to be rather independent in his negotiations, as he could get lands on favorable terms from Massachusetts, and attention was being turned to emigration to Maine, where General Knox had settled.

Two extracts from the diary at this time show in what esteem Dr. Cutler was held by congressmen as a negotiator. In one of them he says: "The Board of Treasury, I think, will do us much service, if Dr. Lee is not against us. Though Duer assures me I have got the length of his foot, and that he calls me an open, frank, honest New England man, which he considers as an uncommon animal. His brother, Richard Henry Lee, is certainly our fast friend, and we have hopes that he will engage him in our interest." On the same day the diary records an interview with Dr. Holton, a member of Congress, who gave encouraging hopes as to favorable action; but Cutler writes: "I felt much discouraged, and told the Doctor I thought it in vain to wait longer, and should certainly leave the city the next day. He cried out at my impatience;

said if I obtained my purpose in a month from that time I should be far more expeditious than was common in getting much smaller matters through Congress; that it was of great magnitude, for it far exceeded any private contract ever made before in the United States; that if I should fail now, I ought still to pursue the matter, for I should most certainly finally obtain the object I wished. To comfort me he assured me that it was impossible for him to conceive by what kind of address I had so soon and so warmly engaged the attention of Congress, for since he had been a member of that body he assured me on his honor he never knew so much attention paid to any one person who made application to them on any kind of business. He could not have supposed that any three men from New England, even of the first character, could have accomplished so much in so short a time." Dr. Cutler takes this as flattery, and his persistence in his determination to leave on the next day was a part of his art, since he intended it should urge Congress to favorable action; if it did not, his plan was to summon absent members who were favorable to his scheme and to return again to the attack.

However, there was no need, for on the next day, before he left, Congress passed such an ordinance as he had urged, and he had accomplished a magnificent victory, one which probably no other three New England men, even of the first character, could have accomplished. He had gained a great and enduring good; and having received the congratulations of many friends, he departed from New York.

The Ohio Company was not incorporated, but was a private enterprise; and the arrangements were made and a company of settlers set forth in December of the same year, 1787. Dr. Cutler, on July 21 of the following year, set out from Ipswich to drive in a sulky to Ohio, having relinquished his salary, and his parish

agreeing to supply the pulpit. He joined General Putnam at Muskingum, August 19, having been nearly a month on the road. He remained in Ohio about a month, and arrived home October 15. He always took an interest in the settlement, and his son settled there and became a judge and leading man; and there are descendants still in Ohio.

In the first year of President Jefferson's administration, in 1801, Dr. Cutler entered Congress, and continued his service in the House for four years, and then declined re-election by reason of long-continued and increasing ill health. It was perhaps from this cause that he did not take a leading part as an orator in Congress, where his ability and public spirit were recognized. He was a strong Federalist, and his party feeling shows itself in his letters from Washington. In one of these to his son he gives his opinion of the President's first address as follows:

"Jefferson's speech, though a mixed medley of Jacobinism, Republicanism and Federalism, of religion and atheism, of sentiments consistent and inconsistent with the constitution of an energetic government, yet is extremely smooth, and must be highly popular with the people at large. There is a fair opening, and I think a hope, that he may prove a prudent man, and, though the next Congress will have a majority of Jacobins, the administration may not be greatly changed. I did wish that Burr might be elected. I now think it fortunate that Jefferson is chosen. If he pursues a wise and prudent tone of conduct, he will have a hornets' nest of Jacobins about his ears, and be stung by the insects he has been so long hatching. He will never make a Bonaparte; but Burr's unbounded ambition, courage and perseverance would prompt him to be a Bonaparte, a king, and an emperor, or anything else which might place him at the head of the nation. Nothing but a revolution can effect this, and nothing will produce a revolution at present unless Jefferson abandons the Federalists and pursues all the wild, demoralizing schemes of the Jacobins."

It will be seen by this extract that when he entered Congress, Dr. Cutler

was imbued with the Federal party feeling toward the President, but moderated by a good sense and candor which was not common at that time with politicians,—and all men were then politicians. It throws some light by which to estimate his life and character. I am tempted to give an extract from another letter written a little later to Dr. Joseph Torrey, the husband of Dr. Cutler's oldest daughter, and a physician at Salem. He writes:

"On New Year's Day a number of the Federalists were determined to keep up the old custom, though contrary to what was intended, of waiting on the President with the compliments of the season. We went at eleven, were tolerably received, and treated with cake and wine. We had likewise the honor of viewing the mammoth cheese. It had, a little before on this morning, been presented with all the parade of Democratic etiquette. The President invited us to 'Go into the mammoth room to see the mammoth cheese.' Last Sunday, Leland, the cheesemonger, a poor, ignorant, illiterate, clownish preacher, who was the conductor of this monument of human weakness and folly to the place of its destination, was introduced as the preacher to both Houses of Congress, and a great number of gentlemen and ladies from I know not where. The President, contrary to all former practice, made one of the audience. Such a performance I never heard before, and I hope I never shall again. The text was, 'And behold a greater than Solomon is here.' The design of the preacher was principally to apply the allusion, not to the person intended in the text, but to *him* who was then present. Such a farrago, bawled with stunning voice, horrid tone, frightful grimaces and extravagant gestures, I believe was never heard by any decent auditory before. Shame or laughter appeared in every countenance. Such an outrage upon religion, the Sabbath, and common decency was extremely painful to every sober, thinking person present. But it answered the much-wished-for purpose of Democrats, to see religion exhibited in the most ridiculous manner."

Although Dr. Cutler did not take a leading part as an orator in Congress, he was much respected, and the Speaker, who, he says, "I do believe is as honest a man as a Democrat can

be," gave him "a full share of committee business, and more than common to a new member." He was also elsewhere agreeably appreciated. He says: "Before I came, I was apprehensive that as I was a clergyman I might meet with some unpleasant things on that account. I viewed myself a *speckled bird*, because I presumed I should be viewed so by others. But the case has been far otherwise. The President has paid me more particular attention, I believe, than to any one Federalist in either House of Congress, though he well knows I am not only a determined, but an active, Federalist." Jefferson was a philosopher, and probably paid special attention to Dr. Cutler on account of his pursuits outside of politics and his profession as a minister, especially his interest in the advancement of science. Moreover they had similar views upon slavery, so that as public men they were more at one than would appear from the party names by which they were labelled.

While Dr. Cutler was in Congress, his son, who managed the farm in Hamilton, became dissatisfied with the monotony of a farmer's life and aspired to more polite society than that of a farming community, and so wrote to his father. Probably the elder man's letters describing his own surroundings caused, or at least aggravated, this discontent. Dr. Cutler wrote a long letter of advice in reply, such as Dr. Franklin might have written if Franklin had been as good a farmer as Cutler. After giving directions as to the farming operations, in which he goes into particulars which show his skill in making profit from the soil, he gives some sound, practical advice as to the comparative social advantages of several occupations and conditions. The son had written something about "mixing and shining in polite circles"; and his father tells him that in this respect "I shall not wonder if you should entertain erroneous and delusive

ideas. It is not in polite circles that you are to look for exclusive happiness, nor for extensive information and the most correct opinions. It is not there you will find the most valuable characters nor the most worthy citizens. It is often the reverse. The difference is not in improved knowledge, but in external manners." There is much more to like effect. "I am not, however," he adds, "opposed to the refinements of society. But I know that young men, who are farmers, and especially situated as you are in the vicinity of large towns, may become acquainted with that description of good company which will afford the most rational and substantial enjoyment, without partaking of those evils and vices. This depends upon your own management and exertion." He then mentions that there are people whose acquaintance is desirable in Ipswich and Danvers and continues:

"I have known young men that would, and did, form acquaintances with whom they pleased without half the advantages you enjoy. Your family, and your acquirements, are sufficient as far as they ought to go. By your own exertions you have it in your power to gain attention, respect and esteem. Remember, too, that in this way you will enjoy the highest relish of society; too much familiarity often breeds contempt. Intervals of company increase the enjoyment."

The first and superficial impression in running over Dr. Cutler's life is of the diversity of his pursuits and the versatility of his powers. When he leaves college he becomes a trader, then a lawyer, next a clergyman, a soldier, a physician, a meteorologist, an astronomer, a geographer, a botanist, a negotiator of great affairs, a statesman. What a variety of pursuits! What varied abilities! Yet this is the superficial view. There is no lack of unity nor of persistency in the character. Circumstances and conditions varied in a young country and a republic in the process of birth and

first growth; but Cutler was the farthest removed from a vacillating and unstable character. He was the opposite of that; and though his aptitudes were manifold, his motives were simple. They were piety, patriotism and zeal for knowledge; and the times called for and fostered flexibility of mind and the skill which could turn its energies in various directions,—and this has impressed itself as an American characteristic trait. Indeed, the most prominent quality in Cutler was the energy with which he carried through to success whatever he undertook. He was pastor of but one church, remaining with it from the time of his ordination until his death. In his other fields of labor he was good in whatever he undertook and eminent in several directions. The neighboring doctors said that he was a competent practitioner according to the medical knowledge of the times. He was a good soldier and legislator. He showed eminent talents in managing the affair of the Northwest Territory; and his original labors made him eminent as a botanist. Moreover, he was the best farmer and gardener of his time in Essex County, which probably means the best in New England!

Next, if indeed it ought not to have been reckoned first as characteristic of Dr. Cutler, is the sound common sense which marks everything he did or said or wrote. He hits the nail on the head. He sees the essential thing to be done when there is need of action, and the essential point in a matter for discussion. His quality of mind reminds us of Franklin; and he had some of Franklin's humor, as appears in many places in the diary. Nobody can read this or the letters without being impressed by the vigorous and somewhat homely common sense of the writer, to whom an idea was no idea at all in his mind unless it was perfectly clear and could be expressed to others with the utmost lucidity.

Also very noticeable is the open-

eyed alertness with which Dr. Cutler saw everything which came within the range of his vision. When he travels he sees all the products of the soil, and whether it is fertile or barren, how the farming is conducted, whether the buildings and fences are cared for, and how greater profit could be made. If there is a factory he visits it and learns all that is to be learned of the processes; and he is as acute an observer of men as he is of their works and of nature. His knowledge of men was profound, and not less was his tact in dealing with them—which is apparent, unconsciously to himself, in nearly all his records of transactions between himself and others.

If one of the definitions which has been given of genius is true, that it is the capacity for intense and continued attention, then Dr. Cutler was certainly a man of genius. When he was learning botany, he would study from nature by day and the theory from books by night, and on several occasions he records his studying nearly all night. What he did he did thoroughly, taking to heart, as a clergyman should, the Scriptural saying, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might." With capacities such as his, this ability and habit of application insured great results.

But what ought and will make Manasseh Cutler a name forever memorable in American history is the foremost part he had in the disposition of the Northwest Territory, in a manner of the highest moment to the welfare and even to the establishing of the republic as a union rather than a confederacy of petty states, whose independence would probably have been short-lived. The states north of the Ohio River, with their prosperous and increasing population, are a monument more lasting than brass to his memory.

Some extracts from the diary and letters have been given to illustrate portions of the life of Dr. Cutler and give some intimations of his style of

thought; and perhaps this attempt to interest readers in a man worthy of remembrance could not more fittingly close than by quoting a few of his characteristic utterances.

Dr. Jonathan Stokes of Kidderminster, England, with whom he held a correspondence on scientific subjects, had written in 1793 asking Dr. Cutler to inform him about the constitution and institutions of the American republic, and among other things as to the good or ill effects arising from having no particular religion established. The reply to this latter inquiry is not only interesting as illustrating Cutler's manner of thought and expression, but by reason of its bearing upon recent discussions. He writes:

"We experience no ill effects. Experience has demonstrated that religious establishments are not only unnecessary, but injurious to civil society. We have undergone nearly as great a revolution in our religious as in our political state. The first settlers in New England were rigid dissenters, illiberal and intolerant. Religion was interwoven with politics, and the clergy acquired an ascendancy over the civil ruler. The progress of information had produced a considerable change before the revolution commenced, but in Massachusetts the Congregationalists were the favorites of government, and every other denomination was considered as dissenters from them. The war with Great Britain produced a general combination of all characters and parties in the common cause, which tended, among other causes, to diminish former distinctions and prejudices, and prepared the way for just reasoning and liberality of sentiment, both in religion and politics. . . . In the Constitution of this Commonwealth, which was the first that was framed on the principles of independence, great exertions were made by the best informed of our clergy, as well as others, to obtain an entire separation of religion and politics. This object was obtained, with the only exception of a disgraceful religious test. . . . Our laws equally provided for the support and protection of the clergy of all denominations. Every citizen is at full liberty to embrace what sentiments and what schemes of religion he pleases, without public disturbance of the peace of society. The consequence has been much greater harmony among all the different

sects and denominations of Christians, less of religious controversy; and the spirit of persecution, with its attendant train of evils, is fled from us. The clergy of all descriptions frequently associate. Those of the Church of England and Dissenters in many instances exchange and preach one for the other on Sundays. The people of all denominations occasionally worship together. . . . In New England the clergy are very decently supported. In most parishes the livings are equal, and in some superior, to the most wealthy of the parishioners. We have enthusiasts and fanatics, but they are evidently decreasing. No country can boast of a greater number of learned, judicious and liberal clergymen in proportion to the number of the people, nor of greater friendship and affection among them, nor where religious worship is more generally attended by all classes of citizens without any compulsion. The happy effects on society are apparent. Good morals are the basis of a free government. Weekly associations, in an orderly and decent manner, tend much to improve social virtues, and have greater influence on manners and habits conducive to the happiness of society than coercive laws."

Dr. Cutler, as we have seen, was a strong Federalist; and in a letter from Washington, of the date of January 10, 1804, he says that "Randolph, the Bonaparte of Democracy, made a motion, the object of which was to impeach Judge Chase." After giving the proceedings leading up to the vote of impeachment, he comments thus:

"I have given you the course of the business in detail (though I can give you no idea of the debates), for the purpose of conveying to you some conception of the present state of things. Never before have I seen the demon of Jacobinism display the cloven hoof with equal audacity. Never have I believed that the hottest, maddest Democrats would have openly and boldly avowed principles advanced in the course of these debates. But it appears evidently to be the prosecution of the system formed when the judiciary was at first attacked—not merely to remove federal judges, which his Democratic Majesty in his work of destruction had not power to assail, but to prostrate completely the judiciary branch of our government. What will you say to such principles as these? That a judge is impeachable for an opinion in a law point, if that opinion should be judged erroneous by the

House of Representatives? That a judge ought in duty to favor the ruling political party? And that he is bound to be governed by the will of the people, so-called? The next to be impeached, we are told, is to be Judge Bee, of North Carolina, but it is doubtful whether it will be brought forward this season. The utmost secrecy is preserved in the cabinet—no one but those immediately concerned can tell us what is to be on the morrow. Democracy is progressing, if not with hasty strides, with unabated zeal. Will none of their destructive measures awaken the public mind? Will the people see with indifference their judges converted into mere automatons on the bench, or, what is infinitely worse, made the servile creatures of the legislature? Is there a reflecting man but must recognize and deplore the existence of the same spirit in our country which has ruined France, and spread distress over the fairest parts of Europe? The imbecility of the leaders of Democracy here may afford some consolation. Their courage amounts to nothing more than a giddy presumption in attempting impracticable theories, like their speculative teachers, Rousseau, Helvetius and Godwin, whose writings seem to have turned their brains; although they agree in their rage for innovation, yet they differ in their theories of government."

In a letter written the next month, Cutler recounts a story which has an interest in this connection:

"An event took place on Sunday at a Democratic lodging-house, which has furnished much amusement and much diversion to the Federalists, and extreme mortification to their opponents. It was, in a very strict sense, a square fight between the all-important head man of the party and another who ranks as his second, or perhaps third, lieutenant. The fracas began at table between Johnny Randolph and Ashton. It was about the debate on the Georgia lands, which we had the week before for four or five days. Johnny had made several highly inflammatory speeches, but had been extremely mortified by the question going against him. Ashton ventured rather indirectly to contradict this political giant in some matter of fact. Johnny told him he would not permit himself to be contradicted by any man without satisfaction, and especially from such a man as he was. Hard words followed. Johnny rose and conducted some ladies from the table into another room; returned, took a wineglass filled, and dashed the wine into Ashton's eyes and broke the glass to pieces over his head;

after some bustle he took up a gin-bottle and dashed it at him and left the room. This is the short of the story. This morning much was said about a duel. Neither of them coming to the House it was said they were gone out to fight. This I did not credit. We are now told that Ashton has taken Randolph with a special warrant, that he has this day been arraigned before the Supreme Court, now sitting in the Capitol. The decision of the judges we have not heard; but the cream of it is, that Randolph should be brought to the bar before Judge Chase, whom he is about to impeach. Judge Chase (one of the largest men I ever saw) is as remarkable for the largeness as Johnny for the smallness of his size."

This story is an interesting revelation of certain phases of political life in Washington a century ago. The story is told in a style which reminds us more of De Foe than of "Brutus," and "Civis," and "Cato," as American writers of that day were wont to subscribe their writings, which were as affectedly classical as the signatures. There was a like simplicity and rugged vigor in all that Dr. Cutler wrote, whether it was a letter to his son on farming, or to Baron Paykull on the flora and fauna of the United States, notwithstanding the scientific designations, a memorial upon important public matters, or a sermon or charge at an ordination. It has been said that the style is the

man; and Dr. Cutler's style shows that he was both clear and comprehensive in his field of view, and shows the simplicity of strength which was at ease in any company, made him a brother of men of the highest intellect and attainments, and also a brother among the humble of his own parish or the Ohio pioneers.

In some respects we can now appreciate Dr. Cutler's work better than could his contemporaries, since the importance of the disposition made of the Northwest Territory is now more manifest. Dr. Cutler died July 28, 1823; and in the next number of the Salem *Observer* appeared an obituary notice prepared by an intimate and admiring friend, in which his scientific honors are enumerated, three or four lines are given to his public labors, and the main portion of the notice is devoted to recalling his high standing as a minister of the gospel. The present estimate is the reverse of this in order. We should say that he was an excellent minister, a distinguished scientific man, and especially the father of the botany of New England; but more than all else he connected his name intimately with public measures which should make it remembered as long as the American republic shall last.



## ON WAR'S RED TOUCHSTONE.

*By Mark Lee Luther.*

"I'VE known you for years," declared Harrington. "It doesn't signify in the least that I never set eyes on you nor heard of you till yesterday."

The girl laughed at his extravagance. "I've the advantage of you there," she said. "People have talked of you. You were a personage a year ago, you know."

His frank young eyes shadowed. "Because of my row with the Last Greek you mean? I'm sorry it caused gossip. It was my fault."

It is a moot question whether Harrington was first attracted by her golf clubs or her face. They were "corking" good clubs, to use his own phrase; but so was Ruth Prescott corking, as the April house party at Bronson Gray's in Brookline, where they met, thoroughly agreed. Harrington vaguely wondered why he had never chanced to meet this fascinating Bostonian during his college career until his cousin, Mrs. Gray, explained that Ruth had been out but a year and that that year had passed in foreign travel. Boston women as a class did not appeal to Harrington. He visited upon the many his unavailing wrath against an objectionable few in whose company he writhed like a martyred saint upon a gridiron. These terrible creatures had always mysteriously deduced that he was not Boston-born from the first innocent words which fell from his lips, and greeted the shameful confession that Chicago was his home with godlike pity and added torture by lorgnon. That Ruth Prescott was not their sort he promptly recognized, and, while she eluded classification in a baffling feminine way, he was certain that whatever her type might be he liked it. To be at once a lorgnon-

less Bostonian, a golf player, and a distractingly pretty girl seemed to him almost to paint the lily. It was altogether delightful to sit with her here in the shade behind the bunker; better even than golf; and the diplomacy with which he had dispatched the caddy to another part of the links seemed to him masterly.

"The Last Greek," mused the girl. "Who gave him the name, I wonder?"

"Nobody seems to know, but it fits the professor like his skin; even better, to be slavishly literal, for he is wrinkling like Father Time."

"Yes; he is an old man," she said gently.

"You've met him?"

She did not reply at once. Then: "Every good Bostonian knows him by sight; he's a landmark."

"Like Bunker Hill Monument," laughed Harrington. "Everybody can see it, but few attempt to scale the height. That's not fair to the Last Greek, precisely; he's approachable. I think it's the fact that he is the Last Greek, left over from a civilization that was and out of joint with that which is, that sets him apart. Yet whose influence goes further in the university? Many care little for his courses; they can't appeal to all and the unimaginative call them drool. It's his digressions we flock to hear; his interpretation of life. It's a rare thing to sit at the feet of a man who has known the salt of the earth for three score and ten. We may smile at his foibles and disagree with his judgments, but we soak in what he has to give and in the end every man-jack of us who goes out from Cambridge is in some degree influenced by the Last Greek's conception of right living, cultivated thinking, and

duty to the state. That's a long speech for me."

"I think the Last Greek himself would care to listen. It is warm praise for one who—" She hesitated.

"Flouted him? I daresay that's the word."

"No, no; not my word," she protested.

The young fellow wavered a moment, swung his golf club at an imaginary tee, then faced her eagerly.

"I'd like to tell you the true story of my tilt with the Last Greek," he said; "my own story. It was at the beginning of the Spanish War and Roosevelt had just made his appeal to Harvard men. I ached to go. Every day some chap I knew left for San Antonio or to join his state troops. But my father dissuaded me. It was my last year in college and he wished me to see it through. He said it was a politician's war and that the Cubans were a rum lot anyhow and not worth our powder. He helped put a railroad into one of the South American republics once and despised all Latin America forever after. So I obeyed and moped around Cambridge, buying all the war extras, listening to the fellows talking it over on every corner, and one night, in utter desperation, drifted into a Peace Meeting which some unemployed reformers had corralled. The hall was crammed to the fire limit, but I wormed in by the stage entrance and sat upon the rostrum steps. It was tame enough at first, with a deal of talk about the brotherhood of man and the horrors of "grim-visaged war," and long-winded resolutions addressed to some luckless Congressman who disagreed with them. Then somebody read a string of letters from the absent honored vice-presidents, and one was from the Last Greek. He's a bit of a pessimist, bless him, and he hopes so much for his country that he takes its superficial shortcomings too seriously to heart and sometimes says more than he means. His letter had

been written during one of his bad quarter hours, I saw clearly enough, but was no worse a jeremiad than I had heard from him in the lecture-room many a time. Nobody who understood the old man would have thought twice about it had not one of a sour-faced clique which battens on Schopenhauer and thinks we're all bound for the bowwows, snapped it up for a text to fit his own lame crotchetts. He was only a muff of an instructor, but he posed as the epitome of Harvard thought and as the Last Greek's own mouthpiece. I wriggled at his feet and seethed, and the minute he sat down I jumped upon the platform and asked that I be heard in behalf of a section of the university which the previous speaker did not represent. The chairman said something about his young friend being out of order, but the crowd laughed and called to him to let me speak. I don't remember what I said exactly; it was too much, I know, but it would out. I asked them if they thought the Harvard men of '61 had stopped to frame resolutions and backbite the government when Lincoln called for volunteers; whether they thought those men whose names are carved in the transept of Memorial Hall had argued about the worth of the negro when they marched away to die? They knew that they did not. It was enough for them to know that war was and that the country had asked their help; so it was enough for us fellows of '98 to know that war was a reality and that somewhere men were fighting for the best flag that floats, as God willing so should we."

"Go on," entreated the girl as he paused.

"I did, but I should not. There was the point to stop. I foolishly thought to defend the Last Greek against himself and probably I did him as much wrong as the cad who perverted his meaning before me. It was that which drew the professor into the newspapers with an icy denial

of the right of either of us to speak for him."

"And then you enlisted?"

"There was no drawing back. I left on the second call for Rough Riders and joined Troop C. My father himself was willing after he saw the Boston papers. I summered in Tampa."

"It must have been a bitter thing to be left behind."

Harrington smiled dolefully. "It wasn't exactly war—cleaning horses in Tampa; but somebody had to do it. We couldn't all be at Las Guasimas and San Juan and Santiago."

They were silent for a time and the springtime peace of the countryside colored their thoughts.

"Yet a year ago you were in the thick of it," said Ruth.

"It is a contrast," he assented, divining her meaning. "Cowboy uniform, Tampa sand, fever hospital—all gone. I can shut my eyes and almost persuade myself it was a dream. 'Old Grad' though I am, I'm still boyishly exercised over Finals and Pop Concerts and Strawberry Nights, and am probably twice as eager for Class Day as the average senior. Perhaps it's because I missed my own graduation that I care. Harvard could grant us absent ones our degrees, but it could not send us Class Day."

"What brought you back?"

"I owed it to my profession. The war gouged a tremendous hole in my education and I felt that I must fill it in. I needed more of the Last Greek."

"After that—?"

"Yes; after that. It's the Last Greek who has shaped me, whatever the potter may think of his clay. I'm to be an architect, thanks to him. It is the work of all work that I care most to do. My father is unsympathetic. He would have me an engineer like himself. He calls architecture a 'dilettante's job,' and delights to build marvellous bridges that shock the aesthetic sense. But I'm to follow my own bent and I hope

in my way to do as much for the West as he has in his. It is awakening to a love of the beautiful, that vast 'out West'; it will accomplish great things some day, and I wish to be of them. I wish to help make some of the Last Greek's ideals real."

"Does he know?"

"After that—?" mimicked Harrington, sadly.

"I think that he would care."

"I should like to feel that he would care. A word from him would help me now. I am trying to enter the office of an eastern architectural firm. It is what I need for a time and the Last Greek himself says that they top the profession in America. The merest word from him would put me through, but I cannot ask it. I threw that chance away at the Peace Meeting."

"You regret?"

"That I spoke? No. Only that I offended him. I saw some things differently—in Tampa. I wrote to him and made what apology I rightly could. He answered too, and kindly, but somehow his answer stung. I had the feeling that I had fallen short of his notion of a gentleman."

"I do not think so," said Ruth, quietly. She studied him an instant in his preoccupation. "Would that position keep you in—Boston?" she asked, softly, with heightening color.

"Yes," he said, "for a time."

As Mrs. Bronson Gray drove him to the station in her smart trap on the morrow Harrington gossiped of Ruth Prescott.

"I'm hard hit, Mildred," he confessed. "I must be. No girl ever turned me inside out before. I told her everything I knew; all about my ambitions, my thrilling war experiences, even my set-to with the Last Greek."

His cousin all but dropped the reins.

"Did you speak of the Last Greek with your accustomed frankness, my poor child?" she demanded, tragically.

"Why, yes; as I remember. I fancy I painted him wart and all. What's the matter with you?"

"The matter? Ruth merely happens to be his niece; that's all. I thought you knew."

The Last Greek glanced past his bookshelves out of his study window. Below, through the flowery curtain of wistaria which screened the casement, he could see a restful stretch of emerald lawn; skirting the lawn, a copse of Lombard poplar, its every leaf vibrating in the June haze; beyond the copse a canopy of elms; and over all a massive dominating tower. A young girl, clad in summer whiteness and brightness, crossed the sward, as he looked, and entering beneath the stately columns of the Georgian porch, presently touched the keys of a piano in the adjoining room. His lips pursed querulously as he distinguished the words of a song.

"'A Hot Time in the Old Town,'" he ejaculated.

The player swung into a stirring march. The Last Greek's displeasure did not lessen, but his slippers foot unconsciously beat time until he perceived that his member had offended and set it sternly on the floor.

"Such is the nation's music," he lamented. Then, as his ear caught the lilt of a different strain, his face softened and he listened with closed eyes until a repetition of the insistent octaves of the march jerked him upright in his chair. "Ruth," he called. "Ruth, dear child, why spoil Mendelssohn with such a sequel?"

"Forgive me, uncle," begged the offender from the doorway. "I didn't know you were there. To my frivolous mind Sousa seems to write 'Spring Songs,' too." She crossed to his chair and smoothed his gray hair tenderly. "May I sit in the window-seat?" she teased. "I'll promise to be quiet."

"As long as you will. I'm merely at the examination grist which is a

mechanical sort of drudgery, you know."

She heaped the soft neutral-colored pillows comfortably and sat watching him toil his conscientious way through the tall piles of examination books which cumbered his desk.

"Ah," he exclaimed suddenly, "behold a man with ideas. This is the first blue-book I've read this morning which does not servilely paraphrase my lectures."

"Whose is it?"

"I don't know yet. I make it a rule to read the indorsement last. It saves one from bias."

His satisfaction palpably grew from page to page, yet when he came at last to scan the writer's name, she saw him frown. Then with Spartan impartiality he pencilled an "A" and put the book aside.

"Do I know the student?" Ruth asked.

"Probably not personally," he returned dryly. "It is one Harrington."

"Oh, but I do," said his niece, blandly. "He is one of your stanchest admirers. He declares that you have made him what he is."

The Last Greek shrugged. "Save the mark!"

Ruth winced, but went on undaunted. "He is keenly sensible of his offence toward you; the whole episode looks different now that war has sobered him. He cannot regret loving his college and his country, but he does sorrow over the thought that he has forfeited your good opinion, for he reverences you, too."

The Last Greek stirred testily. "I harbor nothing against him. I don't know him and I don't care to."

"He recognizes his fault, but it was because he thought you maligned that he took up the cudgels. You stand for what he counts most worth while, and when he becomes the great architect that I believe some day he must, it will be your ideals which will prevail."

Her voice trembled and the Last

Greek peered sharply through his glasses. "Have you taken a brief for the defence, Ruth?" he asked gravely. "Did you permit him to talk to you of this?"

"He was ignorant then of our relationship and talked to me as he would to—to any—"

"You needn't explain, my dear," interposed the Last Greek with a hint of a smile in his eyes. "I appreciate the situation. We won't bother ourselves with Harrington longer," he ended, returning to his work.

The girl bit her lip. She had bungled it woefully. Why could she not have spoken to him of Harrington's sturdy manliness and noble aims with something of the young man's own spirit and glow! Her uncle had only to listen to him to believe in him. Of course if he only knew all that she had come this day to tell!—But then he did not know it yet, and after all, she wished him to help Harrington because of Harrington himself. She gazed dejectedly out over the poplars and the Last Greek neglected his blue-books to study her half-averted face.

"I've not seen you since the house party at the Grays'," he said kindly. "Did you enjoy it?"

"So much," she answered. "I've never thanked you for loaning me your golf clubs," she added. "They always make people think I know the game until I play and undeceive them."

"Yours is a good woman's game. What do people say of my clubs?"

"One man wished me to sell him the driver."

The Last Greek wagged his gray head knowingly. "Well he might. It was picked out for me by 'Old Tom' Morris of St. Andrews. It was at the Scottish fountain-head that I learned what I know of golf long before American society made a fad of it. Yet they might do worse. It's a game that's a game, dearie."

Ruth smiled with sudden inspiration. "I saw a brave game while at

the Grays'," she said quietly. "One of their guests was a golf expert from England, but he lost to an American college boy in a twenty-hole match."

"What!" exclaimed her uncle, wheeling in his chair.

"Moreover the American was four down at the turn. But the Englishman sliced his tee shot badly as he started home; and, playing the eleventh, topped his drive, and landing in the bunker on his third, practically gave up the hole."

"Proceed, my dear," urged the Last Greek. "Proceed."

"I can't remember it all in detail, but the upshot was that our lad squared the match on the home hole."

"Bravo! And the extra holes?"

"The nineteenth was halved in five; the twentieth went to Harvard with the match."

"A Harvard boy? You did not mention it before."

"Didn't I?" returned Ruth disingenuously.

"Who was it? Who was it?"

"One Harrington," said Ruth demurely.

The Last Greek stared, balancing between annoyance and an active perception of the situation's humor. "And to think," he scolded, "that a fellow capable of such golf should neglect to play for the honor of his university. I've not known his name to appear in a match this year."

"He had not the time," Ruth answered, rising. "He felt that his profession stood first."

The Last Greek permitted her to go out in silence, but he called to her as she passed his window, and kissed her forehead as she stood framed by the wistaria blossoms of the casement.

"Shall you see young Harrington while you are in Cambridge?" he inquired, eyeing her keenly.

"We may—we shall meet at a reception to-night," stammered Ruth, flushing to the hair.

"If you think of it," suggested the Last Greek, slowly, "you might ask him if he would care to give me an

hour or so on the links to-morrow afternoon."

Then the Last Greek felt a pair of arms go round his neck in a convulsive ecstatic hug. "Tut, tut," he said,

his old eyes winking very fast.  
"What's this? What's this?"

"Can't you guess, uncle?" came a smothered appeal from his shoulder.  
"Can't you guess?"



## • AT • VALLEY • FORGE •

*By Charles Francis Saunders.*

THE song of birds floats on the air,  
And bees are drowsily a-wing;  
The orchards, white with blossoms, fling  
Cool shadows on the grassy ground  
Warm with the pulses of the spring;  
And little children play around  
The rusted cannon of the king.

By that grim mouth which once belched death,  
But now has known of war surcease  
These hundred years, the violets nod;  
And dandelions light the sod  
Once dark with blood of men. Dear God,  
We thank Thee for the day of peace.

## ANCIENT POWNALBORO AND HER DAUGHTERS.

*By Charles E. Allen.*

THE country which lies along the corrugated seacoast line of Maine, with its hundred harbors and its noble rivers, has from the time of the earliest European voyagers possessed great interest for the adventurer, the trader and the historian. The late Samuel G. Drake declared that it presented a more inviting field for the romantic in history than did any other section of New England. When the heroic little band of Pilgrims, disappointed in their efforts to reach a more southerly point, finally planted themselves upon the shore of Plymouth Bay, it was a Maine Indian who welcomed them "in broken English, which they could well understand, but marvelled at it." We may infer that this friendly Indian, known to them as Samoset, told Bradford's little band of wanderers something of the glories of "down east," which section "was afterwards profitable unto them." They soon engaged in a trading venture to these parts; and seven years after their Plymouth patent was obtained, they asked that it be supplemented by a grant at Kennebec, that their Plymouth plantation "might subsist." One who knows something of the capacity of the Kennebec valley for producing corn, and contrasts its soil with the gravel of Plymouth, might wish that the shoals and breakers of Cape Cod had driven John Carver and his company to land somewhere here, although they might have missed that Indian instruction which they received at Plymouth. However, they appear to have succeeded fairly well with raising corn, "by the grace of God," Indian tutelage, and a dead fish in each hill, for they soon procured enough to trade at Kennebec for beaver skins.

Let us now consider one Kennebec town, the ancient Pownalboro and her daughters, the present towns of Wiscasset, Dresden, Alna and Perkins. The land titles of the section, with those of almost the whole Kennebec valley, are traced directly back to the Plymouth Pilgrims, in this way: In 1620 King James of England granted what was then called New England to the Council of Plymouth, in Devon, England; and from this Council William Bradford and his associates obtained their patent for New Plymouth. In 1629 the same Council "further granted unto the said William Bradford, his heirs, associates and assigns . . . the space of fifteen English miles on each side of the said river commonly called Kennebeck River." Bradford assigned this to the colony of New Plymouth, and in 1661 they conveyed the Kennebec tract to Antipas Boyes, Edward Tyng, Thomas Brattle and John Winslow for four hundred pounds. This is known as the Kennebec Purchase, and the sale was made because of trouble with the French and Indians, which, with other causes, had rendered Plymouth's trade here quite unprofitable. Something about this may be read in Bradford's very interesting history. The Kennebec patent lay dormant until the year 1749, a period of eighty-eight years, when Edward Winslow, Robert Temple, Henry Laughton, Jacob Wendell, Thomas Valentine, John Bonner, Samuel Goodwin, John Fox and Joseph Gooch, heirs and assigns of Boyes and his associates, met at the Royal Exchange Tavern in King Street, Boston, and organized a company which they called "Proprietors of the Kennebec Purchase from the late Colony of New Plymouth." At



DRESDEN MILLS.

a later date William and James Bowdoin, Thomas and John Hancock, Dr. Sylvester Gardiner, Benjamin Hallowell, James Bayard, and many others whose names are well known in Boston, became their associates. Bayard was an ancestor of Ambassador Thomas Francis Bayard, who brought the Bradford manuscript to Massachusetts in 1897. Jacob Wendell was the Dutch ancestor of the late Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. Among grantees of land were Peter Chardon, the last who bore the name of the Huguenot emigrant to Boston, Francis Bernard, royal governor of Massachusetts from 1760 to 1769, and Thomas Pownall, Bernard's predecessor in that office. Merchants in London, Rotterdam and Frankfurt-on-the-Main, in return for grants of land, interested them-

selves to obtain settlers for the new towns, while William Cushing, John Adams and Theophilus Parsons became attorneys for the Proprietors.

Robert Temple, one of these Proprietors, had, some thirty years before, attempted to plant several colonies of his countrymen from Ireland about the shores of Merrymeeting Bay. But the hostile attitude of the Indians, and the lack of adequate means for defence, drove nearly all these people in a few years to Londonderry in New Hampshire, and to



THE OLD COURTHOUSE, DRESDEN.



LOWER BRIDGE, DRESDEN, FROM ANCIENT CORK.

Pennsylvania. Rev. Jacob Bailey asserts that when on their journey hither they attempted to land in Boston, but were driven from Long Wharf with sticks and stones and other missiles, because their religion was different from that of the people of the Bay Colony. They were Presbyterians and of the Church of England, and Parker, in his history of Londonderry, tells us that they were disliked by the Bay Colony. The name Cork, which is to this day applied to a locality in Dresden, is all that remains of one of Temple's transient towns.

A settlement had been begun about 1633, where Wiscasset village now stands, by one George Davis and a few others, but it was soon broken up, to be revived by Robert Hooper in 1710. In 1731 and 1734 it received accessions of Irish or Scotch-Irish settlers, a garrison house was built, and the settlement became quite prosperous, contributing sixty-four signers to the petition for

incorporation in 1754. Swan Island, four miles in length by about a mile in breadth at its widest part, and washed by two navigable channels of Kennebec

River, was the home of transient or straggling settlers at a very early period. It was called Swan Island as early as 1637, and again in 1667, when Drake, in his "Book of the Indians," says it was sold by the Indian chief, Abbagadasset, to Humphrey Davie. Drake tells us that an Indian sachem, or line of sachems called Kennebis, lived upon this island; but whether the river took its name



DR. PHILIP THEOBALD.



CARNEY HOUSE, DRESDEN.



THE BARKER-TWYCROSS HOUSE, DRESDEN.

from him or his name, together with that of the river itself, came from the old French Kenibiki, is a debatable question. In 1750, the year in which our present story properly begins, the island had very few settlers, the leading one being James Whidden, who is said to have been a captain in the Massachusetts militia at the siege of Louisburg. In September, 1750, some Norridgewock Indians raided the island, and though Captain Whidden and his wife escaped, thirteen members of his family were taken captive and sold in Canada. The details of this tragic story, as told in Drake's "Tragedies of the Wilderness," and by other writers, and in local tradition, form a chapter of historical romance of great interest, for which there is hardly space in the present paper. Swan Island is now the township of Perkins.

The territory north of Wiscasset, and lying mostly on the west bank of Sheepscot River, now known as Alna, did not attract attention as a settlement until the time of the incorporation of Pownalboro in 1760.

But the most interesting part of ancient Pownalboro, both from the character of the early settlers and the importance of the settlement itself, is that which in 1752

was called Frankfort plantation, and now is included in the Kennebec town of Dresden. This is where the courts were held, where men of distinguished names lived, and where the Episcopal mission church was established. Most events of importance to the eastern part of

Maine, for a period of nearly forty years, are connected with this part of the ancient town, although "Wiscasset" Point continued to flourish as an important seaport with an extensive foreign trade long after.

Dresden town records always refer to the Proprietors of the Kennebec Purchase as "The Honorable, the Plymouth Company." In 1750, the company obtained a survey of their lands from the mouth of Kennebec as far up as "Cushnoc Island," now the city of Augusta. Thence they ran a course fifteen miles back from the river, on both sides, and from there, on lines parallel with it southerly to the "western ocean." This survey, conducted by Captain Samuel Goodwin, included parts of tracts already granted to other persons, as for instance the settlement still known as



OLD SAWMILL AT DRESDEN MILLS IN 1860.



SAMUEL JAMES BRIDGE.

**Brunswick.** This often led to vexatious litigation, and sometimes settlers suffered therefrom. But the Plymouth Company, having completed a map of their tract, made from the Goodwin survey, voted to lay out their first township "on the neck of land between Kennebeck and Eastern Rivers, opposite to Fort Richmond." Eastern River—the Mendooscootook of the Indians—is a pretty, winding, navigable tributary of the Kennebec, which divides the town of Dresden into nearly equal parts. Fort Richmond, built as an Indian defence and trading post, about 1719, stood on the west bank of the Kennebec at a point in the present town of Richmond where the Dresden ferry lands, the ferryboat often grazing the timbers of its old wharf at low tide.

Frankfort plantation, the first township, was so named by the company in honor of Count Henri Ehrenfield Luther, Aulic Councillor of State at Frankfort-on-the-Main. He was one of those who acted as agents in Germany and other European coun-

tries for procuring emigrants to settle American plantations. Correspondence with him, and with others, written generally in French, is preserved in Volume 15A of the Massachusetts archives.

In December, 1751, the Plymouth Company voted to furnish a vessel to take a number of "foreign Protestants lately arrived" in Boston to the Ken-



BRIDGE ACADEMY, DRESDEN.



POWNALBORO HALL.

nebec. Some of them wished to go to Carolina, where many of their countrymen were already

settled, but fifty or more were induced to try this plantation, which was then on the extreme eastern frontier of Massachusetts Bay. Their journey thither was delayed by cold weather and snow and ice,



CAPT. SIR HARRY HOUDLETTE.



CAPT. SAMUEL R. GOODWIN.

until the spring of 1752. Most historians of Maine call these people Germans, and there were a few, especially one family named Mayer, that came from the city of Ulm in Wurtemburg. But nearly all of the company were French Lutherans and Calvinists, or Huguenots, many of whom left the Province of Franche-Comté before the year 1751. Tradition says they tarried awhile in Germany "at a place on the Rhine, where corn was sold," and records show that they sailed from Rotterdam, in 1751, on "the small ship called *Priscilla*, John Brown, master," and arrived in Boston

towards the end of November. Arrived on the Kennebec, they sought the shelter of Fort Richmond while the Plymouth Company were building them in Frankfort a "defensible house," which they named Fort Shirley, in honor of Governor William Shirley, who came to the Kennebec in 1754.

When the settlers' lots were surveyed, each head of a family was granted one hundred acres upon which log houses were erected. In the fall of 1752, these settlers wrote long letters in French—for they knew nothing of the English language—to



ANCIENT ALNA CHURCH.

their friend and countryman, Peter Chardon of Boston, in which they gave a list of grievances, and among other requests asked that "all the



ALNA AND THE SHEEPSHOT RIVER.



THE RIVER AT SWAN ISLAND.

French be settled together, so that they might employ a minister for divine service and a schoolmaster for the instruction of their children." Their candidate for minister had left them in Holland and gone to Carolina, where some of them had wished

his passage from Rotterdam, in 1751 in the ship *Priscilla*, and the discharge of that mortgage bears the signature of James Bowdoin in 1773. Other names were Houdelette, Goud, Malbon, Cavalier, Bas and Stilphen.

In the year 1753 Sir William Pepperell, with Jacob Wendell, James Bowdoin and others, commissioners, came to Fort Richmond and negotiated a treaty with the remnant of the Norridge-wock tribe of Indians for the better protection of the settlers. At this conference the Indians had the best of the



DUMARESQ HOUSE, SWAN ISLAND.

to go. Some brought with them their baptismal records, one of which, in the writer's possession, is copied in old French from the record of a little Lutheran church in the Department of the Upper Saone, and dates back to 1706, and the time of Louis XIV. The family name, Pochard—spelled Pushard by their descendants—resembles the distinguished name Porcher in Charleston, South Carolina. Our immigrant, John Pochard, mortgaged forty acres of his land to William Bowdoin, to secure the price of

arguments, but the treaty was made and is preserved in the Massachusetts archives.

Notwithstanding hardships and Indian alarms, the settlement flourished, and in 1760 the county of Lincoln was formed, and Frankfort plantation, with the villages on the west bank of the Sheepscot—now Alna and Wiscasset—and Swan Island, in the Kennebec River, were incorporated as Pownalboro, and made the shire town of the new county. The area of the town was very large, and the



KENNEBEC RIVER FROM THE BARKER HOUSE.

county included all the district north and east of Cumberland. The names of both town and county were compliments to Governor Thomas Pow-nall, whose birthplace was Lincoln, England. It is said that his last official act as governor was signing the charter of this township. John Adams, and in later years, Charles Sumner, were both warm admirers of Pow-nall, who was always a friend to the colonies, and their champion in Parliament. There seems to be no record of Pow-nall coming to the Kennebec, although a lot of land granted him here became, in course of time, the property of Harvard College.

In 1761 the Plymouth Company erected a building 44 by 45 feet, three stories high, within the parade of Fort Shirley for the use of the courts. This building, still called in Dresden "the old courthouse," is a prominent object on the eastern bank of the Kennebec, and is now occupied as a



THE BARKER HOUSE, FOOT OF SWAN ISLAND.



SITE OF FORT RICHMOND.

dwelling by a direct descendant and namesake of the proprietor, Samuel Goodwin of 1750. This descendant, after sailing on nearly every sea, has cast anchor in this quiet haven, in the enjoyment of well-earned leisure.

After the courts were established in Pownalboro, men whose names were well known visited or settled here. John Adams, as counsel for the Plymouth Company in 1765, rode in on horseback, guided through the wilderness by blazed trees. Among those who came to reside in Pownalboro were the Bridges and Bowmans from Lexington, the latter being related to John Hancock. William, Charles and Roland Cushing came from Scituate. The first was judge of probate and lived, in 1776, in a chamber of a frame dwelling which had forty-four lights of glass and a brick chimney. He removed to Boston in 1772 and became judge of the Superior Court, and five years later Chief Justice. In 1789 Washington appointed him judge of the United States Supreme Court; and when, in 1793, the father of his country was inaugurated the second time, Judge Cushing,

owing to the illness of the Chief Justice, administered the presidential oath of office. It is said, indeed, that he was offered the Chief Justiceship, but he declined the honor.

Governor and Historian James Sullivan argued his first case in Pownalboro Courthouse. The name of John Gardiner should be better known in both Maine and Massachusetts. A barrister, born in Boston, but educated as a lawyer in London, after practising before Lord Mansfield, he held several positions under government. While his father, Dr. Silvester Gardiner, was a Loyalist, John was a Whig and sympathized with the colonies. After the Revolution John came to Boston, and the Massachusetts General Court passed a special act admitting him and his family to citizenship. He afterwards removed to an estate



FORT EDGECOMB.



MARIE ANTOINETTE HOUSE, EDGECOMB.

which had been his father's, on the bank of Eastern River, in the present Dresden, where he lived until his death in 1793. His house in the village of Dresden Mills is still occupied as a dwelling. Dr. Gardiner built saw and grist mills here in 1753, and the house in 1754. John succeeded in saving most of his father's confiscated estates on the Kennebec, including "Oaklands," in the city of Gardiner, so kindly mentioned by Nathaniel Hawthorne. John Gardiner repre-

sented Pownalboro in the Massachusetts General Court for five years, during which time he came to be known as the "Law Reformer." In London he had been a frequenter of Drury Lane Theatre, where he and Jacob Bailey were admirers of David Garrick and Mrs. Cibber. This fact may have led him to take the leadership in an effort made in 1792 to reform puritanical Boston from its opposition to theatres. The movement was unsuccessful, but Gardiner's interesting speech in its favor was issued in pamphlet form by the "Apollo Press" and may still be read by those interested in such matters.

The quiet old town of Pownalboro is a Mecca for pilgrims of the Episcopal Church, who know something of its history, for here, according to Rev. Jacob Bailey, was planted the first Anglican church established in New England at the beginning of the town. It was the first Episcopal church east of Portland except the chapel of Fort St. George at the mouth of the Kennebec in 1607.



BLOCKHOUSE, EDGECOMB.



A GLIMPSE OF WISCASSET.

The Pownalboro church overlooked both Kennebec and Eastern Rivers, and Merrymeeting Bay. Rev. Jacob Bailey, Harvard, 1755, was a classmate of John Adams, and a native of Rowley. While Adams taught in Worcester, Bailey was teaching in several Massachusetts and New Hampshire towns, having in one place a class of young ladies some years before Boston tried its first six months' experiment of admitting girls to the public schools. In 1760 he went to London and was ordained priest of the Church of England, Massachusetts then being part of the diocese of London. On his return, the Society for Propagating the Gospel stationed him at Pownalboro as missionary. Here he held no sinecure, as the county was his parish, and it was mostly unbroken wilderness. Before he married he lived with Major Goodwin in Fort Shirley, then in Fort Richmond until it became too far decayed, when about 1766 his parishioners built him a log house. In this he dwelt until his church edifice, 32 by 60, with a steeple, and his parsonage, 32 by 34, were erected in 1770. Until this time, services were generally held in the court room. His wife, Miss Sally Weeks, was a sister of Rev. Joshua Wingate Weeks of Marblehead, whose name is so prominently identified with be-

ginnings of the Episcopal Church in Boston.

Here the devoted missionary lived and labored nineteen years. He wrote much, including a valuable history of the eastern country, which was never printed. He had many correspondents, among them Rev. Edward Bass, afterwards consecrated the first bishop of Massachusetts, and made frequent visits to Boston, on horseback or by slow sailing vessel. There he sometimes officiated, by invitation, in Christ Church or King's Chapel. In Pownalboro, he met with opposition from a Puritan element



POWDER HOUSE, WISCASSET.

which came from Massachusetts when the courts were established. He found, however, a friend in Judge William Cushing, while Charles Cushing, his brother, the sheriff of the county, and the Bowmans were his inveterate enemies. During the struggle of the colonies for independence, Mr. Bailey, bound by his ordination oath, remained loyal to the king, and went to Nova Scotia, where he died in 1808.

John Gardiner's son, John Silvester John, read prayers for a while in

Soon after the parole of Burgoyne's army at Cambridge, in 1777, there came to Maine a Dr. Philip Theobald, a native of a small German town near Frankfort. He was a graduate of the University of Göttingen, and commissioned chaplain to a division of Burgoyne's army. His signature may be seen among those of the German officers appended to the parole which is now in the Periodical Room of Boston's Public Library. After preaching a short time in the German Lutheran Church at Waldoboro, he



WISCASSET.

Bailey's St. John's Church, and he was spoken of for Pownalboro parish, but after his father was lost at sea in 1793, he removed from his Eastern River home and afterwards officiated as rector of old Trinity Church, Boston, for thirty-seven years. Bailey's church edifice and parsonage, stripped by vandal hands, soon went to decay; but years afterwards a new St. John's Church came into existence at Dresden Mills village, in which services are still conducted.

came to Pownalboro and practised medicine for many years. Here he died, and lies buried in Dresden.

The close of the Revolutionary War found Pownalboro, like many other communities in the new Republic, very poor and burdened with taxes. In 1794 both the north and west parishes were set off as separate towns. The former became New Milford and later, in 1811, Alna from the Latin for alder, which grows in great abundance along the banks of the

Sheepscot. The town is very small, having an area of four miles by six, and a population of about five hundred engaged in farming and milling. A narrow gauge railroad—the Wiscasset and Quebec—passes through the town. The scenery is fine and the soil fertile. A church edifice was erected in 1796, in which services are still held. Rev. Jonathan Ward was its first minister.

The west parish of Pownalboro became Dresden, though it is not known why this name was selected when Fayette had been proposed in honor of the celebrated Marquis. John Adams regretted the change "from the name of a virtuous and honorable gentleman to that of a frivolous European capital." Dresden's first town clerk was Major John Polereczky, a native of France, but of Hungarian extraction. He described himself as "Major of the foreign volunteers of

Lauzun, born 1748, in Alsatia, France." There is no doubt that he came to this country with the French army under Rochambeau. His brother, Andrie Frederick, who lived for a short time in Pownalboro, called himself "Count de Polereczky of Strasbourg, Brigadier-General in the service of his Majesty, the King of France." This was in 1789, when unfortunate Louis XVI was on the throne.

Major Polereczky was naturalized

a citizen of Massachusetts in 1788. The island of Seguin, off the mouth of the Kennebec, is associated with his name, government rewarding him for services by making him the first lighthouse keeper thereon in 1796. Congress gave him \$150 to clear the island of trees and brush. He lived there some six years, when he returned to Dresden, and was again chosen town clerk, an office which he held in all twenty-five years. His record book, still preserved, is often quite Frenchy in style. As the voters

met at his house when the new town was formed in 1794, one may well suspect that he suggested the name of Fayette.

In 1801 Dresden built its first Congregational church and Rev. Oakes Shaw, father of Chief Justice Lemuel Shaw, came from Barnstable, on horseback, accompanied by his wife, and preached the ordination ser-

mon of the pastor, Rev. Freeman Parker, whose salary of five hundred dollars was the highest paid east of Portland at that time. He lived here twenty-five years, finally removing to Wiscasset, where he died. After this, for some years, various clergymen visited the town, among them Sylvanus Cobb, Hosea Ballou and John L. Stevens, who in later years was minister to Hawaii when Blaine was Secretary of State. Stevens taught school in Dresden, as probably did



THE COURTHOUSE GREEN.



THE OLD WOOD MANSION, WISCASSET.

Israel Washburn, whose brother Sidney is buried here.

Dresden's industries were in the olden time important. It had a trade with Europe and the West Indies, and built ships long before the flourishing shipbuilding city of Bath was known. Its sons and daughters have become widely scattered. A son of the old-time Episcopal missionary, born on Dresden's "church lot," and named by his Loyalist father, Hugh Percy Bailey, became, under the patronage of the father of Queen Victoria, a captain in the British army, and was killed at the battle of Chippewa, in the War of 1812. Samuel James Bridge, descendant of Deacon John Bridge of Cambridge, and of Edmund, who came from Lexington to Pow- nalboro in 1760, merchant and United States appraiser in Boston, and afterwards appraiser general for the Pacific Coast, was born here and returned to his native town in his later years,

and lies buried in one of the pretty town cemeteries beside his ancestors. He gave the statue of John Harvard to Harvard College, and of John Bridge to the city of Cambridge. Bridge Academy, endowed by him, stands in a quiet and beautiful spot on the bank of Eastern River.

Sir Harry Houdlette, descendant of one of Dresden's Huguenot settlers, for many years commanded the Spreckels steamship *Australia*, plying between

San Francisco and Hawaii. In the summer of 1900 the Cramps of Philadelphia launched a new six thousand ton steamer—the *Sierra*—which Captain Houdlette took around Cape Horn, and of which he is now master for the Oceanic Steamship Company. The *Sierra* is one of three fine new steamers which form a mail line between San Francisco and Australia. They touch at Honolulu, Samoa and other Pacific islands, and supply an important link in the line of travel around the world. Captain Houdlette's journey east enabled him to revisit his native Dresden after an absence of thirty-five



THE CAPT. R. H. TUCKER MANSION.



A WISCASSET STREET.

years. The knightly title "Sir" is a royal order conferred upon him by King Kalakaua of the Sandwich Islands, for attentions shown the Queen and her party while on a passage to San Francisco in his steamer.

From the Johnson family of Dresden came the wife of General Janies F. B. Marshall, who during the Civil War was on the staff of Governor

Andrew. General Marshall and his wife were for many years resident at the Sandwich Islands. When a young man, he was special envoy from the islands to England, while in later life he was connected with the Indian school at Hampton, Virginia. Both he and his wife, who were well known on account of their philanthropic labors, were frequent visitors at Dresden's "old courthouse," where an aunt of Mrs. Marshall, Mrs. Rebecca Johnson Prescott, granddaughter of Major Samuel Goodwin, died in 1897, at one hundred years of age. When a child, this lady had played about the ruined timbers of old Fort Shirley, the last blockhouse of which was removed in 1817. She was born and married in the courthouse, lived there nearly all her life, and died there. Records and traditions preserved by her remind one of Macaulay's remark about the value of rural family traditions.

Wiscasset Point retained the name Pownalboro until 1802, in which year it was changed to Wiscasset. The courts were removed there after



HON. HENRY INGALLS.

the separation in 1794, although for convenience, terms were held alternately in Hallowell and in Waldoboro for some years. Wiscasset was at that time very prosperous. It has an unrivalled and beautiful harbor, of great depth, which is never closed by ice; and it formerly had an extensive foreign trade. There is little doubt that Talleyrand and Louis Philippe landed there when they came to America. A more romantic story is of the proposed flight of unfortunate Marie Antoinette on board a Wiscasset ship, Captain Clough, master. The story is that some of her personal effects were already on board when the plan was discovered, and the vessel sailed very hastily without the Queen, but with part of her wardrobe, some articles from which are still carefully preserved as precious relics in Wiscasset and Edgecomb.

Among Wiscasset merchants in the days of her prosperity was Abiel Wood, whose vessels sailed to European and West Indian ports. In 1809 Governor Gore came to Commencement at Bowdoin, and extended his visit to Wiscasset, where he was undoubtedly the guest of General Wood, as he was called. Wood's second wife was famous as Sally Sayward Barrell, the first Maine writer of fiction; and the mansion is still a fine type of old-time Wiscasset residences.

In the Revolution, the British sloop of war *Rainbow* anchored in Wiscasset harbor and demanded supplies. As the people were without any means of defence they complied with the demand. Rev. Jacob Bailey would not read the Declaration of Independence from his pulpit in Kennebec, but it was read by Rev. Thomas Moore in his church at Wiscasset Point on the tenth of November, 1776.

Abiel Wood, Orchard Cook, Silas Lee and John D. McCrate were



THE GOVERNOR SMITH HOUSE AND HOME  
OF BLANCHE WILLIS HOWARD.

prominent congressmen from Wiscasset. Wood was a mild Loyalist who acquiesced in the new order of things when peace was declared. Roland Cushing, a young brother of William, lived in Wiscasset, but died at an early age. Timothy Langdon was delegate to the Provincial Congress at Watertown in 1775, when Edmund Bridge wrote that body that General Gage had proposed sending provisions to the suffering people of Pownalboro if they would furnish wood for his soldiers. Among honored citizens in recent years was the late Hon. Henry Ingalls, once law partner of McCrate. A man of ability and of sterling integrity, besides being a legislator, he was trustee of Bowdoin College, a railroad and bank president, and his calm wisdom and forethought saved the noble old town from financial peril at a time when a skilful hand was most needed.

The embargo of 1807 greatly injured the trade of the town, and the War of 1812 gave it a blow from



RAILROAD BRIDGE AT WISCASSET.

which it never recovered. But if its commerce has gone to other parts and its wharves have decayed, its unrivalled harbor, its wide streets and its charming scenery remain, together with the descendants of its old families and their fine mansions. Here and in Edgecomb, just across Sheepscot River, is laid the plot of "One Summer," the first novel written by Blanche Willis Howard, afterwards the Baroness von Teuffel. The house owned and occupied by Samuel E. Smith, governor of Maine in 1831, was Miss Howard's home when engaged on this her first literary work. And on the Edgecomb shore, opposite, may still be seen the earthwork, with its blockhouse, built in 1807, for the protection of Wiscasset.

The township name of Perkins, given to Swan Island in 1847, was a tribute to Colonel Thomas H. Perkins, the patron of the institution for the blind at South Boston. His wife, Miss Frances Dumaresq, a native of Swan Island, was descended from a Huguenot family of that name, well known in Boston in the eighteenth century. James Dumaresq, father of Mrs. Perkins, lived on Swan Island in a house that was erected by Dr. Sylvester Gardiner, his grandfather. The house is still occupied as a dwelling. There is much romance and some tragedy

connected with this family, but it hardly belongs to this record. James Dumaresq, while sailing from "Oaklands" to his Swan Island home, was drowned in the Kennebec River in 1826, in a gale which capsized his sailboat, so Dresden record says.



ALONG THE WHARVES.

Allusion has been made to the Indian raid of 1750, in connection with which the following story is told: Captain Whidden and his wife made their way to the northerly end of the island, whence they called to Richmond Fort for help. The officer in command, Captain Lithgow, sent a man in a canoe to ascertain what the trouble was, but he soon returned in fright and reported that Whidden and his whole family had been murdered. Lithgow said there must be some mistake, to which the man replied that he got the news from Whidden's own mouth.

When Arnold's expedition passed up the Kennebec in the fall of 1775, to operate against Quebec, Doctor—afterwards General—Dearborn and Aaron Burr were with it. Dearborn's journal says that he went ashore on Swan Island with some of his officers and remained all night. A story connecting Burr with a Franco-Indian girl of this island originated with Dearborn, who lived in Gardiner after the Revolution. James Parton, in his life of Burr, relates that after he was abandoned by Madam Jumel, a certain mysterious woman cared for him in his helpless old age, in New York. Parton says that one day she, in conversation with Burr, alluded to the report that she was his daughter, to which he replied, "We don't care for that, do we?" The Dearborn story is that the woman was Burr's daughter by the Franco-Indian girl of Swan Island.

Jacob Barker, a noted New York and New Orleans financier in 1812, and ancestor of Wharton Barker of Philadelphia, was born on this island in 1779, but was taken to Nantucket at a very early age. Members of another Barker family, a branch of that of Jacob Barker, who were Quakers from Hanover, Massachusetts, and were iron workers, settled on the bank of Eastern River at a very early period. A descendant, Mr. Edward H. Barker, is manager of the Dresden business of the American Ice

Company. The Barker-Twycross house, of somewhat venerable age, on the bank of Kennebec River, with its elm-bordered driveway and ornamental grounds, presents a homelike and yet stately appearance, and commands a prospect of Kennebec shipping in summer and of the ice fields in winter.

Perkins, with a population of seventy, and only sixteen voters, is an ideal town. It has neither doctor, lawyer, clergyman, nor pauper. The people are intelligent, prosperous and comparatively wealthy farmers. A single schoolhouse waves the American flag, and serves also for religious services. The soil is productive and easily cultivated, while the white houses, with their cleared and cultivated fields, form a pretty picture when seen from the Dresden shore, or the eastern channel of the river.

Fort Richmond, which has been mentioned, was the scene of many stirring events. From here many an expedition set forth on its journey up the river to chastise the French and Indians. In 1724 there was a notable sortie, which resulted in the destruction of the Indian village at Norridgewock and the tragic and cruel death of Father Sebastian Rasle. The bell from his chapel is in the cabinet of the Maine Historical Society, and his Indian dictionary is the property of Harvard College.

Such are some of the more salient points in the history of Pownalboro, the important centre of a section which a hundred and more years ago gave promise of ever increasing material prosperity. Later the tide of population and wealth set away from these shores, until its ebb has left these "daughters" of old Pownalboro well-nigh stranded industrially. Ice cutting has promised something, but the advent of machine ice makes the future of this business uncertain. None can tell what the twentieth century may have in store for this interesting section of our country. Jacob Bailey wrote more than a hundred

years ago that the people of these parts were more lively and sprightly than those of other sections because of "the clearness of the climate." But this is of no advantage to us if these "sprightly" people are forced to seek fortune in other states, or become "hustlers" in some overcrowded city.

For quiet beauty, Wiscasset and its harbor, from the long bridge across Sheepscot River at sunset, can hardly be surpassed. And the hills which rise five hundred feet above the tide of Eastern River, in Dres-

den, command the winding stream, the broad Kennebec, Merrymeeting Bay, and field and forest, at the beholder's feet, with the wall of the White Mountains rising in the distant background. A sunset behind the mountain range, seen from one of these hills on a clear evening, is something to delight the beholder. When we of Maine look upon the beauties about us, we do not wonder that a native of our state, long an exile, called it "the Enchanted Land."

### THE ROSE.

*By Mary A. P. Stansbury.*

**O**UT of his grave a rose  
Blooms on the grassy hill;  
Stately and fair it grows,  
But his breast is cold and still.

"Give me your fragrance rare!"  
Softly the west wind pleads.  
"Yes, for his vital air  
Was the breath of gentle deeds."

Cometh the brown bee fleet:  
"Share with me, rose, your hoard!"  
"Take, for his memory sweet  
In a thousand hearts lies stored."

Prayeth the wandering bird,  
"Pour me a draught of dew!"  
"Drink, for his pity stirred  
When a stranger came to sue."

"Mine!" laughs the little maid  
Playing the long, bright hour  
'Mid the cool mounds unafraid—  
And she plucks the splendid flower.

Fainting it whispers low,  
"Happy I wait my end,  
For, daring life's boon forego,  
He died for the sake of his friend."

## THE ANIMALS WHICH OUR FATHERS FOUND IN NEW ENGLAND.

By Fred E. Keay.

THE discovery of North America, whether by Columbus in the South, by Cabot in the North, or by the Norsemen centuries before either of these navigators landed, was made in the interests and under the stimulus of trade and commerce. These early explorers looked upon the newly discovered country with business eyes. Their records and reports were concerned primarily with the subject of possible and probable gains to be derived from the new world. The conditions of climate and soil were noted as bearing upon possible colonization. The growth of timber, the wealth of minerals, the abundance of fur-bearing animals, and the extraordinary supply of food fishes, were all regarded and estimated in their relations to trade. Few of these early navigators noticed anything beyond; and it was not until colonization had finally begun and men of more leisure had been attracted to the country that we find any records of natural history aside from its commercial aspect. Of course, some facts, novel enough to be recorded, obtruded themselves upon these men. The sciences as we know them were then unknown. Popular interest in the works of nature was awakening; but knowledge in those departments was vague and mixed with much absurdity. Classification in natural history had not been thought of.

The Indians of North America were well versed in wood craft and familiar to a great extent with the habits of the animal world about them. They furnished much valuable information to the colonists, which information was not, however, altogether free from inaccuracies, due to tradi-

tion, superstition or religion. The Indians were for the most part dependent upon game of all kinds for food, and of this game wild animals constituted a large portion. There were scarcely any of the New England animals which were not used to some extent as food by the Indians. William Wood, in the "New England Prospect," thus describes the native animals in verse:

"The Kingly Lyon, and the strong arm'd  
Beare,  
The large limbed Mooses and the tripping Deare;  
Quill darting Porcupines and Rackcoones  
bee  
Castelled in the hollow of an aged tree.  
The skipping Squerrell, Rabbet, purple  
blinde Hare,  
Immured in the selfsame castle are.  
Least red-eyed Ferrets, wily Foxes  
should  
Them undermine, if rampired but with  
mould.  
The grim fac't Ounce, and ravenous  
howling Woolfe,  
Whose meagre paunch suckes like a  
swallowing gulfe;  
Black glistening otters, and rich coated  
Bever,  
The Civet sented Musquash smelling  
ever."

The largest native New England animal is the moose (*Alce americanus*), which is fast being driven out of New England limits. By all the records, moose must have been very common throughout New England at the time of its settlement. Wood says:

"There may not be many of these in the Massachusetts Bay, but forty miles to the northwest there be great store of them."

Josselyn confirms the statement by writing that in winter the Indians went thirty or forty miles into the country to hunt moose. Morton

reported the moose "very frequent in the northerne parts of New England. There is such abundance of them that the salvages at hunting time have bestowed six or seven at a time upon one Englishman whome they have borne affection to." Theodot Sagard found moose "common in the province of Canada, but very rare in the Huron country, since these animals ordinarily retire into countries which are colder and mountainous." The moose was variously called mose, mosse, molke or elk. It is described by Sagard as "the tallest animal in the world, next to the camel, for it is taller than the horse." Wood, Gorges and Higginson describe the moose as big as an ox. Smith says, "bigger than a stagge;" Morton writes, "of the bignesse of a great horse. There have bin of them seene that has bin 18 handfulls high;" and Josselyn states that "some of them are twelve feet high." In color Sagard describes it as "gray, but sometimes tawny, and the hair is as long as the fingers of one's hand." Gorges mentions the "short mane running down along the raines of his back, his haire long like an Elke, but esteemed to be better than that for Sadler's use; he hath likewise a great bunch hanging downe under his throat, and is of the color of our blacker sort of fallow Deer. His leggs are long and his feete as bigge as the feete of our Oxen; his taile is longer than the fingle\* of a Deere, and reacheth almost downe to his huxens."<sup>†</sup> Morton wrote that "hee hath a bunch of haire under his jawes: hee is not swifte, but strong and large in body and long legged, insomuch that hee doth use to kneele when hee feedeth on grasse." Regarding the horns of the moose, Sagard wrote: "Its head is very long, and has double horns like the deer, but large and formed like those of a buck, three feet long." Wood describes it as "headed like a Bucke, with a broad beame, some being two yards wide in the head." Josselyn

\* Tail.

† Hocks.

says, "with exceedingly fair horns, with broad palms, some of them two fathoms from the tip of one horn to the other," and Morton states that it has a "very faire head and a broade palme like the palme of a fallow Deare's horne, but much bigger, and is 6 foote wide betweene the tips which grow curbing downwards." Gorges reports the moose as "headed like a fallow Deere, with a broad Palme, which he mues<sup>‡</sup> every yeere, as dothe the Deere."

The moose was said by several writers to bear three calves at a time, which the mother hid a mile apart to protect them from wild beasts. The Indians hunted the moose in winter on the snow; and upon Mount Desert (where, upon Gorges' authority, moose were plenty) the Indian method was to light fires and drive the moose into the sea, where they were attacked by other bands of Indians in boats with bows and arrows and other weapons.

Several writers state that the English had serious thoughts of attempting to tame moose and use them as reindeer are used in Lapland. The flesh of the moose was considered a great delicacy. Wood calls it "as good as beefe." Gorges says it is "excellent good food, which the natives use to Jerkin, and keepe all the yeere to serve their turne." Josselyn writes as follows: "It is not dry like deer's flesh, but moist and lushious, somewhat like horse flesh (as they judge that have tasted of both). The flesh of their fawns is an incomparable dish. The tongue of a growne moose, dried in the smoak after the Indian manner, is a dish for a Sagamore."

Deer were also very common throughout New England. They are mentioned not only by the early settlers, but by those explorers and navigators whose investigations were confined to brief visits to the shore. Verrazano in 1524, Cartier in 1535, and Weymouth in 1605, all record the presence and abundance of deer.

‡ Sheds.

Breverton, the historian of Gosnold's voyage and attempt at colonization, wrote that upon Martha's Vineyard were "great store of deer, which we saw." John Smith mentioned two species, red and fallow deer. Gorges reported "several sorts of Deere in these parts." Morton called the deer the "most usefull and most beneficial beast which is bred in these parts." He added: "There are three kinds of Deares, of which there are great plenty." The first of these was the moose. The second was the reindeer or caribou, which was described as "swifte of foote, but of a more dark colour, with some griseld haires. When his coate is full growne in the summer season, his horns grow curving with a crooked beame, resembling our redd Deare, not with a palme like the fallow deare." Josselyn, describing the "Maccarib, Caribbo or Pohano," wrote that it was "as big as a stag, round hooved, smooth haired, and soft as silk; their horns grow backward along their backs to their rumps, and turn again a handful beyond their nose, having another horn in the middle of their forehead about half a yard long, very straight, but wreathed like a Unicorn's horn, of a brown jettie colour and very smooth." Each horn of the caribou has, near its base, a branch directed forward over the animal's head, which is probably the basis of this unicorn's horn story.

Three years later Josselyn wrote of the "maccarib," which in the last extract he identified with the caribou, that it has "not been found that ever I heard yet, but upon Cape Sable;" and describes the "maurouse" (evidently the caribou) as "somewhat like a moose, but his horns are but small and himself about the size of a stag." The hoof of the caribou, according to Sagard, "is hollow, and so lightly built that one can readily believe what is said of this animal, that it walks on the snow without sinking." Morton asserted that there was "such abundance of them that

an hundred have bin found at the spring of the yeare within the compasse of a mile."

The third species of deer was the common, fallow or Virginian deer (*Cervus Virginianus*). These Morton describes as "less than the others, and to the southward of all the English plantations." Wood states that they were "much bigger than the Deare of England, of a brighter colour, more inclining to red, with spotted bellies," and that "of these Deare there be a great many, and more in the Massachusetts Bay than in any other place." Gorges, Josselyn and Higginson all state that some deer bring forth two, three or four young at a time.

The Indians were indefatigable deer hunters, partly from necessity. They employed several methods to capture the deer. One of the commonest was a trap made by tying down a young and vigorous sapling, to which was attached a noosed rope. Food was so placed that the deer, as he walked about, liberated the spring, when his leg was caught in the noose. An exploring party from the *Mayflower* met with a laughable adventure with one of these deer traps. Several of the men were standing near, discussing the purpose of the trap, when William Bradford came up from the rear, accidentally stepped upon the spring and was immediately caught by the leg. The chronicler adds that "it was a very pretie devise made with a Rope of their own making, and having a noose as artificially made as any Roper in England can make."

Sometimes—so Wood relates—the Indians made hedges one or two miles long, two ends being about six feet apart, while the other extremities were separated by a mile. In the narrow gap a deer trap was placed by night, while an Indian remained concealed during the day to shoot any deer which might pass through. In the winter the Indians hunted the deer on snowshoes. The heavy deer

sank through the frozen crust, while the dogs and men ran on the surface. In summer, Wood wrote, "it be hard catching of them with the best Gray hounds, beacuse they bee swifte of foote. Some credible persons have affirmed that they have seene a Deare leape three score feet at little or no forcement." The wolves also hunted the deer, which escaped only by swimming to the outlying islands or necks of land, or across the rivers. Deer's flesh, both fresh and dried, was considered a delicacy. The Indians smoked the meat for future use, and, if Sagard may be believed, the entrails also.

Bears, so Morton states, were "beasts that doe no harm in these parts. They feed upon Hurtleberries, Nuts and Fish, especially shell-fish. The Bear is a tyrant at a Lobster, and at low water will downe to the rocks and grope after them with greate diligence. He will runne away from a man as fast as a little dogge. If a couple of Salvages chance to espy him at his banquet, his running away will not serve his turne, for they will coate him, and chase him betweene them home to their howses where they may kill him, to save a laboure in carrying him farre."

There was but one species of bear, the black bear (*Ursus americanus*). Wood says that in strawberry time they were most fierce, when "they will goe upright like a man and clime trees and swim to the Islands." Bears were extremely common throughout New England. In the "Wonder Working Providence" we read of "a most hideous swamp of large extent, even for many miles," through which Ipswich River ran, and which was a great resort of the bears. In the winter the bears hibernated, and, as Wood conjectured, "lived only by sleeping and sucking their pawes, which keepeth them as fat as they are in Summer."

Sagard reported the discovery of a "bear and two cubs lying on four or

five cedar boughs in the hollow of an immense tree, surrounded on all sides by very high snow drifts." He moralized upon it thus: "This led me to believe either that the provision of these animals had failed but a short time before, or that God, who cares for and feeds the ravens when they are abandoned, does not in their need forsake these poor animals with His divine care." Thereupon, in appreciation of this mercy they had admired, they killed the bears "without diffculty, since they could not escape, and made a feast of them." Bear meat was much valued, being considered "of a better taste than beefe."

The Indians caught them in traps, or in the water when the bears swam to the islands. "Then," wrote Wood, "there will be more sportefull Beare bayting than Paris Garden can affoard. For seeing the Beare take water, an Indian will leape after him, where they goe to water cuffes for bloody noses and scratched sides; in the end the man gets the victory, riding the Beare over the watery plaine till he can beare him no longer." Sagard states that the Indians sometimes confined and fattened young bears for their feasts.

There are several accounts of the presence of lions in New England, which, if they have any basis in fact, must refer to the catamount, puma or cougar (*Felis concolor*). Higginson informs us that "there are some lions, for they have been seen at Cape Anne." The Indians told Josselyn "of a young Lyon (not long before) killed at Piscataway by an Indian." Wood says cautiously, "I will not say that I ever saw any myself, but some affirme that they have seen a Lyon at Cape Anne; some likewise being lost in woods, have heard such terrible roarings as have made them much agast; which must either be Devills or Lyons; there being no other creature which use to roare saving Beares, which have not such a terrible kind of roaring. Besides, Plymouth men have traded for Lyons' skins in for-

mer times." Morton was a sceptic. He wrote as follows: "Lyons there be none in New England; it is contrary to the nature of the beast to frequent places accustomed to snow; being like the Catt, that will hazard the burning of her tayle rather than abide from the fire."

The cat family was also represented by two species of lynx, the Canada lynx (*Lynx canadensis*) and the wild-cat (*Lynx rufus*). It is almost impossible to separate these two species in the reports of these early observers. They were called by the names of ounce, luseret, luseran, wild-cat and lynx. Wood states that the ounce was "spotted white and black on the belly, their skinnes a very deepe kind of Furre," and was "as big as a mungrell dog." This seems to refer to the wild-cat. Sagard wrote that the fur of the wild-cat, little wolves, or leopards, "is exactly like that of a large wolf, so there is no difference between a piece of their skin and a piece of wolf skin, and one would be deceived in the choice." They were "scarcely larger than a large fox." This description answers quite well to the Canadian lynx. The following report by Morton describes either species equally well. The luseret, he says, "is like a Catt, but so bigg as a great hound, with a tayle shorter than a Catt. His clawes are like a Catts."

Wild-cats were fierce and much dreaded. "They are more dangerous to be met withall than any other creature, not fearing eyther dogge or man," wrote Wood. They caught geese (so it was reported) by standing near the water, holding up their tails, which resembled the necks of geese. The unsuspecting geese approached one of their number, as they supposed, only to be seized and devoured by the wily lynx. The wild-cat would lie in wait beside the deer's path, and, springing upon the deer's back, crawl to its neck and scratch its throat till it fell. The Englishmen ate wild-cat flesh and

considered it "dainty meate, like a lambes." The fur was much sought after then, as now.

Wolves were by far the most dreaded of all the wild animals. By nature the most ferocious and cunning, they did incalculable damage to the farmers' stock. They travelled in companies, sometimes of ten or twenty, and were caught or killed only with great difficulty. Their depredations were not confined to domestic cattle, as they attacked and killed deer, moose, bears and other wild animals. Josseyn relates the following novel method of destroying wolves, which was ingenious enough to merit success: "Binding four Maycril hooks a cross with a brown thread, and then wrapping some wool about them, they dip them in melted Tallow till it be as round and as big as an egg. These (when any Beast hath been killed by the wolves) they scatter by the dead carkase after they have beaten off the wolves. About midnight the wolves are sure to return again to the place where they left the slaughtered Beast, and the first thing they venture upon will be the ball of fat." The result is left to our imagination, but it must have been as serious to the wolf as appendicitis.

Morton describes wolves as "of divers colours, some sandy coloured, some griselled, and some black." Josselyn mentions two varieties, "one with a round balled foot, and in shape like a mongrel mastiff's, the other with a flat foot. These are like Greyhounds, and are called deer wolves."

There is no satisfactory book upon New England quadrupeds; in fact, as far as I can find, there is nothing beyond simple lists, more or less complete. I have been unable to find mention of more than one species of wolf, the gray wolf (*Canis lupus*). Wood wrote that the wolves were "made much like a Mungrell, being big boned, lanke paunched, deepe breasted, having a thicke necke and head, pricke eares, and long snoute

with dangerous teeth, long staring haire, and a great bush taile." Morton states that their food was fish, "which they catch when they passe up the rivers into the ponds to spawne at the spring time." He adds that "they are fearefull curres, and will runne away from a man as fast as any ferefull dogge;" while Wood bears out the statement by stating that "it was never knowne yet that a woolfe ever sett upon a man or woman, neither do they trouble horses or cowes, but swine, goats, and red calves, which they take for Deare, are often destroyed by them, so that a red calfe is cheaper than a black one in that regarde." "It is very observable," wrote Josselyn, "that when the wolves have killed a Beast or a Hog not a Dog wolf amongst them offers to eat any of it till the she wolves have filled their paunches."

There was a curious notion, recorded by Wood, that wolves were jointless. In support of this statement Wood relates the story of a man who shot a black wolf, wounding it only. The skin was very valuable, and the hunter did not like to injure it by another bullet hole. Suddenly an idea came to him, and seizing the wolf by the tail he plunged him into the river. The wolf, being without joints on his back, was unable to turn, and was drowned.

The Indians tamed wolves, which they used as dogs for hunting deer. The "Wonder Working Providence" states that these wolves, although partly tamed, never wholly forsook their savage ways. These wolves, or dogs, as the settlers called them, were used as food by the Indians; and their flesh is reported by Sagard to have tasted "somewhat like pork as ordinarily fed on the filth found in the roads and streets."

Winthrop, under date of September 30, 1630, wrote in his journal that "the wolves killed six calves at Salem, and they (the people) killed one wolf." November 9, 1630, the

Massachusetts General Court offered a bounty for every wolf killed in the colony, the amount being assessed at 1d. on "every beast, horse, swine, and goat in the plantation." This law was repealed November 7, 1632. In 1635 a bounty of five shillings was again offered for every wolf killed, which was doubled two years later.

Another source of annoyance to the settlers were the foxes, which did little damage, however, beyond stealing poultry. In September, 1635, a reward of one shilling a head was offered by the court for every fox killed; and in 1637 the reward was increased to two shillings. Josselyn recorded "two or three kinds of fox, one a great yellow Fox, another Grey, who will climb up into trees; the black fox is of much esteem." Morton mentions only the red and gray foxes. Sagard describes three species, as follows: "The rarest and most valued of the three . . . is entirely black as jet, and in consequence highly esteemed, even to the value of several hundred crowns each. The second has a band or border of black fur, about four fingers wide, down the back, passing under the belly; all the rest is red. The third kind is the most common. They are very like ours (of France) in size and fur."

Three species of fox, so far as I can ascertain, are placed to the credit of New England. These are the common red fox (*Vulpes vulgaris*); the black fox, which is a variety of the former, and the gray fox (*Vulpes Virginianus*), which is less common in New England, but found farther south. Sagard's second species seems to have been the cross between the red and black foxes, which is sometimes found. The others are evident, excepting Josselyn's gray fox, which may have been the raccoon, although Josselyn elsewhere speaks of that animal. He also describes the "jaccal" as smaller than the common fox and found in abundance. Professor Tuckerman, in his notes to Josselyn, suggests that the

jaccal may have been the gray fox, but the description hardly agrees, and the gray fox is elsewhere mentioned by Josselyn.

The following method of killing foxes, described by Josselyn, was used by the settlers: "In the depths of Winter they lay a sledge load of Cod's heads on the other side of a paled fence, when the moon shines, and about nine or ten of the clock the Foxes come to it, sometimes two or three or half a dozen and more. These they shoot, and by that time they have cased them there will be as many. So they continue shooting and killing of Foxes as long as the Moon shineth. I have known half a score killed in one night."

The trade in beaver skins was a large item in the commerce of New England. John Smith brought 1,100 skins in one vessel, and wrote that 6,000 or 7,000 beaver skins might be shipped annually. Some years later Winthrop stated that from the Great Lake, whence the most of the beaver skins came, there were brought annually 10,000 skins. These figures show how very common this interesting animal, now almost if not altogether extinct among us, was then. When Winthrop and others ascended the Charles River for exploration, they named one of its tributaries—since immortalized by Lowell—Beaver Brook, "because the beavers had shorn down divers great trees there and made divers dams across the brook." No extended quotations regarding the beaver (*Castor fiber*) are necessary. Morton states that "their fore feet are like a cunny, the hinder feete like a goese," and that the beavers sat with their tails in the water, to protect them from the heat, which would rot them off. Wood describes their habits at length, giving this illustration of their sagacity: "They cut downe trees as thicke as a man's thigh, afterwards dividing them into lengths according to the use they are appointed for. If one Bever be too weake to carry the logge, then

another helps him: if they two be too weake then MULTORUM MANIBUS GRANDE LEVATUR ONUS; four more adding their help, being placed three to three, which set their teeth in one another's tough tayles, and laying the load on the two hindermost they draw the logge to the desired place." Sagard confirms this statement.

The fur of the otter (*Lutra canadensis*) was another source of considerable revenue. "Most of these," wrote Wood, "are black, whose furre is much used for muffs and are held almost as deare as Beaver." Morton says that "in winter season they have a furre as blacke as jette. A good black skin is worth 3 or 4 Angels of gold." Both beavers and otters were caught in traps by the Indians. Beavers' tails were eaten and highly esteemed by them.

"Martens," wrote Sagard, "are quite common." "A beast about the bignes of a Foxe. His furre is chest-nutt coloure, and of these there are great store in the Northerne parts of the Country," wrote Morton; and Wood remarked that "their furre is good for their bignesse." These quotations appear to refer to our largest marten, the "fisher" (*Mustela pennantii*).

Josselyn has considerable to say about an animal called the mattrise, "which are innumerable up in the country, though there are few or none near the seacoast." I find no reference to this animal by any other writer. Josselyn describes it as "a creature whose head is shaped somewhat like a Lyon's, not altogether so big as a house cat." Thousands of mattrises, so he asserts, gathered to the carcass of the moose when the Indians had left. It seems safe to identify the mattrise with the pine marten (*Mustela martes*). There is a similarity between the name mattrise and the specific name of the pine marten—martes—which may, however, be merely a coincidence.

The common mink appears to

have been altogether overlooked, as was also another of our very common animals, the woodchuck. I can find no mention whatever of this animal, though I cannot account for the omission.

Little mention was made of the raccoon (*Procyon loter*), which was described by one as "a deep furred Beast, not unlike a Badger, having a tayle like a Fox, as good meate as a lambe," and by another writer as "bigg, full out, as a Foxe, with a bush tayle." John Smith speaks of it under the name of aroughcond.

Porcupines or porkepicks (*Eri-thizon dorsata*) were looked upon with indifference, as being neither useful nor harmful. Both hedgehogs and porcupines were reported as common in the northern part of the country. Wood called the porcupine "a small thing not unlike a hedgehog, something bigger, who stands upon his guard and proclaims a *noli me tangere* to man and beast that shall approach him, darting his quills into their legges and hides." The erroneous impression prevailed that the porcupine's quills were shot out by the animal. We are informed by Josselyn that porcupines "lay eggs and are good meat."

Rabbits, conies, or cunnies, as they were known, were "of divers coloures, some white, some black, and some gray." The gray rabbit (*Lepus sylvaticus*) and the American hare (*Lepus americanus*) are our members of the family. Wood speaks of hares, some of which were "white, and a yard long." This was the winter dress of the hare, whose length was exaggerated. Their flesh was considered a great delicacy. They were shot by the Indians with arrows, or taken in traps; but Sagard states that the latter method was seldom successful, for the strings were not "good or strong enough for the purpose. They break or cut them easily when they find themselves caught."

Most of the early writers report

three varieties of squirrels,—"the great grey squerrell, which is almost as bigge as an English rabbet; a small squerrell, not unlike the English squerrell, and a flying squerrell which is not very bigge, slender of body, with a great deale of loose skinne, which she spreads square when she flyes, which the wind gets and so wafts her Batlike body from place to place." Wood, from whom the above description is taken, Morton and Josselyn specify the three species mentioned, with the exception that Josselyn calls the second species the "mouse squirrel," which may refer to the common chipmunk (*Tamias striatus*). No other mention of the chipmunk is found except in Sagard's work, where it is described as the ground squirrel. "It is very beautiful," we read, "the fur being striped and banded from the front to the back with a band or stripe of white, then one of red, gray, and black all around the body."

In the northern part of New England black squirrels (*Sciurus niger*) were found, the fur of which was much valued. Sagard describes an animal called the otay, "as large as a small rabbit, the fur very black, and so soft, shiny and beautiful it seems like velvet." Notwithstanding the discrepancy in size, I think this must refer to the black squirrel. Wood says the gray squirrel was the most common; "one may kill a dozen of them in an afternoon." This was probably our common gray squirrel (*Sciurus carolinensis*), although the fox squirrel (*Sciurus vulpinus*), which is gray with red points, was a New England resident. The red squirrel (*Sciurus hudsonicus*), according to Morton and Wood, haunted the houses and stole corn, so that the farmers took their cats into the fields to catch the squirrels, for which traps were also laid.

The flying squirrel, of which there are two varieties, northern (*Sciuropterus volucella hudsonicus*) and south-

ern (*Sciuropterus volucella pallos*), did no damage. Sagard wrote: "The Hurons made us a present of a nest of three, which were very beautiful and worthy of being presented to some deserving person, if we had been in a position so to do, but we were too far away. They are of an ashen colour, the head somewhat large, and are furnished with a membrane which they take on the two sides with one of their hind feet and one of their fore feet, which they stretch out when they wish to fly, for they easily fly over the trees and from place to place to quite a distance."

The muskrat (*Fiber zibethicus*) or, as it was then called, the musquash, musquassus, or muskewashe, is described by Wood as "much like a Beaver for shape, but nothing near so bigge." Josselyn says they lived "in small houses in the ponds, like Mole Hills, and feed upon the sweet flag." Morton could not discover the musquash's food, and wrote that it was "but a small beast, less than a Cunny, and is indeede in these parts no other than a water Ratte." Sagard says "it eats with its two fore paws, erect like a squirrel." He tamed one, which he carried about with him.

Skunks, ferrets, sables, fitches, polecats and weasels are mentioned by different writers, but without description. Sagard wrote of animals known as "the children of the devil, about the size of a fox, the head less pointed, and the skin covered with thick wolf hair, rough and smoky. They are very mischievous, with an ugly look and a very bad odor." This animal may have been the skunk (*Mephitis mephatica*).

The buffalo was known to the New England settlers only by rumor. There were vague reports of a great lake called Ericoise, three hundred miles west, whence rose the Potomac and St. Lawrence rivers. This lake was said to be at least two hundred and forty miles in circumference. About this Lake Ericoise, which we may assume was either Lake Ontario

or Erie, the Indians told the colonists there were "great heards of well growne beasts, such as the Christian world (untill this discovery) hath not bin acquainted with. These beasts are of the bignesse of a Cowe, their Flesh being very good foode, their hides good lether, their fleeces very usefull, being a kinde of wolle as fine almost as the wolle of the Beaver, and the salvages doe make garments thereof." Sagard, who visited the Huron country, wrote that "in some parts of the country are found buffalo, for some of our monks have their hides."

To descend from great things to small, mice were found in great plenty; but rats were said to have been brought in by the English, having been unknown before. Several kinds of mice are mentioned, but are not described. One large species, on Sagard's authority, was eaten by the Indians. Governor Winthrop, in his journal, wrote the story of a great battle which occurred in Watertown in 1632, "in the view of divers witnesses," between a mouse and a snake, in which the mouse finally conquered. Mr. Wilson, the pastor of Boston, "a very sincere, holy man, hearing of it, gave this interpretation; that the snake was the devil, the mouse was a poor contemptible people which God had brought hither which should overcome Satan here, and dispossess him of his kingdom." The only reference to the bat or flitter mouse which I have found reported it more abundant than in England.

St. Patrick never visited New England, at least history records no such event, and it is certain that New England bore no resemblance to Ireland as regard snakes, which were everywhere abundant. The Rev. Mr. Higginson wrote that "this country, being very full of woods and wildernesses, doth also much abound with snakes and serpents of strange colors and huge greatness." Josselyn records that he killed "within a stone's

throw of our house, above four score snakes, some of them as big as the small of my leg, black of colour, and three yards long, with a sharp horn on the tip of their tail two inches in length,"—which may be identified as the large black snake (*Bascanium constrictor*). In another place he wrote that "there are infinite numbers of various colours, some black, others painted with red, yellow and white, some again of a grass green colour, powdered all over as it were with silver dust or Muscovie glass. But there is one sort that exceeds all the rest, and that is the chequered snake, having as many colours within the cheques shadowing one another as there are in a rainbow." Wood mentions particularly the black snake "two yards long, which glided through the woods very swiftly." Snakes were divided by Josselyn into two great groups, land snakes and water snakes. The Indian name for snake was Ascowke. In White's "Planters' Plea" we read that, although serpents were abundant and larger than the English adders, yet in ten years' experience no one had ever been injured by one of them, and the prophecy was made that as the country was populated, the snakes would become rarer. The rattlesnake (*Crotalus durissus*) was by far the most dreaded member of the family. Strange and fanciful tales were related of this fierce monster. Josselyn gravely asserts that the rattlesnake "poysons with a vapour that comes through two crooked fangs in their mouth. The hollow of these Fangs are as black as Ink. The Indians, when weary with travelling, will take them up with their bare hands, laying hold with one hand behind their head, with the other taking hold of their tail, and with their teeth tear off the skin of their backs and feed upon them alive, which they say refresheth them." Wood wrote that, though this was "a most poysinous and dangerous creature," yet it was "nothing so bad as the report goes of him in Eng-

land; for whereas he is sayd to kill a man with his breath, and that he can flye, there is no such matter, for he is naturally the most sleepie and unnimble creature that lives." Josselyn thus describes the rattlesnake: "A yard and a half long, and as thick in the middle as the small of a man's leg, on the belly yellow, her back spotted with back, russet, yellow and green placed like scales, at her tail she hath a rattle which is nothing but a hollow shelly buffiness, jointed." Wood's description is almost identical. He states that "it is most injurious to the person and life of man." Both Josselyn and Morton assert that the age of the snake could be told by the number of joints in the rattle, "which soundeth (when it is in motion) like pease in a bladder." "Whoever is bitten by these snakes, his flesh becomes as spotted as a Leaper until he be perfectly cured," wrote Wood. Rev. Mr. Higginson stated that the poison of the rattlesnake was so virulent that death would ensue within a quarter of an hour. Wood lengthened the life of the victim to a full hour. The antidote recommended by both these writers was snakeweed root, to be chewed and the juice swallowed. If taken by any one not bitten, said Wood, this root was rank poison. He added: "It is reported that if the party live that is bitten, the snake will die, and if the party die, the snake will live." No doubt this was half true. Morton's remedy was "salet oyle," taken liberally, with which he claimed to have cured his dog and stated that it was successfully tried on a boy.

Turtles did not receive much notice in these natural history reports. They were divided into three species by Josselyn, "one a right land turtle that seldom or never goes into the water, the other two being the river turtle and the pond turtle." Wood and Josselyn spoke of the frogs, "which chirp in the spring like sparrows, and croke like Toads in Au-

tumn." According to Josselyn, "some of them when they set upon their breech are a foot high. The Indians will tell you that up in the Country there are pond frogs as big as a child of a year old." The following is Josselyn's description of the growth of the frog: "First they lay their gelly on the water in ponds and still waters, which comes in time to be full of black spots as broad as the head of a tenpenny nail, and round; these separate themselves from the gleir, and after a while thrust out a tail, then their head comes forth, after their head springs out their forelegs and then their hinder legs, then their tail drops off and growes to have a head and four legs too, the first proves a frog, the latter a water nuet." With the exception of the disposition of the cast-off tail, this account is quite accurate.

Tree toads (*Hyla versicolor* and *Hyla Pickeringii*), which were unknown in England, were the wonders of almost all these writers. Josselyn describes them as "like a Frog, being as thin as a leaf and transparent, as

yellow as gold with little fiery red eyes." He further mentions two varieties of toads, "one speckled with white, and another of a dull earthy colour." Whether the tree toad was one of these, or a separate species, he was "not able to affirm."

The discrepancies and omissions in these natural history reports are thus explained by Sagard: "It is true that a person, however exact he may be, cannot wholly know or observe all there is in a country, nor see or hear all which takes place there; and this is the reason historians and travellers do not always find themselves in accord with many things."

NOTE. The materials for this article have been gleaned from the following works:

Published.

Wood's New England's Prospect . . . . .	1634
Josselyn's New England's Rarities Discovered . . . . .	1672
Josselyn's Two Voyages to New England . . . . .	1675
Morton's New English Canaan . . . . .	1632
Gorges's Briefe Relation . . . . .	1622
Higginson's New England's Plantation . . . . .	1630
John Smith's New England . . . . .	1616
Winthrop's History of New England . . . . .	1649
Breverton's and Archer's Accounts of Gosnold's Voyage . . . . .	1602
Mourt's Relation . . . . .	1622
Johnson's Wonder Working Providence . . . . .	1654
Carter's Voyages . . . . .	1535
Verrazano's Voyages . . . . .	1524
Tagard's Journey to the Huron Country . . . . .	1624
Weymouth's Voyage . . . . .	1605



## THE RETURN OF HIS YOUTH.

*By Vere Wilmot.*

THE Bishop once had a love affair—a long time ago, as he reckoned time now. She was a copper haired, gray eyed girl, and the picture limned by the Bishop's memory had always a smile on the sweet, full lips. Age and experience had done their work on the Bishop's once dark locks and smooth face. With them, too, had developed a noticeable tendency to stoutness, while the place of his beckoning visions they had filled with a reality which he soon found more comfortable, if less inspiring, than his haunting dreams. But his mind kept one corner inviolate. There lingered the memory of a girl forever radiantly young, clear eyed and joyous as only youth may be.

When the Bishop was a young rector, he had decided to come to this western coast. There were many reasons, he said, for the change; but one or two he never explained even to himself, and the others did well enough for the public. So he took his place in the southern part of the great Pacific state. Here his steadiness in the midst of unsteadiness, his courage before turmoil, brought him honor and promotion. When the country finally settled to sober and rapid growth, the Bishop was a recognized power. He represented the best of the executive ability and sagacity which shaped the new forces slowly but firmly.

As to the Bishop's sermons—people were sometimes disappointed in them as he grew older. For a long time he himself was vaguely aware of the effort it meant to draw out the spiritual significance of a text. Imperceptibly he adopted a technical and historical exposition of the Scriptures—and this does excellently for a bishop.

But he never lost a certain genial courtesy, a priceless inheritance from generations of South Carolinian ancestors, as innate as his consecratory temper and institutional instinct. This latter moved him after several years of lonely life to consider the duty of marriage. He put this proposition in the form of a duty; for, as he said to himself, marriage is a custom, the observance of which every able-bodied man owes his state. The home and the family have a certain economical right to exist, and every citizen, not diseased and of sufficient income, ought to feel the necessity he is under of discharging his debt to his country as a husband and father. So the Bishop married—a little woman with hair of commonplace brown and pale eyes whose serenity never varied—and was happy enough to suit his somewhat vague expectations perhaps, certainly as happy as people in general whose views have been adapted to the emergencies of life.

The Bishop's desire for a family was not realized. His wife died after many years without children, and the Bishop returned more easily than he had thought possible to his former life. He sincerely mourned this loss, most keenly perhaps when he attempted to keep track of his socks and shirts, or the coffee and toast were ill regulated. But finally two resolute domestics brought about order and peace, and as his digestion adjusted itself his regret became less poignant. He duly appreciated the efforts of some prominent church-women who collected and published between decorative covers the series of papers prepared by the Bishop's wife on the history of altar cloths. In return he paid his last public respects to the memory of his wife by erecting

a memorial window, through which he often looked with unseeing eyes.

And so time passed quietly enough until, rather suddenly, it seemed to him, the Bishop discovered that he had half a hundred years to account for. It was then that he began to be slightly introspective and aware of depths in his mind which memory showed a superstitious dread of sounding. There were, too, strata of subconscious thought and feeling, which only the mysterious warmth of a grate fire in the twilight could penetrate.

Perhaps the child was born at this time; but who can tell? Certainly if not the Bishop, then no one else. Whatever the moment, there came into being a presence which accompanied the Bishop in all his trips about the diocese and gradually revealed itself after many evenings of slow shaping before the open fire. It was a child, a little girl, with hair gleaming like copper and gray eyes that flashed from mood to mood, and always her mouth bore the tender smile born not of mirth but of a joyous heart. Sometimes, as the Bishop sat with folded hands in his big chair, the child came and climbing the barriers of its wide arms, nestled by the Bishop to watch with him the queer gleams of the firelight. Sometimes her fingers touched his cheek as lightly as a thought comes and goes, but the thrill of the touch lingered until its sweetness seemed to turn to pain. The Bishop would wake then with a dull sense of loneliness and care resting heavy in the place of the golden head. Sighing, he would leave the firelight vision. But once again, when he fancied himself kissing the little mouth, the pain proved a choking reality. He rang hastily for lights and the trivial company of his servant; yet before these came he was forced to measure his will against an unknown power which shaped itself into a hundred crowding memories. He swept them aside before they had defined them-

selves in his consciousness, for the habit of years strengthened his courage. After this experience, he regularly ordered the lights early and busied himself more earnestly in his duties.

But all strenuous measures were of no avail. Never before in his existence had the Bishop seen so many gray eyes flash out suddenly with familiar gleams, while often a slender form in the distance would startle him with unaccountable grace. Even the gold of the chancel decorations stirred pulses vaguely reminiscent of earthly visions. Once in the midst of an echoing interlude he drifted into the company of the little girl, and together they wandered in an old orchard where the grass grew almost as tall as the child.

About this time the Bishop's sermons began to sound less ponderous. He dwelt rather upon love than law, and upon the beauty of all good things about us. Little by little he shaped into expression that thought of hope which follows upon the regret and repentance of foolish humanity. The Bishop himself could not have told you about these changes, so quickly did the new life adapt itself to his habits. Perhaps it found a place more easily because with it came many thoughts long ago cherished and familiar, which resumed their sway over the Bishop with marvelous ease.

It happened then, naturally enough, that the appearance of lights in the Bishop's library was again postponed. The child came at her accustomed hour when the Bishop rested after a hard day's work. He began to talk with her shyly as he sat smoothing her hair—not the prattle of old with young, as you might imagine, for she seemed to have a sympathy beyond her years which invited confidences of a mature kind. No, the Bishop talked about cares which troubled him, the cares of other people; for of late he had been sought as never before by the weary and worn. He even

spoke with this tender-eyed child about the sinful whose haunting passions he longed to redeem,—passions dull and cold as are the ashes after the lightness and brightness of the flame disappear. She never spoke to him, and often he longed to hear her voice. He knew just what it was—a soft, southern voice, of course. But her eyes sent quick, flashing glances of sympathy. He felt that she understood him, or rather that she trusted him fully, which after all is a woman's way of understanding a man; and he was comforted by the twilight talks.

But all his experiences had hardly prepared him for the final test, which came on a certain day when he reached home late and found his sister's letter awaiting him. One paragraph only held his attention and this he went over carefully.

"Alice Marye, whom you must best remember as Alice Dabney, will be in Los Angeles by the time you receive this letter. She is taking her grandchild, a frail and precocious girl of seven, to your famous climate, where she hopes to make her stronger. Alice has only the child left now, but her spirit and courage are still as of old. I trust you may be able to find her soon and renew your friendship."

That night the Bishop sat for a long, long time, he and his dream-friend. The silence was broken only now and again, when he stirred uneasily or started up as if to shake off some overwhelming power. He felt the child's presence continually, but she was not the only vision which comforted his loneliness. In the silence and gloom, the iron strength of his will gave way and strange emotions stirred him—made him tremble as a man trembles at the sight of his newborn babe. He realized suddenly that the youth he had forgotten even was upon him with the sharp pains he had refused once to endure. He had turned his back upon them, and they had waited all these long years for this one moment of weakness. Through the night he struggled, re-

treated, despaired, endured and triumphed. The early morning roused him, and he crept from the room exhausted.

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Mrs. Crane's house is in a part of Los Angeles whose quondam dignity is maintained by only a few old residences like it. Its large garden obstinately flourishes in the face of brick and mortar opposite, from which it is screened by vines and trees. Hither the Bishop betook himself. He was a familiar guest and knew his way across the widespread lawn. He went leisurely, hesitatingly perhaps. He could not yet fully trust the peace which had finally filled his heart in place of the long cherished bitterness so suddenly revealed in his night of struggle. Now and again a dull pain throbbed in sullen protest against this venture, but he forced it into forgetfulness. The turf silenced his footsteps and drooping trees hid his form, so that he emerged upon the spot he sought before he could see or be seen. Then suddenly, but quite as if she had been awaiting him, a small girl rose and looked up with expectant eyes, into which flashed a smile of recognition. The wind lifted long, tawny strands of her hair, and the sun made them gleam. She advanced close to him and placed a hand in his—a soft, warm and clinging touch, upon which the Bishop's fingers closed convulsively.

"How do you do?" she said politely. "You are the Bishop. I have been watching for you."

At the sound of her voice—rich already in qualities which only Providence or good blood bestows—the Bishop trembled, and reached suddenly for a chair. He sat down, still holding the small hand. When he looked up again, the gray eyes met his sympathetically, and for a moment he could have believed the firelight shifted across her face. It was only the touch of a sunbeam escaping the meshes of the pepper tree beside them.

"Don't you feel well?" she said gently. "I'm very sorry. I don't feel well quite often."

"Thank you,—I'm better now. And who are you, please?" the Bishop asked perfumtorily, and his voice was husky and strange to himself.

"I? Oh, I'm Alice!" Of course, the Bishop knew that well enough. "My other name is Delamay. Sometime I shall be Miss Delamay, you know,—and before very long too if I had stayed in South Carolina, I think, because the doctor told grandmamma I was growing up too fast. Grandmamma says we have come to California to grow young again. She says she wants to see which of us will be a baby first. Grandmamma is so funny! Did you come to California to grow young?"

"Not exactly—that is—well, I did not plan for it, you see."

"Have you been here long?"

"Oh, yes. Do you know how much twenty-seven years are?"

"Twenty-seven years! Why, that must be lots more than I am. I'm seven, you know, and I've gotten as far as two times seven is fourteen,—and twenty-seven is more'n that, I reckon. I'm learning the sevenses so's I'll always know how old I am."

She regarded him severely for a second, and the Bishop fidgeted in the corner of his conscience. The stray offences which this small woman might discover were many in his imagination.

"You must have been *quite* old when you came to California first," she said suddenly. "You don't look any younger than grandmamma,—and she has just come here."

The Bishop laughed. The painful throbbing of his heart had stopped and he was boyishly happy. The little girl seated herself in a chair in front of him and folded her hands sedately. She too seemed quite content.

"I asked grandmamma what became of the people in California when they couldn't get any younger,—after they were babies, you know. I asked her

if people just went out like the candle does, and if they never died like my grandpapa and my mamma and papa did. But grandmamma only looked queer, and then she smiled and said she'd be glad when I could go to the sem'enary and study the en-cy-clo-clo—thank you, that's it, *pedia*."

She accepted the Bishop's help graciously, and he was humbly grateful for her favor. He was attentive to every tone and gesture, but content to say little. After the many, many long confidences he had given her in the twilight past, it was but fair now that he should listen. Besides her voice was very sweet. It was indeed music to the Bishop—this voice so like the memory of that one he had left in the bitterness of his heart years ago.

"Grandmamma says I'm a problem. Do you know what a problem is? She says it's something you work hard over and don't get most times. Any way, that's what it was when she went to the sem'enary. Did you ever see a sem'enary?"

"Yes, Alice, I've seen the one your grandmamma went to."

"Oh, have you? Grandmamma says she used to know you when she came home from the sem'enary. She told me just the way you looked, so's I'd know when you came."

The Bishop was curious. He felt a trifle guilty, but he was anxious to have himself described. He quieted his scruples at pressing this confidence. "What—what did your grandmamma say about me?" he asked.

"Well," replied his vis-a-vis reflectively, "she said you were tall and your hair was a beautiful black color,—'tisn't now, is it?—and your eyes were blue, and they were very kind, and she thought they were the busiest she ever saw. I don't think so."

"Um,—well, do you believe you are going to like California?" The Bishop's vanity, soothed and wounded in a breath, compromised with his

curiosity. He retired prudently to commonplace topics.

"Oh, I don't know," replied Alice dubiously. "I get awful homesick for Bluey—she's my best hen, you know; and for Jehu—he's our driver and tells us stories. And I do want some syllabub!"

The Bishop's mouth watered. The flesh is near to the spirit indeed, and the Bishop's desires were not alone of the heart in this moment's reminiscence. "I'd give a great deal for some syllabub myself, Alice," he said.

"Perhaps you can go back with us to South Carolina. We're going soon, grandmamma says, when I get homesick—and I'll have Mammy Lize make you some."

The Bishop smiled. "Perhaps I can go back with you," he said joyously. "By the way, how did you know me just now? You don't think I'm like your grandmamma's description?"

"Oh, grandmamma has a picture of you, and she looks at it real often and tells me stories about the time you were a little boy and she was little too. And I just knew you were the man in the picture. I think it's your eyes, because they look just like you do now."

The Bishop had no will of his own these days. When the small girl rose sedately as if to close the conversation, he was powerless to resist, although earnestly desirous of her presence. He had so long subsisted upon dreams, he had so strenuously sought comfort from the unsubstantial, that he was eager for continual proof of this sweet reality.

"Please excuse me," said the little girl. "Grandmamma said I was to come at once and tell her when you came. But I wanted to talk with you myself when I saw you." She flashed her gray eyes upon him in close scrutiny. Then with a sudden shyness she turned to go.

"I like you so very much!" she said, and ran away.

The Bishop realized that the third

generation had completed his subjugation. He leaned back and watched the moving clouds far above the city roofs—great, white fragments of a mystery into which they were resolved even as he watched. The fragrance of a jasmine vine floated through his senses and touched lightly in its passing the quivering screen between mind and body. Ever, when he tried to focus his memory upon the reflected vision, it took the shape of a girl with wind-tossed hair and happy eyes.

The Bishop mused, oblivious of the present. The soft rustle of approaching skirts seemed pleasantly a part of his dreams. Mechanically he rose in time to meet some one emerging from the midst of vines and trees,—some one in a soft, black gown, with a spray of jasmine in her hand. The Bishop stared hard for a second at the woman who stood before him. In place of the warm-tinted hair of his memory were locks almost white. Their youthful restlessness was staid now in demure regularity. The eyes were still dark and clear, but the joyous light was gone, and the mouth only hinted at its once full charm. But she carried her slender form with all the grace of earlier years as she advanced with outstretched hand.

"Bishop, how glad—"

"Alice!"

"Ah, Philip, unchanged then?"

It was the woman's duty to act a part, but the man's sincerity gave the cue.

"Very much changed, Alice!" He held her hand gently and searched her eyes for the something which had been his in the vision. The sight of it would have reassured him in the midst of changes for which his memory could not prepare him. But there was a mist between him and the eyes. Perhaps that made it impossible for him to find what he wanted. They moved slowly toward the chairs while she talked with a gentle vivacity through which broke a note of her old joyousness.

"It's good of you to find us so soon. Your sister said you might be busy with diocesan business and I must not expect an immediate favor from you. California climate has certainly been kind to you, Philip. I think your face has changed less than any of the old group I know. You positively look youthful, Philip." She laughed, and the Bishop established one link in the chain of evidence binding past and present. "Those of us you left—twenty-seven years ago, isn't it?—what a dismally long time when one has to realize it!—Well, they have altered very much. I am a type for them all." She shrugged her shoulders. There was a subtle challenge in her tone which the Bishop could not ignore. Moreover he had been studying her face earnestly.

"You have not changed as much as you would have me believe, Alice." He looked at her fearlessly. "You are even more beautiful than you were twenty-seven years ago—to me."

"I am a grandmother, Philip! You have no right to betray my gray hairs in this fashion." She laughed at him in the old way, but her eyes showed a pleasure half strange to him, yet reassuring. "And while the most of us have sunk quietly into oblivion in the old state, you have been piling up honors in this new land."

"And watching a great many hopes tumble down," said the Bishop a little sadly.

She met his glance and went on bravely. "They tell me you are a species of what we call the great man, Philip,—that you could have any position you chose to take. I really dreaded meeting you. One never knows just how to treat an old friend grown famous. I can't help remembering all sorts of ridiculous things about you—your first long trousers, for instance, and the way you used to make me disgrace my dignity in the little old church."

The Bishop smiled happily. "And

do you remember the time you tried to jump the creek because I said you should not? And how you fell and hurt your head and I dragged you out with remorse heavy enough to send me to the bottom of the ocean?"

"Yes, and I still have the scar." She smiled and brushed carelessly aside some silver strands which the wind had betrayed from their strict order. It was the same girlish gesture the Bishop knew well. He was beginning to think that silver hair had a beauty which he never appreciated before.

"I have a scar that matches it," he said.

She looked at him with an effort to recall the fact. "Why, I don't remember that you were hurt too," she said, but the Bishop made no explanations. "I do remember the glorious wound you brought home from the war, and what a hero you were for us all." She spoke softly, and lifted the jasmine bough to her face unsteadily. The Bishop had risked his life for her father dying in the battlefield. They were silent a moment, and each looked off through the vista of palms and orange trees into a far-away place and time.

"And the old peach orchard where we used to find the bullets—is that still as it used to be?"

"Yes, just the same. And there are rows and rows of the same kind of jam in the same pantry and shelf where we were allowed to go sometimes!"

"Ah," said the Bishop, "and peach puffs! I should have to risk my life to eat one nowadays, but I think I would do it willingly."

For twenty-seven long years the Bishop had steeled himself against the pangs of homesickness; but the labor of all this time counted for nothing before these thoughts of the dear old past. He had identified himself with the interests of this new state, and felt a keen pride in seeing cities spring up and vast industries transform desert and sagebrush

wastes. He had grown used to the garish new life everywhere and satisfied to believe the germ of future greatness lay in the awkward fledgling state. But the Bishop, after all, was like much of the flotsam and jetsam which the growing country caught,—all the human driftwood stranded on its plains in ranches and homestead claims; deep down in his heart he longed for the sober, institutional life of the East, its homes with a past which his ancestors had helped establish.

His companion's quick glance and illuminating intuitions revealed more to her understanding than the Bishop was aware of. She met his mood sympathetically and led him on gently to satisfy his soul of these long-withheld emotions. He talked as eagerly as a boy, upon all sorts of trivial, happy incidents so familiar to both.

One memory indeed was avoided. Each drew near it and then retreated. Once or twice only the lady's dexterity saved her from confusion in the sudden movements which the clumsier Bishop made wandering in these byways of their past. But suddenly the Bishop grew bold, and his companion's cleverness deserted her.

"And the jasmine, Alice," he said, "which I—which you and I planted; is it growing?"

"Yes," she replied, and looking up, flushed as if she were a girl. For the Bishop was leaning forward. The

light of his youth was in his eyes, softened perhaps, but not less intense.

"Alice!"

"Oh, Philip, you have opened a grave!"

"For the resurrection of a buried hope. Alice, I love you still."

"And I have always loved you, Philip."

\* \* \* \* \*

They rescued the jasmine bough, some time after, crushed and drooping; but the Bishop put a spray of it into a breast pocket.

"I have grown to be a foolish old man, Alice," he said.

"And I should believe you if the admission did not compromise me so dreadfully," she replied. Her eyes gave him now what he sought as his own.

Then he told her about his twilight child. Unwittingly he tortured her with a realization of his loneliness, though he spoke briefly of that and dwelt on the sweet fancies of the fire-light-time and the happy meeting with the little Alice in the garden.

And this other Alice with the gray hair cried on the Bishop's shoulder as if her heart would break. The Bishop could not understand all that a woman regrets. He had ceased to blame her or himself for the lost past, and was only supremely happy to have gained the present. He comforted her in his own way, and as the twilight came down upon them the little girl wandered out and found them together.



## A THOUGHT FROM SOMEWHERE.

*By Frances S. Snyder.*

I CANNOT tell how it came to me—  
It came like a breath of sweet, fresh air;  
And filled my soul with the fragrance fair,  
Of things that are good and bright to see;  
Of the joys of the world that are to be,—  
This beautiful thought from somewhere.

'Twas touched with a grateful thought of God—  
Of the goodness and love He bears toward all.  
'Twas touched with the sound of a wild bird's call,  
And sunlight aslant a field of wheat,  
Rare summer flowers and summer heat,  
And the hint of a ripening fall.

I cannot tell how it came to me;  
It filled my soul with a deep, sweet prayer,  
With things that are good and pure and fair—  
Things that are sweet and tender and true;  
But, O, dear heart, it was most of you,—  
This beautiful thought from somewhere.

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## MY CHAPERONE.

*By Emma Playter Seabury.*

M Y chaperone is fifty, I know,—  
Fifty if she is a day;  
But her eyes droop down,—they are golden brown,—  
And she's never a thread of gray.

She has the charm of the ancient dame,  
That snares all men heart free;  
So busy she is with each new flame,  
She cannot watch Jack and me.

And I never would tell mamma ;—but near,  
In a little niche off the stair,  
We saw her one night with her cavalier,  
And his arms were round her,—the sweet old dear,—  
And his lips on her gold brown hair.

## ELLIE.

*By Alice L. Seligsberg.*

ELLIE was a fair and blue eyed lassie, whose anchorage to this earth consisted of a happy home and many normal interests. Her environment, however, despite these mundane ties, was otherworldly; for the house she lived in and the people she met told less on her existence than the byways of bookland and the denizens of fancied forest or fictitious town. Stories were her standards. Thus she tried to fit her life into the matrix some author had created for a character, and seldom consciously copied the real men and women she saw. Her efforts at imitation, directed to Little Nell or Maggie Tulliver or some other attractive heroine, were like those of the baby-bird that tried to flutter as the clouds or leaves do and disregarded its mother's pinions. Had she been content to mould her character alone, she would have been less extraordinary; but she wished to fashion the occurrences of every day according to a story, to be her own Providence, inventing and executing plots. Eager to take part in exciting and emotional episodes—of which there seemed to be a dearth—she manufactured them herself, according to exemplars offered by the storytellers.

She was most interested in the melancholy characters one sometimes meets in juvenile literature: boys and girls who are in trouble, weep in secret, and are opportunely discovered by their destined benefactor. At that stage of her development, she read sad poetry, indulged in gloomy moods and assumed a mournful aspect, hoping that some day she would be observed and questioned: "Little girl, why are these tears in your eyes?"

Then she might answer, truthfully, but with sentiments summoned to order: "I am thinking, sir, of my grandfather who died two years ago," or, "I am troubled because I spoke impatiently to my little sister this morning." Her interlocutor would think her a fine girl; and thrilling results might issue from the episode. But although she carefully prepared the way for action, action never developed from her forethought, and these dreams remained mere dreams.

Ellie's other attempts to act a part were countless; but I shall record only one,—and this because it was successful. At the time of the realization of her desire, however, she was unconscious of its fulfilment, for the rôle Providence had assigned to her was not the one she had projected and carried out to please herself; that is to say, she filled a double part, and in acting her own little play chanced to fit into a drama of a higher order.

When Ellie was about twelve years old, she read "A Tale of Two Cities" and was much excited by the unselfishness of Sidney Carton's love for Lucie. At this time, it happened that "Cyrano de Bergerac" was playing in her native town, and that the older members of her family frequently discussed the characters, the plot and the performance, often in her presence. In this way and through questioning, she gathered a correct though partial conception of the character and behavior of the hero. The two self-sacrificing men, Cyrano and Sidney Carton, became her ideals for a time. She longed to emulate them, longed to love in secret.

Now it chanced that in the school which she attended it was considered the right thing for the girls who laid claim to exquisite sensibility to attach

themselves to the service of some teacher; just as in olden times every troubadour or trouvour, every youth of pretensions to knighthood, became an acolyte of love. So Ellie now became a worshipper, and chose for the object of her devotion a mistress whose merits few of the younger children of the school appreciated, whose reserved and sensitive demeanor and nobility of soul, however, many of the older girls admired from afar. Louise Levallier, tall and proud and beautiful and stately, was Ellie's chosen queen.

To fond pupils a teacher is a distant star, so far beyond their level that they are not likely to think the existence of turmoil and activity possible in that high source of quiet, helpful light. Ellie did not know that her poor queen was also a restless servitor of love, an unhappy thrall who had been conquered by the mighty king. Louise was herself in that unstable condition which characterizes those who are in love, without the assurance of being loved in return—her heart apparently varying in weight from day to day, at times being as light as the petal of a flower, and again becoming as heavy as a bag of sand. Sometimes her heart opened and she longed to reveal its joy to everybody, and again it closed, hiding its woe from kindly insight.

In a mood of sombre hue, she had assented to her friend's offer of spending the night with her. Louise knew that the purpose of Joanna's visit was to obtain an admission from her, and she had braced herself for a denial of the aptness of any suspicion. But instead of taking a firm stand, she yielded to the insidious influence of the night, that covers tears and blushes, and betrayed the truth. Ostrich-like, she buried her head in the pillows, and thought herself secure from discovery—fancied she could not be wounded by the battery of questions.

"Louise, please tell me. I tell you everything."

"There is nothing to tell."

"Yes, there is. I know there is."

"I am foolish and tired out—that's all."

"No, you're not, dear." Joanna said nothing more than this for a while, feeling instinctively that silence is an effective ferment; but after the pause she probed a little further. "Isn't he—nice—to you?" she ventured. There was no answer. Silence put in some more work, and then Jo said tremulously—for it was a bold assertion: "You're in love."

Louise hugged her pillow in anticipation of the next question. What should she say, Oh, help, what should she say?

"Is it with Francis Jessop?"

"What makes you think I care for him?"

"I think it would be fine."

There was a long pause before Louise said: "It will never be."

"How do you know?"

"Don't ask me, Jo. I'm sure of it—or almost sure."

"You're depressed, poor dear. You'll brace up again."

"I don't want to. I'm afraid of a reaction. Yesterday I was *so happy*, so *happy*—and now—"

Jo was perfect in the art of wheedling, an artist born, not made, and so she waited patiently, not speaking, not sighing sympathetically, hardly breathing, lest the least vibration disturb the harmony between her and her friend.

"He's gone, Jo. He's been away a fortnight; and he has not written, and he didn't ask me to write to him, or leave me his address."

Now Jo sighed with relief. "Is that all? That's nothing. Perhaps he's been busy."

"Of course he's busy. But before he left the city he could have asked me to write to him. He could find time to write if he cared."

"I don't know. At any rate, I'm almost positive he does care," said Jo, forthwith producing innumerable bits of testimony in his behalf, that were

always quashed by Louise. "He snubs every one else; and when the divine words flow from your lips, he's more attentive than—more interested than he is in his own conversation." She could not resist this little fling.

"You think he's conceited?" asked Louise.

"Don't you?"

"He can't help it. And he's modest too. He always speaks reverently of his father."

"Yes—I'm glad you're handsome and tall, Louise. He'd never fall in love with a plain girl."

"What about Mabel? She's not good looking. Don't let me fool myself. He'll never think of me again," she said, meaning the remark to be final. She began to wonder whether on the morrow she would regret having made a confidante of Jo.

Just then her friend leaned across the bed and kissed her. "All's well that ends well. You'll see," she said, with an assumption of certainty suggesting that she communicated directly with the Fates.

"If I knew—I could bear all, if only I knew," cried Louise. "But I do know. If he cared for me he would not leave me without a word, a sign. But then, why did he come here so often of late? I ask myself that question constantly. Why, if he didn't really care, did he come here every week, and stay so long each time? Have I said or done anything he didn't like? I can't recall it."

"I think perhaps you've been a bit too stiff. You don't meet him half-way. Perhaps he's just as proud as you are. No one would think you cared more for him than you do for—for—Will Hawkins, for example."

"Oh, Jo!"

"Yes, I mean it. Nobody bothers about Will; but you make an effort to endure him; and then, though the world falls down and worships Francis—no wonder he's spoiled—you alone make no advance toward him."

"Do you really think I've been too cold? I've been afraid to give any

sign of how deeply I care. If I had reason to be sure he cared for me, it would be different. But I'm always uncertain—neither confident enough, nor timid enough." Jo remained discreetly receptive and was again rewarded by fuller confidence. "I told you I was happy yesterday. I wasn't sure, but I thought— When I came home, after school had closed, yesterday, I found that a parcel had been left for me with the hall boy. There was a gorgeous red rose lying on top, and inside was the French edition of Cyrano. We had spoken of Cyrano, the next to the last time he called; still I ought not to attach significance to that, for everybody speaks about it. I can't imagine where the thing came from—and—I don't know whether it was chance or purpose that yesterday was chosen—you know—St. Valentine's Day."

"Perhaps some one else is in love with you!"

"No."

"You're sure?"

"Didn't you yourself once say that women couldn't be deceived in this; that whereas a man might be loved and never find it out, a woman would not remain ignorant or unsuspecting of real love? Didn't you call Roxanne unnatural for this very reason? You said a normal woman would have discovered Cyrano's devotion."

"Well, then, take my word for it, Francis Jessop sent it."

"You think so, because you'd like to think so. How could he? He's in Louisville. The parcel was delivered by an errand boy; it was neither mailed nor expressed. At first I thought he might have left an order somewhere; but the book did not come directly from a bookstore—it was wrapped in tissue paper. And then, how did the flower come to be with it?"

"He may write or explain. Oh, but—I've just thought of this—my children sometimes send me flowers and things. Could one of your little girls have—"

"Oh, no, I think not. A strict rule was passed at our school, to prevent inducements to favoritism, by forbidding gifts to the teachers. Anyhow, the hall boy said a boy in uniform delivered the parcel. I do not think any of my girls could procure a liveried errand boy (he was not a district messenger) to bring one rose, and a book wrapped so carefully in a paper without a bookseller's stamp on it."

"I suppose he wishes to remain unknown for a while. But no doubt he'll discover himself soon. Cupid wants credit for his benefactions," said Jo conclusively.

Louise took this pillule as a dose of wisdom, whereas if her friend had offered comfort in the bulkier form of argument the prescription might have been refused. Grateful for the encouragement her hopes had received, Louise extended her arms to find Jo in the dark, and clung to her, silent and almost quite happy.

When, for many successive Saturdays, Louise received floral messages consisting always of a single large and deep red rose, like that which had accompanied the book, she could no longer doubt the significance of the token, but became convinced that in some way Francis had arranged to have this symbol of his devotion dropped at her door. Possibly Johad been right in charging her with outward coldness toward him, and now he wished to touch her thus in subtle fashion to soften her demeanor. The result of the supposition was that her manner quickly acquired warmth and depth; instead of being by intention courteous, she became gracious and charming by impulse. Her face soon wore the radiance, the quiet light about the eyes, which is the halo of virgins who know they are loved. Even little children felt her new charm; and consequently Ellie's dedication of herself to the queen of her heart became more passionate than ever. Sometimes, even on wintry days, she would linger on a street near the school, after hours, in order to

catch a glimpse of her lady, as the latter left the building. Once she shadowed her to her home; but never did she dare to accost her. February, March and April passed; and then, unexpectedly, one day, Ellie found she had a rival. This discovery came, too, just when she was beginning to tire of her rôle of silent lover and was longing for some recognition. She had almost nerved herself to make a clean breast of her passion, when she became conscious of the futility of such a declaration. For some one else watched and waylaid Miss Levallier; and Ellie felt instinctively that, since her rival was a man, he would be the successful applicant for favor, and that she might better slink away and hide her humiliation. But then, again, she was consoled by the thought that Cyrano had had a rival, and that the play could not go on without one. Verily, she was performing her part better than she knew, for a lover was profiting by her devotion; and thereby, too, a heroine was made more sweet and charming. Francis was credited with the roses, and Louise, ennobled by his love,—as she thought,—exhibited the finest qualities of her nature.

As a result of this outward change, Francis was convinced of his love for her. In the past he had wavered, sometimes feeling that he loved her, but often only that he revered her wisdom and nobility. Soon after his return from Louisville, she felt encouraged to show him the copy of Cyrano, hoping he would give some sign of having sent it; but he remained quite passive. Therefore she assumed that, inasmuch as he was still continuing the weekly tribute, he still objected to acknowledge her identification. However, after every uncertainty and every cause for natural shyness had been removed by Francis's avowal of his love, she asked him how he had managed to send her the book and the flowers while he was out of town.

"What?" said he. "Flowers? I

didn't send you any flowers while I was away."

"Ah, please tell me now—I've waited so long," she begged.

"But I didn't. I don't know what you mean."

"You sent me the French edition of Cyrano, didn't you?" Louise said eagerly. "On St. Valentine's Day?"

"No."

"Truly?"

"Positively not."

"Well, then, who did?" she said weakly.

"I don't know. Has somebody been sending you things?"

She told him of the mysterious gifts she had received so regularly in the past, and was still receiving; but she could not bear to impart any hint as to how the conviction that they had come from him had influenced her.

"Somebody else is in love with you," he said. "I'd like to know who. Never mind, dear," he added, as he saw that she was troubled. "Don't let it fret you. I'll find him out, and put a stop to it."

"Oh, no, no. It isn't that," she said, tears rising to her eyes, because she had been so suddenly disappointed.

"Why, what's the matter?" said he, her weakness seeming unaccountable. Then, "Do you know who he is?" he queried eagerly, his jealousy becoming a solvent of the riddle.

She shook her head. "It makes me feel queer to think somebody else cares for me—is so kind—and I didn't know it. I told Jo, and she said they must come from you, too. And, Oh, Francis, I gave you all the credit for it. I was sure you cared for me then, and you didn't. You've only begun to care."

"But, Louie, my dear girl, what difference does it make *when* I began? I love you now, and will always, always. Nobody else could love you as I do—unless—unless you—you're sure you can't suspect any one in particular?"

"I don't know who he can be."

"Well, then, I'm not going to let you be sentimental about him. I'll find him out, and—stop him."

"No, let me."

"How?"

"I don't know, but I will."

"Have you ever tried to see the boy who brings them?"

"Yes, once, way in the beginning. I told our hall boy to send him to me; but he wouldn't come. He told Tommy he couldn't come in—had orders not to. I have never chanced to see him myself; he comes at no regular time—now in the morning, now later in the day. I did think of giving Tommy a note to hand him to deliver to the person who sent the flowers, but I could not—for, Oh, so many reasons. I thought you might not like me to break in upon your secrecy, and I thought you might stop sending; and then I was afraid the note might not reach you, but would fall into other hands."

"But you could try it now. It's a good idea—and I think it's the easiest way out. Now that you no longer fear any but the last of the three contingencies, I think you can take the risk. Write a non-committal letter, and don't sign your name; then if the note should be opened by a stranger, it would leave him in ignorance of your meaning and of your identity. Let me see—give me a slip of paper and we'll jot down what you can say—something like this: 'Although what you have sent has given me pleasure, I should feel better satisfied'—no—I should enjoy it more fully, if I knew to whom to attribute it. I beg you to reveal yourself. Unless you can do so, I must refuse to continue a recipient.' That will answer the purpose, I think?"

"But in any case I shall refuse to accept more, though I suppose I ought to keep the flowers next week."

"Well—queer, isn't it, to send just one flower?"

"I thought it showed fine feeling on your part; that you wanted me to

think of the sentiment, rather than of the gift."

"Now you think I'm not all that I might have been! I'm jealous."

"No. I think you're more sensible and direct," said Louise, finding a lofty motive for all his transgressions or delinquencies.

On the Monday following her receipt of the injunction forbidding further tributes unless the sender's identity was revealed, Ellie waited on the street after school, in order to waylay her queen, and to confess. The note, though somewhat severely worded, had pleased her fancy. At last the grown-up world was beginning to take her seriously. She was delighted to find that this afternoon the rival was not on hand and that she would have Miss Levallier to herself. She keyed herself up for a dramatic interview. As soon as her teacher left the schoolhouse, Ellie ran toward her, asking breathlessly for permission to walk home with her.

"I'm not going to walk to-day, Ellie. Why, what's the matter? Do you want to see me about anything important?"

Ellie could not speak. She turned her face away to hide the tears.

"Come, walk to the car with me, and tell me what it is. I'm sorry I can't walk the whole way with you to-day. I promised to be at home early."

Much coaxing was necessary before Ellie offered any explanation. Even then she spoke haltingly: "You said—in the note—I must tell you or I couldn't send any more."

"Why, Ellie, child, what do you mean? What note?" said Louise, not suspecting the truth.

"Here," said Ellie, beginning to sob. "I thought you'd be angry—and—and—I loved you so!"

"My dear child!" said Louise, taking the proffered note, half dazed as if it were some strange and unfamiliar thing, not the note that she had written. When the truth dawned upon her, she was deeply moved. "How did you get this letter?" she asked.

"Harry—my brother—"

"Don't cry, don't cry," said Louise, "or I'll have to cry too—and that would be dreadful, wouldn't it? See, I shall walk home with you anyhow—and you can tell me all about it. Did you send me the flowers every week—and the book too? Why did you do it? Why didn't you let me know they came from you?"

"Because I kn-knew—I was disobeying the rules—but it didn't matter—while I kept it s-secret, and you didn't know from whom they came—and—and—I—I wanted to be—like—like—Sidney Carton—and—and—Cyrano."

"Sidney Carton and Cyrano?"

Ellie nodded; she could neither speak nor look up; she walked on stolidly, feeling a sort of shame at the thought that she had betrayed herself and was not understood.

"Tell me what you mean," said Louise.

Ellie shook her head. "You'd laugh at me."

"No, indeed, indeed, I should not laugh at you, Ellie. Do tell me. I am so anxious to know."

After much hesitation, Ellie dropped a hint: "Cyrano loved secretly for more than fourteen years."

For a while Louise was silent and reverent, after this disclosure of the innermost chambers of the child's soul; for the lightest step might have jarred that frail sanctuary. Ellie's words, moreover, had laid bare to Louise's vision the partial scheme of things into which several human agents had fitted. Would she, perhaps after death, get a calm survey over the entire scheme, comprehending an infinite number of intersecting dramas? Would she then grasp the purpose of all the acts, see that all tended to a single end, as clearly as she now understood the purpose and the tendency of these few? From this religious mood she was recalled to earthly considerations, by seeing her friend Jo in the distance. She regretted the imminent interruption to

her talk with Ellie; and in order to impart to the child some knowledge of her profound gratitude, she said hurriedly:

"Ellie, dear, I cannot tell you all that I owe you—you could hardly understand. But don't love in secret any longer, dear. You may tell me everything. You know it would really have been better and wiser for Cyrano to tell Roxanne—don't you think so yourself? Sometimes, loving silently, instead of openly, causes great pain in the end. I'll try to explain that to you some other day. But I want you to feel sure that you have made me

happy; perhaps when both of us are older, I shall be able to tell you more. Now I'm going to say Good-by to you; but before I say Good-by, I want to invite you to my wedding. I'm going to be married soon. Will you come and be my little bridesmaid?"

"Are you going to marry that tall man, who walks home with you, sometimes—the one that walks like a soldier?"

"Why, how do you know him?" laughed Louise. "When did you see him?"

"I called him Christian," said Ellie.



## THE YOUNG AT HEART.

*By Clifford Trembly.*

OFT dreams the aging heart again 'tis young,  
And tastes once more the joys of youth and life,  
Forgetful of the years that, speeding, stung  
Unto the very core,—the pain and strife.  
And when the heart so dreams—for dream it be—  
Life holds the best that this poor world can give;  
Then, only then, the false and base we see  
And learn what it doth mean to truly live.  
Experience hath taught the worth of things  
That in our youth we valued overmuch;  
And others, counted not as half so good,  
We find are borne to us on angel's wings.  
Ah, soft indeed is Time's caressing touch,  
When dreams the heart it hath old age withstood!

## THEY WHO GO DOWN TO THE SEA,

By M. T. Maltby.

MERRIMAN remembered her very well from the old Academy days at Annapolis when she used often to visit in the yard, but he was surprised to see her come aboard so unexpectedly here in the far-away harbor of Hong Kong.

The vessel was gay with bunting, and the harbor alive with small craft. The ship's launches scurried busily back and forth carrying the guests to the United States steamship *Boston*'s dance; from the great English battleship lying farther out, a smart cutter pulled by sturdy clean-looking blue-jackets came dancing over the waves carrying a boat load of officers gorgeous in their heavily laced uniforms; while all about swarmed innumerable sampans, their occupants gazing with stolid curiosity at this merrymaking of the "foreign shippy devils."

Merriman hurried forward to meet her as she came over the side. "Miss Harringdon, can it be really you?"

She gave a little cry of pleasure and extended her hand cordially. "Mr. Merriman! I had no idea you were on the *Boston*!"

"No, how should you have, when you cruelly refused to let me write to you and keep you informed of my all-important doings?" he returned, smiling down at her in the half-quizzical, half-grave way which she recognized with a little shock of surprise as being very familiar to her memory.

"Did I refuse to let you write to me?" she queried lightly. "Mistaken individual that I was! Oh, no, I am quite sure I never could have been so self-sacrificing; it must have been some other girl—naturally you get them mixed," and she looked up at him in laughing daring.

"You think so?" he replied; "I will

show you some time that I have kept one girl and the things connected with her pretty well identified and distinct. For instance, I have with me a tiny strip of gauze fan which—"

"Oh, no, not that! Have you really?" she interrupted, coloring a little in the glow of the red signal flag against which she stood. "How silly you are! I wouldn't have thought it of you," she scoffed austereley, and if the dimple just at one corner of her mouth would laugh out every now and then through her scornful speech surely that was not her fault.

Well, he was very good-looking, this tall bronzed young ensign, who had been one of her many admirers in his cadet days at the Academy, so perhaps it was not surprising that he managed to secure for himself a good fair share of Helen Harringdon's time that afternoon. A most *unfair* share, thought several officers of various nationalities enviously as they watched the well-matched pair move past in their distinctive American waltz with its smooth glide.

"Wasn't it lucky," she said in one of the pauses, "that you didn't give this dance before? You know we only arrived last night, and I should have been heartbroken to have missed it."

"It was 'the psychological moment' evidently," he assured her, "but you would not have missed so much as I if it had happened otherwise; just think, I might not have known you were here till you had gone—if you are making such a short stay as you tell me."

"Yes, we are going on to Yokohama to-morrow. Mamma has a perfect horror of both China and the Chinese, and it was only under protest and as a necessary incident at-

tendant on going around the world that she stopped here at all."

"To-morrow! and I sha'n't be able to get away from the ship till after your steamer leaves! Fate seems to take great joy in showing me what good times I might have, only to destroy all hope of them. How long shall you be in Yokohama?"

"A comparatively long time—in Japan, that is, for papa wants to thoroughly explore the country," she replied.

"And your mother?"

"Oh, mamma considers the Japanese quite civilized; she has always heard they are so clean. She is looking forward to that part of our trip."

"I sincerely hope she will find it all and more than she expects," returned the young sailor, "so that you will stay till we get to Yokohama, for there is a chance of our being there for several weeks."

"I know I haven't the slightest right to ask it, Miss Harringdon," he went on slowly, "and you must think it very presumptuous of me, and all that, but you haven't any idea how lonely a fellow gets out here, and how one longs for a familiar face; and what this afternoon with you has been to me I couldn't tell you, and am not so foolish as to tell you—now. But I think you know very well what a pleasure it was to me at Annapolis to be with you; and many and many a time since, out here, on watch, I have thought of you and those times, and wished I might have another opportunity—of seeing you. And now that you are really here and there is a prospect of our being together for a few weeks, I wish, Miss Harringdon, that you would tell me that if I do come to Japan you—would be a little glad? After all, it is only a chance that we do meet again, and it would give me something to go on," he pleaded.

The white sleeve with its half-inch band of braid, which had been

resting on the flag-covered rail beside her, moved slightly and just touched her ungloved hands lying lightly clasped before her as she looked out over the blue waters of the bay.

"Please?" he murmured softly.

Whether Merriman got his assurance or not, Helen Harringdon was undoubtedly very glad to see him when he called at their hotel in Yokohama not long after.

"Yes, we enjoy Japan enormously," she told him, "and papa is most enthusiastic. He started two days ago for a three weeks' trip in the interior, while mamma and I are to make our headquarters here in the mean time and try to rest up from our recent vigorous globe-trotting. You've come at just the right time, you see," she broke off, with a swift smile at him.

"The 'psychological moment' once more," he replied, with an answering look. "I shall begin to take it for a good omen."

"Oh, don't take anything for an omen," she returned hurriedly, "I've cast off all my superstitions, even my most specially cherished secret ones, since we've been in these weird countries and seen to what lengths they can go. And *à propos* of superstitions there is an old temple not far from here which they say is wildly interesting and instructive, which we were going to see to-morrow if we could get up courage to go by ourselves, but now you shall 'personally conduct' us. Will you? Can you? Or are you going to say 'awfully sorry, but I'm on duty to-morrow'?"

"Not this time," he answered heartily, "for which stroke of luck I am sincerely thankful. I shall be delighted to do escort duty. What time shall we go?"

But in the morning Mrs. Harringdon declared herself absolutely unfit for such an excursion, and indeed the English doctor who was called in pronounced the poor lady to be

suffering from a surfeit of sightseeing and prescribed absolute rest and quiet for a few weeks under the care of a sweet-faced English nurse whom he provided.

So were the gods kind to Merriman, and for three glorious, golden weeks he walked in his paradise.

Together they explored the exploratory parts of this curious city, and discovered quaint, rich carvings and stuffs in its odd little shops; together they drank their tea in the little play tea-houses, waited on by the little play Geisha girls; and all the while the blue Japanese sky laughed with them in their laughter and delight in this strange play country. Then Mr. Harrington returned, and the same night a cablegram reached him which necessitated his returning to America by the next steamer.

That meant in two days, but they managed to have their long delayed temple excursion on the last of those days, and while Mr. Harrington was absorbed by his guide, Merriman and Helen wandered out into the temple grounds, and the little winged god who reigned there that afternoon in place of the local deity is known to Jap and Englishman, American and Sclav, alike.

"You will not refuse to let me write to you this time?" he asked her finally, and she did not tell him no.

Merriman stayed on the Asiatic station for more than a year longer, and then one fine day the *Boston* broke out the "homeward-bound" pennant, made of finest silk in Shanghai, and amidst cheers and salutes from the ships in the harbor the vessel's course was laid towards home.

"Homeward bound at last!" he wrote, "oh, my dear, can it be true? I have dreamed it so often in the many months since you left me at Yokohama. But this is real, and when I have got you this time I will never again let you go, for I have

got my promotion and with what little I have beside I dare ask you to marry me now. Oh, my love, surely you will not keep me waiting any longer? . . . The captain plans a rather quick voyage, so there will not be time for many letters, but write me at 4 Trafalgar Square, London, and tell me—what I want to hear."

She wrote him at London, this: *My dear Stanley*,—I rejoice with you in your return to America; but, as to what you mention, I am so sorry, but I had no idea you had taken it so seriously as all that! I know I told you you might hope—perhaps I did say it rather more unconditionally than I ought, but then if you remember how beautiful it all was that day, and how romantic, you will admit, I am sure, that it was rather difficult not to lose one's head. Besides, you have never written me like this before and I supposed you just liked me because there was no one else there—any other 'familiar face' would have been just the same. I am really very sorry if you understood anything else—I have tried to make my letters just friendly ever since—but I am sure when you get back to America and see all the nice girls here, you will be glad of it. To be frank, I so little supposed you meant it seriously, that I am engaged, and we are to be married Christmas night."

Far out on the bleak iron-gray Atlantic a United States war-vessel plunges heavily through the smother of waves and storm; her portholes glow with light—all the officers are dining with the captain tonight. The table is resplendent with the ship's silver and its gleaming glass and china; in the centre is an artistically arranged decoration of holly which the steward—an Englishman—had managed to procure and produced proudly at the proper time; and, yes, there is even a

branch of mistletoe, pendent from the ceiling. The gold on the dark blue uniforms glitters in the lights, and altogether it is a cheery scene in the warm pleasant room, though sad hearts are there, for the *Boston* is overdue, and her officers had hoped to spend this night on shore.

Up on deck the watch huddle themselves as much as possible into sheltered places, with envious thoughts of their companions in the forecastle.

On the bridge a solitary figure in oilskins gazes with keen, sailor eyes through the storm and flying, sting-in' snow. The ship plunges her bows heavily into the great waves. The icy spray dashes high over the bridge and freezes on the railing and on the officer's sou'wester.

And in the cold and dark, alone,

responsible for the great ship and the precious lives on her, Lieutenant Merriman's gray eyes shine with a clear happiness, and soften with a deep tenderness, while his heart sings to the throb of the engines, "In two days, in two days! I shall see her in two days!"

He had missed getting her letter to London, to be sure, thanks to the orders that reached them at Gibraltar to proceed direct to New York; but she would come, she would be there to welcome him—his dear love!

The ship's bells sounded. "So late?" he murmured, "they must be giving 'Sweethearts and wives' in the wardroom by now." Then, touching his dripping oilskin in salute: "My sweetheart—my wife, God bless her!"

It is Christmas night at sea.







A WOODLAND ROAD.

Photograph by Mary G. Huntsman.

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## NINE ACRES OF EDEN.

*By William E. Barton.*

**W**HERE shall we spend our summers?" Eight years ago we began a consideration of this question, and answered it at length so wisely—Polly and I have lucid intervals—that ever since we have had wisdom on tap for our friends. Now, after seven happy summers, a sense of duty, or a desire to parade our wisdom, which may amount to the same thing, impels us to take the world into our confidence.

We had come from a village parish to a city pastorate, and the problem of the summer was a new one. The first year we went back to our old parish. The next summer we had a guest, and stayed at home with him. He has been with us ever since, thank God, and we count the summer well spent which we devoted to the reception and care of our baby, now a big boy of seven and still the youngest of five. But we knew that at the next warm season we must make a change, and we began early to plan for it. A journey to the Cape and one to the Berkshires, with sundry visits to the coast and a look at the White Mountains, helped by showing what we could not do. Two weeks of boarding in a seashore cottage where there was surf and spray enough, but sand without shade, and social life without quiet, showed us what we would not. An average of offered rentals gave the rough estimate that five

years' rent of such a place as we naturally would take would pay for such a place as we could afford to buy, and so we determined not to rent, but to buy.

Our friends sought to dissuade us. "You will want variety," they said. "You will find that any place has infelicities, and will wish to change"—as though the place to which we were to change had no infelicities! "You can't sell it again if you want to," and so on.

We do want variety, and we have it. Our place has infelicities, but as few as we could expect. We do not want to sell it, and at present do not care whether it would bring more or less than we paid for it.

Once or twice in a lifetime it is given to man to oppose the judgment of his friends and prove that he has done wisely. This was one of the times.

At length we decided upon these requisites. An hour from Boston; a mile from the railroad; a thousand dollars. We also determined that our estate should be measured by acres, and not by square feet; that it should be secluded, yet near to neighbors, and within reach of the regular visits of the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker, the ice man, the milkman and the village hackman.

Rather a hard combination? Not at all. There are scores of such places



"A very modest cottage."

within easy reach of every New England city. But of course there are no others as good as ours!

Moreover, we wanted woods and water. "I am like Peter the Great," I said to Polly (I like to make her think that I resemble some great man or other). "I am like Peter the Great in this, 'It is not land I want, but water.'"

We did not read till afterward Kate Sanborn's "Adopting an Abandoned Farm," and did not know that in a footnote she disguises the location of her Connecticut venture by identifying Gooseville with Foxboro, Massachusetts. It was quite by accident that we came to Foxboro. Two Boston real estate men gave me cards to their rural agents on different branches of the Old Colony Railroad. We started, Polly and I, for the one, intending to catch the 8 A. M. train. It was before the Subway was constructed, and there was a street blockade, and we missed the train.

"What a shame!" cried Polly. "I hurried with all

my might. I was ready before you were, anyway." She always prides herself on never causing me to wait for her; for this virtue alone I could love her.

"Never mind," said I, "there is a train for Foxboro at 8.30 from this same station, and we will go then."

It was Monday, which people assume to be the minister's rest day. Rest, indeed! The put-over work of the last of the preceding week rises like the ghost of a guilty conscience; the reaction from the preceding day makes light work heavy; the morning

mail is the largest in the week, and letter writing is the bane of my life. And then, the committees all meet on Monday; the thirteen or more boards of directors of religious and benevolent, philanthropic and educational



"A pretty pine grove."

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"The children learned to row."

institutions of which I am a member, these too hold long sessions, and people bring in their special little requests on Monday, knowing that on this day a minister is at leisure. I count among the red letter days of life the few Mondays when I have had courage to cut all this labor, and take to the woods.

Of such red letter days surely that was one. Spring had come and earth was green and the sky was blue; and we in the city did not know it. How can a man say, "The earth is the Lord's," who knows no earth but paving stones, and streets covered with street railroad franchises, and sidewalks mostly delivered over to the necessities of the dry goods trade? How can he say, "The heavens declare the glory of God," when he sees them only through a gridiron of overhead wires and clothes lines on his neighbors' roofs, with the tail of a kite, sent up by some misguided boy, fluttering its poor life out on the telephone pole? The sky was blue, as we could see even from the car windows. The earth was green—it seemed too good to walk on. The air was good and we took it in in great, hungry gulps. We felt a distinct sense of ex-

hilaration as we looked out on the newborn and clean washed earth, nature's annual miracle. In an hour we were there, and the real estate agent and his assistant met us with a carriage. They showed us houses which we did not want—big mansions, one or two, well beyond our purse, and village houses on the main street where we



"In time they learned to swim."

had no mind to live. These unfruitful inspections brought to our view an unspoiled New England town with a neat public square, churches, schools and no saloons. And then, in driving to another place which they thought we might like, they stopped at a very modest cottage by a little lake. The house wasn't much to boast of, they said; it was low and rather old, and not in very good repair. The trouble with it was, it was neither hay nor



The Wigwam.

grass; it was too far out for a village home; it was too small for a farm. A widow had married a widower, and they had chosen to live in his house which was nearer town, and this place was to spare. And so we found what we were seeking.

A little square parlor—you go down cellar from the parlor!—a really pretty dining room, a fairly good kitchen, a tiny “snuggery” off the dining room, “just the place for baby’s nap,” with four chambers above, not very high nor spacious—such was the house. A wood shed was attached, and as the ground sloped back from the road, it was a two-story affair, opening into the barn above and below. We already saw the possibilities of a bathroom on the upper floor.

Behind the house was the pond, and the fish were there at our feet.

“We haven’t much time,” called the two local agents from the carriage, “that place is two miles off.”

“I don’t think we care to see it,” said I.

“Oh, well, if you really like this, come and look over the rest of it!”

So we went across the road, and there, fronting on another pond, was a pretty pine grove of half an acre, and the brook between the ponds ran through the lot. There were not quite two acres, all told.

“Never mind the other place,” we said. “How much is this?”

“A thousand dollars.”

If I were seeking to sell I would not tell the price, perhaps. But that was what it cost to start with. The bargain was soon made, and the place was ours, with provisions for annual payments till all was paid. And we stood on our own wall and caught fish out of our own pond and built a fire out of our own pine knots on our own rocks and ate our dinner there. I really forget what committee meetings I omitted that day, but my mouth waters when I remember those fish.

Then came the furnishing. We had sundry rickety chairs and scratched bedsteads that had seen several moves from parish to parish. These we shipped out, and bought new ones at home. “That’s just so much clear gain,” said Polly, “for the old ones would have brought nothing at auction. Now we need a larger and bet-



Wigwam Fireplace.

ter ice chest; we will take the old one out, and nothing that we take out is ever to come back."

We bought some new things, to be sure, but sparingly, thinking it well to add them as they were needed. But we furnished for living, and not for camping. A hundred books sorted out of the home library made no serious hole there, and added much to the new rooms. Dishes and table linen and bedding we arranged to have at hand. To have all ready so that we had but to turn the key and be at home—this was our ideal. And we attained it!

Some men like to hoe; I do not. But I like fairly well to drive nails. So I built a great open porch, known as "the deck," and put a railing round it. I also bought a flag-pole after a great parade in Boston and shipped it out. The pole cost \$1.50, and the railroad finally cut down its freight charge of \$18 for two cars to \$3, but we joked much about our patriotism coming high. Every year I build something. It is a satisfaction to drive a nail "in a sure

place," as the Bible says, and the surest place is in one's own house, with no landlord to prohibit it.

We had the drainage improved, and some painting done, papering and whitewashing also and the bathroom with a good tub was finally built. We chopped out the brush in the little grove, and made tables and swung hammocks and swings, and called the grove "the best room."

We secured boats, and plenty of them, and the children learned to row and paddle and in time to swim. All this we reckoned to the good in making up our account of profit and loss.

They went barefoot, too, kicking off their shoes on the day they reached the country, nursing stubbed toes and stone bruises with an attempt at heroism, and achieving all those virtues which are acquired only in this way. It is hard to get them back into leather in the fall. "I never would go to any place for the summer where my children could not go barefoot," says Polly, and if she says she wouldn't, she wouldn't.

We bought a condemned and re-fitted government tent—patched, but sound and serviceable. The boys found a spot on the upper lake shore



"Every literary man covets it."

where they liked to pitch it, and there they camp a week each year. But the third season we had word that the timber where the boys camped was to be cut off. This distressed us, for we loved the shore of the pretty little lake where the trees are reflected so that a photograph may almost as well be inverted, and we inquired the value of the timber. No, I shall not tell what it cost, but we bought a narrow strip about a quarter of a mile long bordering the lake shore, and containing seven or more acres of beautiful pine. "It's an extravagance," I said. "I don't pretend to defend it," ad-



"Our Fleet."

mitted Polly, "but I want it." It proved a fine economy.

There on a rocky hill overlooking the lake I built my wigwam. Two great rocks made a natural fireplace, and a chimney grows out of them. For the rest, it is a simple board structure covered on the outside with cedar slabs, bark on. There is not in New England another such building or so fine a fireplace. I am done giving prices, but if it had cost much more than it did it would be worth it. It is the ideal summer study and lounging place. Every literary man who has seen it covets it.

I had already become a diligent patron of auctions, and had some furniture to start with. This table whereon I write is one hundred and fifty years old; the top tips back—or would if I could ever get it clean from papers—and makes a chair. That settle has a straight theological history of a century and a half. Old Deacon Rhodes sold it

seventy-three years ago to pay for Dr. Nathaniel Emmons's sermons of which he bought a quantity. He had inherited it from his stepgrandfather. That chest was made in 1763—it cost me fifty cents. Those andirons were cast soon after the Revolution, in the Foxboro foundry,



"Canoeing."

ing looking pine knot. Two old flintlocks are on the chimney, with sword and powder horn above the rough arch of the mantel,—there is hardly a new thing in the house. Most of the books, even, are old. The homespun coverlet and the pillows show that some rest can be had in the straight old fireside settle. But there is a hammock for real comfort. Ah, there's no place like the wigwam! Come and see for yourself, and then go, buy and improve and enjoy a similar place of your own.

These old things have a value apart from the price I paid for them. Some indeed were not bought at all. "I

auction." "This little pot," said another, "came to my father seventy years ago when I was five years old. It had no bail, and he bought it in a lot of old iron. But he found that it was not cracked, and made a bail for it—he was a blacksmith—and gave it to me. I am boarding now, and shall not live in a home of my own again. I should like to hang this pot on your crane." "Wigwam literature" was the label of a package that came to me one day, and lo, the attic of a neighbor had yielded its treasures of old books and almanacs and catechisms. Many of my pieces of furniture have a pleasant personal association, and around some I have



"The kind of boating whose only drawback is that it spoils you for any other kind."



"A seat among the pines."

thought perhaps you would like these things," said a good woman who brought me several choice antiques. "I have no near relatives; I am getting old; I don't want them sold at

been able to reconstruct an interesting story.

I must not fail to speak of one great advantage to be derived from such a place as ours. It is an antidote to the



"The boys and their horse."

graded school. Now, the graded school is a blessing, but it divides the family horizontally, and puts every child in a separate room, with a separate set of playmates, and a whole new lot of interests in which the rest have no share. If one child invites a group of friends to celebrate his birthday, they are friends of his only, and to all the other children of the family they are strangers. The children of any one home have not even friends in common, and they tend to play less together and study less together than would be for their good. The glory of the family is that it is not graded, but that all ages become mutually helpful and find their common interests. But not only does the school life of the children thwart this in part, but the business or professional cares of the father and the social and domestic responsibilities of the mother are, to too great an extent, centrifugal.

Now, he who takes his family to a popular summer resort perpetuates this division more or less. There are boys the ages of his boys, and girls the ages of his girls, and boys the ages of his girls, and girls the ages of his boys. There is yachting for this set, dancing for that, coaching for another, and golf for a fourth. These

things need not call from me a railing accusation. But where comes in the family unity? He who buys a little farm need not isolate himself from neighbors, nor prohibit other playmates for his children. But the children of the household must play together, devise new games, seek new occupations in which all share, and thus unify the home life. When our older boys decide to make the brook into an aquarium they are glad enough to have even the youngest bring stones for the dam; and while the fish and turtles confined behind

it are owned by those who have caught them, or their heirs and assigns, the brook and dam and reservoir are common property, a syndicate, or more precisely, a pool.



"Our daily milk train."

I count it no disadvantage that such a home imposes some specific duties on parents and children both. Milk may be bought daily from the wagon, but it can be had fresher, sweeter, from the neighbors, and must be sent for, or an extra cent a quart paid. The cent is paid, but to the proprietors of the home milk route, which enables the smallest boys to earn a modest sum of spending money. There are methods also by which the older children earn a little

money. There are berries to pick, slight repairs to make, and each season the new improvements call for a larger share of labor from the children, until already the older ones have a moderate skill in the use of hammer, saw, plane and axe. The fact that the place demands these things, that they are *bona fide* labor whose results are visible, gives to the children a feeling of strength in that their own labor adds to the common wealth. But not all such work should be paid for. The whole household, working together, and rejoicing in the labor to which all contribute, is an important end to be striven for.

It is a good thing, too, for children to have pets that are only partially deprived of freedom, and that for a limited time and under no severe restraint. To catch young squirrels, to feed them and tame them, and still allow them freedom enough to insure their ability to care for themselves; to free them entirely when summer is over, and to find them next year, still nesting in the barn, too well in love with freedom to be caught, but too well at home and too well remembering human kindness to be much



"Watch the wild fruit as it matures."

afraid—this is good for the squirrels and for the boys. To catch fish with a dip net, to learn their varieties, to keep them for a time in the brook, and then let them go by destroying the dam, is fun for the boys, and not death to the fish. The pitching of a real tent a quarter mile from home, and staying there day and night for a week, gives all the joys of camp life, and is free from the perils that beset some forms of it. The learning of nature at first hand—this is a part of their education which they must ever reckon of great value.

If the expense of a venture of this sort be objected to, it must be answered that all summer outings cost money; even this kind a moderate sum. And it may well be that such a place is not to be reckoned a lively asset if a transfer is to be contemplated. But a place not easily disposed of may not be a worse asset than no place at all, as the result of the same amount spent for board or



"Good health and satisfaction of the children."

rental; and the annual cost is certainly modest either as compared with the family's living expense at home, or with the ordinary expenditure of a family of similar size in a rented summer home, or in a boarding house or hotel. Certainly in no other way can a man be more completely master of his living expenses than in such a method and place as is here described.

Now, of all that I would write, this is the sum: New England has such places by scores and hundreds—little, old-fashioned places that with small annual expense can be made comfortable and kept home-like. The joy of ownership is something not to be despised, and perhaps the greatest of all considerations is the good health and satisfaction of the children. No rented place, no home chartered for a season, though twice as spacious and ten times as elegant, can begin to compare with it. If our children are to be believed, there are nine acres left of the veritable garden of Eden. It is a joy all the year round.

Not only when we are there, but in the other months as well, we have the pleasure that Jess had in the "Window in Thrum" in possessing the "seven-and-a-bit" cloak which the poor crippled owner could never wear—"We aye ken it's there."

Hear ye then the testimony of an enthusiast, and go and do likewise. I am no friend of flats and annual flittings. I love a home, and believe that we have none too much of it. As I sit in the wigwam this day when the summer is hot in town, and the pine-cone fire—which I really do not need, but

enjoy nevertheless—crackles under the old pot, and the shouts of the children splashing in the water are borne to my ears on pine fragrant breezes, I pity the people at summer resorts.

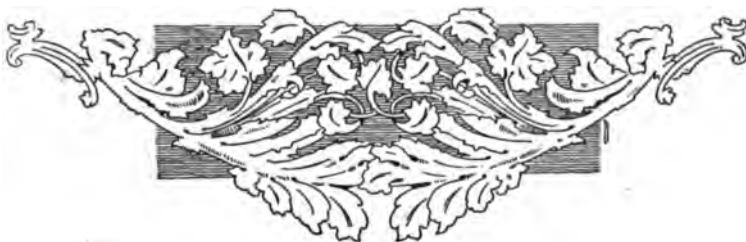
So I send forth my little homily from this secluded pulpit. Dear brethren and sisters, waste not the few precious summers when your children are with you in hit-or-miss boarding or indiscriminate renting. Buy an abandoned farm. Eat berries off your own bushes, pears off your own trees, and if you are a minister or a literary man of any sort, build a



"We aye ken it's there."

wigwam. In a country as large as ours the good God would have every family touch the soil with its own hands, splash in the water with bare feet, and look up to heaven with nothing between save the green leaves, and the pine needles. Cultivate acquaintance with the birds and squirrels. Chop down trees—but with discretion. Paddle your own canoe and learn the joy of the kind of boating whose only drawback is that it spoils you for any other kind. Watch the grass as it grows and the wild fruit as it matures. Plant the phlox and the tiger lily, the hollyhock and

other good old-fashioned flowers. Enjoy a simple meal under the trees. Sleep soundly at night, and gather strength for the year's work, and enrich yourself with the thought that whether real estate goes up or down you have fresh air and the breath of the pine and a thousand blessings in the ownership of a little scrap of the surface of rocky, picturesque, historic and beautiful New England.



## A SILENT MESSAGE.

*By Marguerite Merington.*

**T**REMBLING I went to gaze upon the dead  
With fear some nameless horror there to see.  
But to my heart its sculptured silence said:  
“O quick and strong, be not afraid of me!

“There is no terror in this stillness white,  
This muted pause in life’s activity;  
Spare expiation vow, memorial rite,  
But for thine own heart’s ease weep over me!

“Fast on my closed and heavy-lidded eyes  
Lie youth, love, passion, age, eternity,  
The deep sea soundings of the centuries—  
E’en life itself is but a part of me!

“Touch me or not upon the lips and brow.  
Love will not wrong me in its memory;  
Love cannot pierce my isolation now;  
Give to the living all thou oweest me!

“Matters it not the pyre, the sea, the soil,  
For this that was the mortal part of me.  
Fearless take up thy sacramental toil;  
Fearless meet death, life’s crowning victory!”



From a photograph by the Author.

## THE RETURN.

*By Frank Roe Batchelder.*

AFTER the day's long journey, I behold  
The Leicester hills touch evening's glorious sky,  
And the last valley 'twixt us now doth lie,  
Wherein the village nestles as of old.  
The purple clouds are tinged with fading gold;  
The ancient pine, condemned, yet loath to die,  
Greets me as in lost boyhood. Thou and I,  
Old pine, were rooted in a common mold.

On through the valley, up the farther hill,  
To where she waits, my faithful lass so dear!  
The landmarks of old time are steadfast still,—  
I keep my vow that I would seek her here;  
Yet now her promised boon I may not crave:  
I only come to stand beside a grave.

## ABANDONED FARMS AS HOMES FOR THE UNEMPLOYED AND CITY'S POOR.

*By Clarence E. Blake.*

A CONSIDERABLE part of the wage earning class are in anything but a comfortable position, particularly those in great towns. Cities present the most unmanageable conditions for the poor. There are more workers than work. If a man is not a member of a labor union, it is all the harder to find employment. If he is a member he is subject to rules that sometimes work against his individual interests. In spite of the best efforts of the union leaders to find work for all their members, each trade has more than can find steady employment. The average man is often out of a job. In the long run, labor fights prevent a large amount of business that would otherwise be undertaken and furnish so much more employment. Sometimes one of these will keep thousands from their work and tie up capital that might pay wages to the idlers. Meanwhile, other thousands give of their savings to keep these from starving. There may be justice in the war, or there may not be; in either case, it distresses the worker.

Trust combinations have thrown thousands of the most experienced agents and employees out of work, and are keeping other thousands of the best equipped men and women from finding it. "One of the most active business men of Boston has been telling some of his observations of the difficulty experienced by young people in getting situations. He spoke of graduates of colleges, both men and women, though his remarks may well apply to others. He is in a position where educated persons would be more likely than others to imagine that there would be an open-

ing with him for them. He told of his experience in helping a young friend in getting employment. He was a bright, educated fellow; and it seemed, with the older man's introduction and guarantee, as if he could find a situation. With his letters the young man went from one place to another, but only to find absolutely nothing to do. The singular fact about his rebuff in almost every place was that it was connected with the trusts. The business house would say either that it had just gone into the trust, and was discharging help, or that it had been squeezed by the trust so that it was not able to do much business; or that the trust operations had made the business so uncertain that they did not know what they should do in the future, but if they should have occasion to take on additional help, they preferred to take experienced men who had been thrown out by the trust, and whom they knew to be experienced and all right, rather than take a young man. The upshot of the matter was that, for one or another of these reasons, the young man could get no encouragement anywhere. My informant says that he knows of a dozen similar cases, of college graduates of a few years' standing, smart and capable men, who are anxious to get to work, but find the doors closed to them. One of them remarked to him that he was willing to begin with washing windows, if it were with any assurance of anything better afterwards. He knew of a case where one graduate of this class was acting merely as errand boy for a business house, because he could get nothing better to do. Another business man, speaking in the

same line, said he knew of a well educated and competent graduate of the Institute of Technology, who is a civil engineer by training, who is to-day selling baking powder, in lack of anything better to do, and who finds a better opening in that line than in civil engineering. Another case was that of a young physician, who helps to keep the wolf from the door by soliciting advertising. These things are happening right here in the midst of our good times." The general tendency to increase production while reducing expenses will play havoc with the wage earners till some way can be found to restore the equilibrium.

If country life does not promise large fortunes, it does offer independence, contentment and enough. When hard times come, the man who depends on the soil is less at their mercy than any one else. Say what you will of farm life, the earth feeds the world. All want potatoes and onions. Most of us think we cannot get along without cream, strawberries and a hundred other things the soil yields. With energy, any clerk can take a poultry farm and support himself. It has been done often by men who had no previous knowledge of farming. Establish a reputation for honest goods and your market is sure. One young man bought a poultry farm without paying anything down. In a few years he had paid for the place and had \$2,000 in the bank. A New York painter had laid up a few hundred dollars when the walking delegate came along with a strike. Rather than lie idle and spend his savings, he bought a farm, where he could be free from dictation and uncertainty. Here he had a home with plenty, and his bank account grew steadily. There was nothing unusual in either of these cases, except the spirit that every one must have who accomplishes anything.

Following are extracts from letters by a few of this class who have bought cheap New England farms: "I have followed general farming, and find the

soil equal to any crop. If more people were willing to work, there would be fewer paupers in the almshouses."

"Owing to ill health of myself, wife and two children, I bought a farm of 60 acres. I can make a good living on the farm. There are many people in the city who would be better off in the country on some of these 'abandoned farms.' We enjoy good health and are happy and contented."

"I bought it cheap, as I wanted to farm it instead of working in a factory. I am very well satisfied, and am making a good living. I think if more of these farms were inhabited it would be a good thing for us all." "I have tried working indoors, and find it injures my health. I, also, thought there were enough clerks in offices and stores making a bare living without me. I am satisfied with the farm, and can see no reason at present to be otherwise."

"Adjoining my two farms are two market gardeners, who find ready sale for their produce, have paid for their farms and are laying up money."

"I am a machinist by trade. My health became poor, and I bought this farm. I have cleared it up and improved it and repaired the buildings. I am satisfied that it is all right, a good little farm." "The reason I moved on to this farm was my wife's health was poor, and I had three boys, and the city did not seem to be the place to bring them up. I think there are many such men who would be better off in the country."

"In 1894 I purchased this farm (160 acres) for \$1,950.00, paying \$1,000.00 down. I knew the farm to be exhausted and sadly neglected; the cottage of one and one-half stories, as well as the barn, was in a most dilapidated condition; and that, by industry and energy, many paying improvements could be made. You can infer what the improvement is on this farm for the last six years, for in 1894 I got as much hay off the land as barely wintered four cows and two horses. Last winter I fed fifteen head of cattle and two horses, with hay and oats to

spare. I can live comfortably on this place and pay a hired man all the year round." "I came here seven years ago, for the reason that I thought I could do better here than I could in the more densely populated parts. The first year I was here I could hardly keep one cow, the place was so run down. Last winter I kept eight head of stock, and shall keep twelve head the coming winter. The place has doubled in value in seven years. Any young or middle-aged man that is careful in selecting a place among the abandoned farms can surely make a success of the venture, providing he has push and energy to stick to his work."

But can a man of this class always command means to locate on even a cheap farm? Most of these places can be bought for much less than the value of the buildings. Many have wood enough to pay for them. A few may be purchased without any payment down, if security is given. One of forty acres will be sold for \$500 cash or secured note at six per cent, less than half the value of the buildings. This, like hundreds of others, is well located; and any family of thrift and push ought to be able to take it and work from zero up to a home clear of debt. Another, of 160 acres, may be had on easy terms, and the mortgagee will take interest in the form of produce. An outfit of 85 acres, with fruit and sugar maples, can be bought for \$650.00, on time with good security. A fruit and poultry farm of 30 acres, near the sea, is held at \$200.00; one of 60 acres, near the railroad, at \$800.00, house, three barns, fruit, sugar maples; another of 200 acres at \$700.00, cash or yearly payments, new buildings, on a beautiful lake, used as a summer resort. A dairy farm of 115 acres, at \$800.00, is on a cream route, so that eggs and cream may be sold regularly at the door; a small fruit and poultry estate of 95 acres, near the railroad, has timber enough to pay for it; another, of 60 acres, in central New England,

held at \$350.00; and one of 120 acres, with new house, at \$800.00. A dairy establishment of 115 acres, at \$1,200.00, on a regular cream route, has, besides the house, four barns, one of which cost \$2,000.00 seven years ago. A market garden and small-fruit property of 80 acres, near market, with a large amount of choice fruit, can be bought for \$1,200.00, and there is wood enough to pay for it. A vegetable and small-fruit plant of 60 acres, in a village of ten factories, with large acreage of raspberries, gooseberries, currants and strawberries, barn and new house, is offered for \$1,200.00; another, of 200 acres, near the Sound, within easy reach of markets from all points of the compass, near railroad station and steamboat landing, on the Connecticut River, can be bought for \$2,300.00.

More examples are needless. These farms are scattered all over New England, often in the most fortunate locations; and there are over a thousand of them. The descriptive catalogues issued by the different state boards of agriculture are interesting reading. Prices range from \$200.00 to \$6,500.00, with all grades of easy terms. There is always more or less fruit. Frequently the farm is near good market. Not infrequently an exceptional location is offered at an exceptional price, on exceptional terms, with some farm tools thrown in. Many places are all equipped for the poultry business, many others for dairying, some have large acreages of large or small fruits, one has four hundred Baldwin apple trees, another several acres of cherries, plums and pears, one has eighty peach trees.

Whoever can produce a superior quality of butter can sell all that he can make at a superior price. There is always a market for good fruit. There are ways of keeping apples till spring, when high prices prevail. March brings out the finest fruit of the year, at the finest price. The application of good judgment along lines of scientific farming and modern ideas

ought to insure a comfortable living, if not considerably more. Never before could the same acres produce so many comforts. A farmer's life was never so easy as now. Farms pay better than ever. Agricultural products of Massachusetts increased 28.78 per cent in the decade 1875-85. But in selecting, one should choose wisely, considering individual needs and limitations.

This question is worth considering. Many a man has invested a few hundred dollars in a city home and lost the whole by a mortgage that he could not keep up, because of uncertain employment. If he had put the same into a farm, well chosen and suited to his case, he would have had a home and secure employment.

But most have a false idea of farm life as it is to-day. The wife need not be the drudge she was once. Bearings have shifted, things are done differently, life runs smoother and better. More is accomplished with less wear of muscle and nerve. People work easier and do more, have greater leisure for recreation and self-culture. Much that the wife did formerly is provided for in other ways. We get more out of life that we did once. At present, going into the country ought not to mean going beyond the reach of refining influences. No question is rightly settled that does not consider these. It is as important that we live well as that we live at all. Advanced methods that have made farming more profitable, easier indoors and out, have carried to the thinly settled country most of the refining influences and many of the advantages of city life.

Good free schools are so dear to American hearts that they are always devising means to better them and to bring the best within reach of the most remote. The old-fashioned district schools, scattered through thinly settled towns, make a poor educational equipment and an expensive one. It has been frequently demonstrated, and is now generally con-

ceded, to be better both on economical and on pedagogical grounds to unite the scattered, weak schools of a township into one central graded school, strong, up to date and well conducted; and to convey the children to and from their homes at public expense. This costs less and gives a small town as good school advantages as a large one. From one such case comes this testimony: "For eighteen years we have had the best attendance from the transported children; no more sickness among them and no accidents. The children like the plan exceedingly. We have saved the town at least \$600.00 a year. All these children now attend at well-equipped schoolhouses in the centre. The schools are graded; everybody is converted to the plan. We encountered all the opposition found anywhere, but we asserted our sensible and legal rights and accomplished the work. I see no way of bringing the country schools up but to consolidate them." Another hill township, remote from the railroad, with few inhabitants scattered over a large territory, is further example of what consolidation may do for the schools of thinly settled districts. Its 102 scholars are all collected into one near, well-appointed building at the centre. "During the past six years the town has increased the wages of the teachers 75 per cent, lengthened the school year 50 per cent, and employed special teachers of music and drawing without materially increasing the school tax of the town; the quality of the instruction has been improved, and the cost of it by regular teachers reduced." This is "a good, typical illustration of many towns that have had similar experience." But in the official lists before me, a surprisingly large number of farms are in towns having good graded schools, including high schools, or are well within reach of towns having them. Many are near colleges.

Local literary societies do much for culture and refinement in country

communities. Lectures are given that provoke study and thought. Good books are read and discussed. Nearly all towns have libraries, and country people read more per capita than their city cousins. Towns are few in which is not enough talent out of which to make a fairly good choral society. Excellent ones are often found in out-of-the-way places, where they would be least expected.

Farming seems to be the only occupation that is not crowded. We have more professional characters, merchants and what not than we can use; but still they come. Our college graduate can well afford to turn his attention to the country. There he will find a "position," sure pay and abundant opportunity to use his culture for the general good. I know it is rather unromantic to talk about country life and a new made A. B. in the same breath. But it is partly because we are not used to it and partly because we have some wrong ideas on

the mission of educated people. If higher institutions cannot send their influence into all parts, they fail to do their whole work in raising the general standard of intelligence. Some have asked, "What is to be done with our (girl) college graduate?" The only true answer is, "If you find nothing better, stay at home and use your culture for the good of society around you." More and more university influence is penetrating country life. "Will it pay to give a broad education to the boy or girl who is to lead a country life?" Yes. The cultured man gets more out of life; he is more resourceful; he will be cheerful when another would be wretched; he has the equipment for making his surroundings brighter for himself and others, while another would be helpless and at their mercy. Men make a mistake when they go after happiness with too little regard for the truth that life is what we make it.

## THE RURAL SCHOOL OF A HALF CENTURY AGO.

*By George W. Crocker.*

MUCH has been written and said of the "little red school-house" of New England, but little mention made specifically of the school taught in it. A quite extended acquaintance with several small rural schools, on the Right Arm of Massachusetts, gained when a youth by attendance at them fifty and more years ago, enables the writer to speak from experience of the good in them—and much can be said in their praise—and also of the things in which they were deficient.

As these schools and the method of maintaining them have almost if not entirely passed away, it may not be out of place to give a brief account of them before they are forgotten.

For educational purposes the town was divided into numbered sections,

called school districts. This division was made in such way as to best convenience the attending children, who resided in the villages and small communities constituting the town. The amount of money to be expended for public schools was appropriated at the annual town meeting. At the same time a school committee was chosen, usually consisting of three persons, who had general oversight of educational matters, including the examination and approbation of the candidates for teachers, though not their selection.

It was the practice for each member of this committee to visit the nearest schools three or four times during the year. At the end of the term for which they were elected they printed a report on the condition of

the schools of the town. But as the persons composing the committee often changed at each recurring election, and as no school was visited in the year by more than one committeeman, there was meagre opportunity for a comparison of the schools of one year with those of another, or of knowing the relative condition of the different schools of the town, during the same year. Furthermore, the inspection seldom lasted more than an hour or two, and was necessarily hasty, including, as it did, an examination of the school register, conversation with the teacher, the hearing of one or more recitations, and asking the scholars a few questions, and at the close, perhaps, making a few perfunctory and commonplace remarks. The committeeman's presence in the schoolroom was a mere formality, valueless in obtaining any real information about the condition of the school, and of no assistance to the teacher, who often needed counsel, or to the scholars, who wanted encouragement in their efforts for improvement under limited and often unfavorable opportunities.

Each school district chose annually one person, called the prudential committee, who had charge of all matters relating to the school of his district. In the selection little consideration was paid to fitness for the position, willingness to serve, or with children attending the school, more often determining the choice. As there was no pay connected with the office, and but little honor, with constant liability to adverse or unfriendly criticism, there was no rivalry for the position. Its duties, however, were very important. The prudential committee selected the teacher for the school in his district, subject to examination and confirmation by the school committee. He stipulated the wages to be paid the teacher, and had charge of the school property. The buildings were not owned by the town, but each district built and kept in repair

its own schoolhouse and provided its furnishings.

The manner of distributing the money voted by the town for its schools operated with great injustice to those residing in its thinly settled parts. Once a year a census of the children between the ages of five and fifteen years was taken by each district. From the whole sum raised, each district was allotted the proportion that the children of school age in that district bore to the whole number of similar children in the town. By this arrangement the children living in the larger villages would attend school most of the year, while children in farming neighborhoods would be able to do so for a few months only.

As teacher for these smaller schools a man was usually employed for a few months in winter, and a woman for a short summer term. This was sometimes, though not often, extended by private contributions. But little care was exercised in the selection of a teacher. Sometimes a farmer of the town would teach during the idle winter months. Often some impudent friend of the prudential committee, with nothing to recommend him but his necessities, would be given charge of the school. Occasionally a student would teach for a few months during the long college vacations and so help pay the expenses of his education. Many of the women teachers employed had no other preparation for their work than that gained by attendance as pupils at similar schools. Although the state normal schools had been established a number of years, there were but few of their graduates outside the cities.

One gentleman who often taught in the winter schools, past middle age, with head crowned with snow-white hair, of dignified but pleasant manners, was both mechanic and scholar. He knew how to make a microscope and use it, or a violin and play it. His learning was mostly ac-

quired at his own fireside, and he took absolute pleasure in imparting it to others, although for the smallest of pecuniary compensation. He could teach the rudiments of civil engineering with only the paraphernalia of the schoolroom, and to the young mariner he could explain how to take latitude and longitude at sea, and could doubtless have sailed a vessel if necessity had required.

Many of our most successful teachers came from Maine, where they had been educated in its several colleges. Among others at one time, a son and two daughters of "Camp-meeting" John Allen were teaching in the same town.

With no helpful supervision, the teacher emphatically made the school what it was. I well remember one young collegian from the Pine Tree State, manly and magnetic, who by his enthusiasm kindled into activity the dormant faculties of the school, and in his few months' service changed its entire spirit. Having occasion once to punish a scholar, he brought for the first time a ferule into the schoolroom, and immediately after using it amazed us all by throwing it into the stove, to show that he would never use another in that school. And he never did. The last year of my attending school, the teacher was a young Maine woman from Kent's Hill Academy, who, with high ideals, great energy, and up-to-date methods of instruction, led her scholars to take up new and advanced studies, and to secure the best there attainable in education and in the formation of character. But not all teachers were so inspiring nor so helpful.

A teacher once engaged and time set for the beginning of school,—for the winter term invariably the Monday succeeding Thanksgiving Day,—preparations were made for the event. Some of the women of the district, with the older girls and boys gathered at the schoolhouse to clean the room, put up the stove, and prepare and house the fuel. None of the

scanty school money was spent for janitor's work. During the term the older boys took turns in weekly opening and heating the schoolhouse, the larger girls alternating daily in sweeping the schoolroom during the noon hour. Sometimes the teacher "boarded round," but the practice was then being gradually abandoned.

The number of pupils at the smaller schools was from fifteen to twenty. In winter they would be of all ages, from the child of four or five to the stalwart youth of twenty. Such young men were permitted to pursue the studies they wished, or that fitted their calling, with this evidently in mind. Mr. Joshua Sears, the millionaire Boston merchant, left a legacy to the school in his native village, stipulating that the teachers employed in the school should be able to instruct in navigation.

The school day was divided into two sessions of three hours each, and on Saturday there was a half holiday; this being usually modified by school all day on alternate Saturdays. Exercises in the morning began by all those who could do so reading a single verse from the Scriptures, sometimes preceded by prayer by the teacher. Where the teacher's habits were less devotional, the school might be opened by singing a song, unaccompanied by any musical instrument, the tune being "pitched" by the teacher or one of the better singers among the scholars. No attempt was made to teach the reading of music—a singing-book being seldom used—nor the correct formation of tones, but singing was introduced simply as a cheerful and agreeable exercise, and was enjoyed by all.

The younger children received instruction first, giving opportunity for the older ones to prepare their lessons. Little ones four or five years old would be taught the letters of the alphabet or the rudiments of reading, then be seated until near the closing hour when the exercise would be re-

peated. During the interim they sat with nothing to do on benches so high that their feet could not touch the floor, and behind desks so far above their heads that they could not see over them,—learning, it is hoped, useful lessons in patience and in submission, if nothing more.

The branches studied were certainly not confined to the proverbial three R's. In addition to reading, writing, and mental and written arithmetic, spelling, geography and English grammar were required, and algebra, the higher mathematics, and occasionally Latin and French were taken up if the teacher was equal to them. A series of reading books were used, three or four in number, graded to the requirements of the different classes. With youthful facility these after a while were memorized, but no supplementary reading matter was ever introduced into the schoolroom. On leaving school the pupil could have only a very limited vocabulary, and few, if any, could read a newspaper or book understandingly or with pleasure to themselves or others. Spelling was learned from a book with words of the same number of syllables and of similar formation arranged in columns on a page. In this way having learned a few words of each group, we were, at the time able to spell all. In addition, sometimes the pupil was required to spell the more difficult words in the reading lesson of the day. No rules for spelling were ever taught.

The children wrote in copy books, at the head of each page of which there was in script or in the teacher's handwriting a sentence, such as "Evil communications corrupt good manners," which was to be repeated on ruled lines to the bottom of the page by the scholar. When his school days were over, so far as anything he had learned at school was concerned, the pupil would know absolutely nothing of any business forms or of how to properly compose and place on paper a letter of business or friendship.

A father who had in youth attended these schools, seeing his child of eight years writing a letter, remarked to me, "She can write a better letter now than I can"—and probably he spoke the truth. English grammar was thoroughly taught technically. The text-books in use were good, and all they contained was acquired by the pupil. I do not undervalue the usefulness of this, although in our daily conversation I am sure we used the vernacular, and if we had been corrected in it, so rarely was it done, we should have considered it almost a personal affront. More time was given to the study of arithmetic than anything else. Greenleaf's larger arithmetic was used by the older scholars for written work, and Colburn's for mental. The graduates of our high and grammar schools of today are not as proficient in this study as were the best scholars in the country schools of fifty years ago. Development may have been one-sided and lacked the symmetry of these times, but the reasoning faculties were strengthened, and the mind received good discipline by the thorough training in arithmetic.

The discipline of these early schools, and the means used for enforcing it, were wholly in the discretion of the teacher. No rules were established for the guidance of teacher or pupil by the committee, and little parental interest was taken only that the teacher should be strict. Punishment was chiefly by blows on the palm with a ferule in the hands of the teacher. All teachers made use of it, the incompetent prodigally. Youth or sex was no bar to its application. My own first painful experience was at the tender age of four. With two others of like maturity, we had at the boys' recess, which preceded that of the girls, in company with older boys, been to see the flying of a kite, so far from the schoolhouse that our short legs failed to carry us back till after the girls had been "let out." For this we three were feruled. Whether or

not this was preceded by the familiar assurance by our teacher that she would far rather receive the punishment herself than inflict it on us if it would be equally for our good, the great lapse of time prevents me from stating with certainty.

Causing the scholar to sit in what was called an easy-chair was sometimes resorted to as a punishment. Never having heard of it elsewhere, it may have been of only local usage, and if so showed great ingenuity as well as possession of a gresome humor in its inventor. It consisted in placing the pupil under the teacher's desk in the attitude of one sitting, but without any support for the body or limbs, and with arms pendent at the sides. The desk was of such height that the head and upper part of the victim's body were brought forward, the pose in profile resembling the figure "4." This position soon caused the most excruciating pain, as can be readily proved by trial. The last child I saw punished in this way fell to the floor, and could only regain a normal position with assistance. The ancient and awkward device of requiring the pupil to raise a hand to the level of the head and keep it there till the teacher gave permission

to make his request known was then practised, and is, I believe, perpetuated to the present time. It could only have been used to deter the asking of unnecessary questions, for which it will always prove effectual.

The children of these rural schools often lived a mile or more from the school, but cases of absence or tardiness were of rare occurrence.

With attendance at school but a small portion of the year, inferior quality of much of the teaching, and the absence of all modern aids for imparting instruction, the boys and girls notwithstanding left these schools well equipped for the struggle of after years. The children were not diverted from their school work by the outside attractions of larger places and of more modern times. No part of school hours was frittered away in frivolous and unnecessary formalities. There was a wholesome and abiding ambition on the part of the school to be the equals of others more favored in location and with better opportunities. The children were wholly of American born parentage, and they took their schooling seriously and conscientiously as befitting the descendants of a Pilgrim ancestry.



## YE BASS VIOL.

*By Adele E. Thompson.*

THE church and its interests had held a foremost place in Sippoco from its beginning. When the first proprietors drew lots for homesteads, woodlands and salt meadows, they set aside a portion "for the minister and for the ministree." Very early in its history a committee was chosen to secure "some meet person to preach the Word of God to them," with a further agreement to a recompense the "meet person" at a fixed rate "for his paines in preaching."

In due time there arose on the village common a plain square structure, with rows of high, straight-backed pews within, where the men and women sat decorously apart, and the children by themselves were under the immediate eye of that dread functionary, the tithingman. To this "meet-ing-house" everybody in the town, whether living near or far, gathered Sabbath by Sabbath and attentively listened while the minister from his high pulpit preached through two turnings of the tall, brass-bound hourglass that stood on the pulpit's edge.

As for that part of worship hardly less important than the preaching, the singing, this at first was led by Deacon Israel Arnold. Standing on the pulpit stairs, a pine pitch-pipe in his hand, he blew the keynote, lined out the psalm selected from the Bay Psalm Book, adjusted his voice, a trifle raspy by reason of much shouting to refractory oxen, and started away followed by the congregation in arduous pursuit. Some fell by the wayside, but Israel stoutly fulfilled his duty and kept on his devious way, by turns reading and starting, until the psalm was worked off and the congregation had again subsided.

But with a new generation came new ideas, especially as to church music: a choir in the gallery took the place of the precentor, a metal tuning-fork replaced the pine pitch-pipe; till, following in the wake of many another fashion from the city, the question of employing a bass viol in connection with the singing began to be first whispered, and then openly considered. The instrument and its player were not far to seek, for the repute of Zardis Kent had gone beyond the bounds of Sippoco, and finally the choir mustered its forces and preferred a request for its use.

So in the good year 1794, when after due agitation it was known that the question was to be formally submitted to the church, and that a town meeting was to seek the "Town's Mind" on the matter, all felt in the air that the time of conflict was at hand. For if the bass viol had its admirers and supporters, at the same time it numbered its enemies and opposers, who, viewing it as an invention of the arch enemy, were ready to fight it tooth and nail. In truth, it was but a phase of the continuous struggle of warm young blood against that chilled by age; the radical eager for the new, and the conservative wedded to old-time usage and looking askance on innovation.

In this instance the leader of the opposition was Captain Obed Darrow, who from the first mention had set his square-built person, and his strong weather-worn face like a flint against it. To all urging and argument his answer was the same, "Can't we sing in meetin' without sich a screechin' an' a groanin', I'd like ter know? The thing's an abomination. My father an' gran'father worshipped God all their lives in Sippoco without

no bars vile, an' so can we. I won't abide it, I tell ye."

For all this both church and town voted, "Notwithstanding the opposition of some, to have the Bass viol used." The first Sunday this decree went into effect as Zardis Kent drew his quivering bow with loving touch across the strings preliminary to the singing. Captain Obed arose in his place, opened his pew door with a mighty slam, and followed by his wife and little daughter, Relief, the child dragging by the hand and looking back with longing eyes, creaked down the aisle and out, an example followed by half a score of others. It was a doughty opposition, and behind it lay the Puritan conscience; and the aroused Puritan conscience of that day was something to reckon with.

So the conflict went on. One not of weeks, but of months and years, whose history threads the Sippeco time-yellowed records, as meeting after meeting both church and town wrestled with the vexed and vexing question. As with all warfare the tide of victory was long a fluctuating one. On one occasion Captain Obed and his cohorts even carried the field so far as to secure the order, "Ye use of the Bass viol in Publick Worship to be stopped."

The singers and their allies met this with the time-honored device of staying at home on Sundays, with a result on the somewhat variable "Town's Mind" that it turned and voted "to make use of the Bass viol," but, as concession to the valorous opposition, "on every other Sabbath." Now a drawn battle is ever the hardest to accept, and a compromise is subject to frequent encroachment. Whatever may have followed in this case we can fancy some strong protests prior to the record of the church, "that the singers be requested not to make use of the Bass viol in public worship in the meeting-house unless they give Captain Obed Darrow, or his family in case of his absence, previous notice."

Gradually the adherents of the bass viol increased their ranks; still, charm it never so sweetly, there remained those who refused to listen, and to a degree which in the New England of that day involved misdemeanor if not worse. So it is we find in time a church meeting called to consider the case of sundry and divers members for neglecting to attend public worship. And Captain Obed Darrow being cited thereto, walked into the assembly and squared his shoulders, as if on quarter-deck in a storm.

"Ye want to know why I'm absent from public worship?" his voice rang out, "Ef anybody's ig'rant o' the reason I kin tell 'em. It's the bars vile, that squeakin' abomination in the gallery. An' as fer callin' a council ter try me, I tell ye here an' now I'll submit my grievance ter no council. Put back the worship o' God as our fathers afore us had it, an' ye'll find Obed Darrow in his place every time, but not till then. Ye know me, ye know I stick by my word, an' all the councils ye can call together won't make a mite o' difference." And with that deliverance he clapped his hat firmly on his head and stalked out; and such was the power of his obstinacy that the matter was allowed to pass without further notice.

On that Sunday when at the initial note of the viol Captain Obed had arisen and departed with his family, little Relief looking so wistfully back, Eben Kent, a boy of twelve, sitting in the gallery beside his father, had pulled his sleeve and asked him what made them go. "I'm afeerd, Eben," Zardis had whispered back, "it's the viol. I've heerd he was dreadfully set agin it; I'm afeerd it's that," and he drew a sigh while Eben but sat the straighter.

The following morning as the small feet of Relief Darrow trudged their way to the red schoolhouse by the wayside, she saw Eben Kent waiting for her on the steps outside. This was a noways strange occurrence, for brown-eyed Liefy was the acknowl-

edged prime favorite in Eben's youthful affection, with many a rosy-cheeked apple or bit of pungent sweet flag as an attesting offering. But this morning his greeting was of a sterner sort, "What made you all go out of meeting yesterday?" he demanded.

Relief hesitated, "'Twas the music," she half whispered, her eyes falling.

"But I thought you liked the music. How many times you've stopped and my father has played for you."

"Yes, I did like it," and Liefy drew a quivering breath to the memory of the past delight, "but I didn't know then it was wicked."

"It isn't wicked," protested Eben stoutly.

"O, yes it is," and Relief gave a plaintive but none the less firm shake of her small head; "my father says it is, an' if we have it in the church the scarlet woman will come in too."

Eben looked puzzled. "There isn't any scarlet woman, only Goody Blake with her red cloak, an' she never hurt anybody, and if there was my father wouldn't let her come in. Besides the bass viol sounded grand with the singing, everybody said so," and the light of ambition kindling in his eyes, "when I'm a man I'm going to play it in the meeting and I'll make your father come and hear me."

"You can't. I heard him tell mother that we're none of us ever going to meeting while they have the bass viol."

"Then you'll have to stay away a good while, I guess, and it's wicked not to go to meeting." With this parting shot he marched indoors; and Liefy that morning hid a tearful face behind her Webster's speller, for to her was come the sad truth that the spirit of controversy wots not of heart strings nor aches.

So the struggle went on, a new church was erected, but the ghost of the bass viol waited on its threshold; boys and girls grew to manhood and womanhood, but the inherited prejudice waxed with their years, as that

bow of discord marked a sharp cleavage across the social life of Sippeco.

Other changes there were too. Zardis Kent, grown an old man, passed on to join the choir invisible, and the bow was transferred from his trembling fingers to the younger, firmer ones of his son. One of the mildest of men, loving his viol next to his motherless boy, never able to solve the mystery that any one could object to it, the storm of contention never raged around a more passive centre. But Eben was battle bred. As a boy he had scowled when Captain Obed and his adherents marched out; and as a man he frowned whenever he looked at that pew so conspicuously vacant of its occupants, and with a louder, more resonant vibration, his hand drew the bow across the strings. Between him and Relief Darrow, too, the wideness of estrangement had long replaced the old child intimacy. For Eben could never forget that Obed Darrow was the head and front of the opposition that had grieved his father's gentle, peace-loving soul; while Relief was not only numbered in the camp of the hostiles, but was too loyal a daughter to show outward opposition to her father's opinion whatever the thought of her heart.

But one spring afternoon as Relief was returning homeward from the house of a friend a sudden and violent shower of rain sent her to the nearest shelter that offered, without stopping to consider whose it was until she stood in the open door and saw the big bass viol leaned in a corner of the square hallway. It was years since last she had stood on that threshold, not since the never-to-be-forgotten Sunday when so reluctantly she had been led from the meeting, nor from that day had she caught but distant and furtive glimpses even of the instrument, for Captain Obed's word was law in his family, and that law was, the bass viol in the gallery, an empty Darrow pew.

It all came back to her as she stood there, the times when hand in hand with Eben she had gone up the stone-flagged path, and Zardis Kent, smiling, had put by the faintly fragrant woods, that as the village cabinet-maker he worked with, to play for her. For, if Eben had inherited his love of music, it had come to Relief Darrow without inheritance; and Zardis Kent, touched by the responsive light in her face and the quiver of her fingers, had taught her how to draw the bow herself with her small hand. She rapped on the door. There was no response. Aunt Nabby Kent who for years had presided over the household was evidently out. No sound broke the silence save the rush of the swift-driving storm, and as with a fascination the viol drew her slowly step by step towards itself. "I wonder if I could do it, if I remember?" was her thought as she lifted the bow and drew it softly across the strings.

A slight sound started her, and she looked up to see Eben Kent standing in an inner doorway. Relief flushed. "I—I was only trying if I had forgotten how."

He came towards her: "O, Liefy, then you do remember the old days? I've wondered sometimes if you ever gave them a thought."

"Do you mean when we used to sit on the little bench by the fireplace while your father played for us; and Aunt Nabby gave us cookies; and your father taught me 'Auld Lang Syne' and you said I didn't get the chords true?"

Eben's face brightened. "Then you do remember. And your chords were all right, only I was jealous that father praised you more than he did me. He—we missed you, Relief, his 'little viol pupil' he used to call you."

"And I missed him," she said simply.

"And you never heard him—after?" both knew the time to which he referred.

Relief hesitated a moment: "Yes, Sabbaths in the summer I would go

up in the attic, and when the windows in the meeting-house were open and the wind was right, across the orchards I could hear the singing, and the viol, so soft and sweet it made me think of the harps of heaven. You play with a stronger, firmer touch than your father."

His eyes flashed: "Then you still open the attic window of a Sabbath; I shall remember that. And of what does my playing make you think?"

She hesitated a moment. "Of Aseph leading the temple service," she answered softly.

"That is what I want to do," he cried, "to lead the hearts and thoughts of the people up into the sacred joy and gladness that the strings sing to my soul. Listen, this is what I am going to play next Sabbath," and he swept his bow across the strings.

Relief had taken a chair by the open door; the rain fell in slant lines on the fresh young grass; a great maple, its leaves tenderly green, swayed before her, as sitting with clasped hands and bent head the waves of melody and the springtime sweetness of the outer world seemed blended in a divine harmony of sound and beauty.

She drew a sighing breath as he ended and turned toward her. "Relief," abruptly, "will your father, think you, never change?"

"I fear not."

"It makes me angry—"

She put up her hand, "No, you must not say that, he but holds to the truth as he sees it."

"As he wants to see it," muttered Eben under his breath, and then aloud: "But, Liefy, must this shameful feeling always go on, can we never be friends again?"

"Surely we need not be unfriendly."

"Unfriendly," he repeated. "And what kind of a friendship is this—hardly ever to meet, never to come close? There was no one like you to me once, Relief, there is no one like you now."

"When have you spoken to me be-

fore?" she asked quietly. "When have you even thought of me?"

"I don't care when," hotly; "I thought you felt towards me as your father does. But it all comes back at a word, a touch. I loved you as a boy and I love you as a man."

Her face was averted as she said: "No, no, you must not say that."

"Then you do share your father's feeling?"

For answer she turned and faced him the flush rosy on her cheek: "Eben, I have never changed toward you—not for a moment."

A great light leaped into his face and he took a quick step towards her, but she held him away: "I shall keep the child-love always, but it can never be more; there is my father."

"Are you afraid of your father?"

"No, but he is my father. I am the only child he has left in his old age; I cannot disobey him; it is hopeless."

"Nothing is hopeless," breaking down the barrier of her little hands and holding her close. "Love and life are long, and love, our love, will win."

For an instant she let her face press his, then she put him from her with a half sob. "You do not know my father. There is no hope for us."

Spring had passed into summer and on an afternoon in August, with a strong wind from the sea, Captain Obed Darrow walked slowly along the shore road which kept to the edge of the rocky cliffs here forming the coast line. An outward change had come to Captain Obed with the years; his hair had whitened, his form had bent, and his keen eye had a trifle dimmed, so when he saw some one coming toward him it was a moment before he recognized Eben Kent and his bass viol, for there was to be a conference meeting at an outlying schoolhouse and Eben and his instrument had promised attendance.

When Captain Obed saw who it was his rheumatic knees stiffened, and with a muttered "devil's fiddle," he walked past Eben as though un-

aware of his existence. His indignation would have been still greater had he known that Eben had taken the way past his house in hope of a furtive glimpse of Relief.

But hardly were they a rod apart when both paused, arrested by a cry from the beach far below them but hidden by the height of the cliffs. In a moment both men had climbed the guarding wall and were looking down the rocky precipice. Oceanward the tide was coming in full and strong, and in the sheltered cove below close up against the rocks, as if at bay, lifting a terrified white face stood Relief Darrow.

"She's a-been over to the Head," groaned her father, "an' the tide has ketched her."

"But the beach of the cove is above the tide; surely she is not in danger," urged Eben.

"That's all ye know," retorted Captain Obed. "Look! Where be the Sister's rocks? Twenty years ago this month there was a tide that covered the Sister's, it rose fifteen feet in the cove an' drowned little Ellet Jane Fish, caught there as Liefy is today."

The young man looking seaward saw the truth of his words; the familiar landmark had vanished, the water was already at Relief's feet and rising with great leaps. "Can she swim?" he asked, his lips growing pale.

"Swim? A strong man might manage ter hold his own, but she's no more nor a kitten agin a tide like this. Lord hev marcy."

Eben looked up and down for half a mile; either way there was no break in that sheer fall of sixty feet. Her father saw his glance. "'Tain't no use, there's no way down to her but this," and he made a motion as if to throw himself over the brink.

But the other laid a restraining touch on his arm. "That would do her no good; wait a moment. What is that you have?"

The old man looked at the ball of

seine twine in his hand, "Ef 'twas only a rope now."

Without waiting for words, Eben caught it from him and making fast the end around the neck of the big viol, lowered it over the cliff. "Here, Relief," he shouted, "float yourself on this."

She lifted her arms, and as the worn green case swayed to her caught it close. Nor was it too soon, the water was already to her knees and the next wave carried her off her feet. Eben waited a moment to be sure it had proved a buoy, then he called again, "Keep fast hold, have good courage, I'm coming," and throwing off his coat, he dashed away.

The remembrance of a dangerous way that as a bird's-nesting boy he had once taken down the cliff had come to him. Yes, here was the place, it was worth the trial, and he let himself down, catching now at a shrub, now a projection of the rock to keep from falling; while Captain Obed kneeling down watched him breathlessly, murmuring again and again, "My one ewe lamb, Lord hev marcy!"

Fortunately the force of the surf was broken before it reached the cove, but at the best it was difficult swimming against the strength of the tide and its undertow. But the thought of Relief nerved his arm. "I can keep afloat with the viol," she said as he reached her side. "Then hold it with one arm," he answered, "put your other hand on my shoulder and we will win back to land."

"Strike fer the lower pint," cried the old man from above. "Ye'll find a landin' there."

He was there before they reached

it, ready to help them up to safety and a firm footing.

"Eben," he said solemnly as he steadied the bass viol in his trembling hands, "I've fit this all these years, but I'll fight it no more. I've been stiff-necked, I'll own it; an' as the Lord hed to teach Peter by a vision so He's hed ter teach me by His providence. In wrath He's remembered marcy, an' the very thing that I sed wasn't fit fer His service He's made to save the life of my child ter day." Captain Obed's cheeks were wet and his voice broken.

"An' you, Eben," holding out his hand, "I've sed hard things of you an' your father afore you, but I owe to ye a debt of thanks an' gratitude I never can pay."

Eben Kent glanced at Relief: "No, Captain Darrow, it is for me to ask the favor: say that Relief may be my wife and I shall be paid a hundred fold."

With a surprised start, Captain Obed turned to his daughter. A pink flush had come back to her face as she lifted it to him. "Eben knows, father; I have told him that I will never marry him without your consent; but," and there was a hint of her father's firmness in her tone, "I have loved him always, I shall never marry any other."

For a moment Captain Obed stood as if speechless. "Liefy," he said at last, "you've been a good child always, an obedient child, an' in the hour when you've been giv back ter me, I can't deny ye the desire o' your heart. Besides," and a half humorous smile touched his grim old face, "ef I've swallered the bars vile I guess I ken Eben."



## THREE OLD MEETING-HOUSES IN MAINE.

*By Edith A. Sawyer.*

"I WANT to gather up recollections and wind a string of narrative round them," wrote Oliver Wendell Holmes of certain old houses. A very slender thread of narrative will serve to bind together the chronicles of three old meeting-houses in Maine, in Walpole, Alna and Waldoboro, each a centre of activity for over a century, and each standing fortunately in good preservation, saved from the advance of modern improvements, which has swept away many a worthy landmark.

Walpole, Alna and Waldoboro are all in the county of Lincoln, which with York and Cumberland formed the first large territorial subdivisions of Maine. There is an interesting fragment of history embodied in the naming of this easternmost county of the three. Foremost in the French and Indian pacification of 1760 was the governor of the Massachusetts Bay province, Thomas Pownall, who returned to England in that year. His birthplace, as well as his home, was the city of Lincoln, shire town of the maritime county of Lincoln, in

which is also the city of Boston, whence our Boston derives its name. Upon the organization of the new county, June, 1760, its shire town, Pownalboro, had already been named in honor of Governor Pownall (Act of February 13, 1760), and as a further tribute to the illustrious governor, the vast eastern county, which his exertions had done so much to acquire and defend, was named for the city and county of his home.

Walpole was laid out as a township in 1729, by David Dunbar, a native of Ireland and for a time colonel in the English army, who came over to this country with a royal commission, under the seal of George II, appointing him governor of the Sagadahock province and authorizing him to rebuild the fort at Pemaquid. This he renamed Fort Frederick, as a compliment to the then Prince of Wales. When first set off into a township, Walpole included the north-western part of the present town of Bristol, and also a portion of Waldoboro. This section of Lincoln county lies close to the coast, and

about halfway between Bath and Rockland.

In 1765 Walpole, Harrington, both named for great English nobles, Pemaquid, Broad Cove and Round Pond were merged into the one town of Bristol, which undoubtedly took its name from the maritime city of England, because most of our early English settlers could trace their ancestry back to the East Anglican shores of the mother country. There was better opportunity for concerted defence and general development under the one incorporated town. Small fortifications were already in existence here and there in the several settlements, but as yet no definite place of worship had been located. This state, however, could not long exist with men who had left their homes for freedom of conscience and liberty of worship, men "whose outward mould was hardship, whose inner bliss was piety."

At the first or annual town meeting held in Bristol in the spring of 1766, the assembly turned immediately, after the election of officers, to the subject of erecting a meeting-house or meeting-houses, and the settlement of a minister of the gospel. No conclusion was reached, but it was voted, "That the selectmen procure preaching this year in the best manner they can." In August of the same year £20 was voted "for the support of a minister and making roads and bridges." Again at the annual town assembly, March 12, 1767, the meeting-house was the main subject of discussion, but again there was no definite outcome. At a meeting, held the following June, it was voted, "That the town get into church order as soon as opportunity will afford, and that we shall be under the Westminster Confession of Faith, or Presbyterian rules." In May, 1768, a meeting-house was "located" at the Walpole settlement, but a "decent" (dissent) was entered because of the cost. Finally, after a long series of votes, "decents" and repeals, by

vote of March 13, 1772, the building of two meeting-houses was assured—one to be located at Walpole, the other at Broad Cove—and it was decided by vote that the people in their church government "submit themselves to the Boston Presbytery."

In the course of that year these meeting-houses were erected, but only the one at Walpole is now standing. The one at Broad Cove was taken down in 1824, and the materials used in the construction of the present church in the town of Bremen, near at hand.

It is probable that the dedication of both the Broad Cove and the Walpole churches was carried out according to the usual New England custom, and with the usual accompaniment of good cheer. Last August, in the neighboring parish of Wiscasset, the centennial anniversary of the hanging of a Paul Revere bell in the old meeting-house was observed, and in going over the old records the bills for the liquor used on the occasion came to light.

The old-time worshippers at the early shrine in Walpole truly went up to their Jerusalem, for the meeting-house stands upon the level crest of a solid ledge, typical of Zion's foundations. In external appearance it has been considerably altered by the addition of blinds, so that now, surrounded and half hidden by tall elm trees and clumps of lilacs, it resembles an ordinary two and a half story dwelling house. There are three entrances, with aisles merging into the central aisle leading from each. The audience room is partitioned by moderately high walls into almost square pews with narrow, uncomfortable seats around three of their sides. Galleries twelve feet wide hang from three walls, fitted up with similar pews, and a long bench in front for the singers' seat, wherein the old-time psalm tunes were droned out. In front, on the floor, is the deacons' seat, facing the congregation. Towering over all, high on the

wall, hangs the formidable pulpit, where the minister held forth in long prayer and longer sermon, which the sounding board overhead must have reëmphasized to the patient listeners below.

A small, modern organ stands against the folding leaf of the communion table, and on the organ top is now placed the communion service, of ancient, simple make. The old Bible, evidently purchased some time after the meeting-house was built, as it bears the imprint of an Edinburgh publisher, "Mark," and the date, 1793, is in safe keeping, under the pulpit.

The windows have twenty-four



THE OLD WALPOLE MEETING-HOUSE.

panes of glass, brought from England, six by eight inches in size, set in sash more than an inch in thickness. In 1872, its centennial year, thorough repairs were made upon the church. Previous to that time no paint had been used upon the pews. Until a comparatively recent date there was no provision for warming the building. It stood as a veritable

"Old house of Puritanic wood  
Through whose unpainted windows  
streamed  
On seats as primitive and rude  
As Jacob's pillow when he dreamed  
The white and undiluted day."

In 1872 its centennial anniversary was appropriately observed and oc-

casional Sunday services are held in the church, which bids fair, in its present state of preservation, to withstand the ravages of many a long year.

In 1772, on the recommendation of Rev. Dr. Witherspoon, the Rev. Alexander McLean came from New Jersey to Walpole, and in July, 1773, was installed as the first pastor, remaining until 1795. He was a Scotchman, born on the island of Skye about 1744, and a stanch Presbyterian, having been educated at King's College in the University of Aberdeen. The reason for this Presbyterian preference at Walpole doubtless lay in the fact that many of the leading men of the town were of Scotch Presbyterian descent. Naturally a man of considerable ability, Mr. McLean had been more widely and profoundly educated than almost any of his brethren in the ministry. But while his piety was undoubtedly, he had some very objectionable peculiarities. "Trained among the aristocracy of his native country, he held high notions of the respect due to the clergy and of their authority over their flocks. Severe in censure,

scarcely could he make allowance for the weaknesses and follies of children."\*

A striking instance of the first parson's rigor has been handed down. Slavery at this time existed in all the thirteen states, but only two or three families in Bristol were slaveholders. When Mr. McLean in due course of time married Miss Sarah Given, a daughter of one of these slaveholding families, a colored girl was bestowed upon the bride by way of dowry. Years after, in the early winter, this colored servant was sent out at the usual time to find the cows. The twilight closed

\* John Johnston, LL. D., History of Bristol, Bremen and Pemaquid.



INTERIOR OF THE WALPOLE MEETING-HOUSE.

in rapidly, with a storm of sleet and snow. After dark the slave came back; declaring she could not find the cows; but her master sternly ordered her to keep on hunting until she was successful. The poor woman, "with the tears freezing upon her face," started forth again, and in the morning was found dead by the side of a fence not far from the house. Unable to find the cows and afraid to enter the house, it was supposed that she fell from weariness and despair, and froze to death. Even though the minister's authority was unquestioned, the historian notes that "the affair did not pass without much indignant remark and reprobation."

On the Bristol town records are many enactments relative to the church, for here as elsewhere in New England parish and town were closely identified. A unique bit of evidence that "the fathers" did not intend to have any disturbance within the town precincts is given in a vote passed March 18, 1774, when "Timothy Weston was chosen to take care of the dogs on the Lord's day, sd. dogs

to be killed if found surly and disorderly." These were the days when the tithingman arrested Sabbath breakers, when he stopped all unnecessary riding or driving on Sunday and haled people off to the meeting-house, whether they would or no.

The Walpole meeting-house is located four or five miles south from Damariscotta village, just off the stage road, between the Damariscotta railroad station and Pemaquid. Northward from Walpole, beyond Damariscotta fifteen miles or more, stands the old Alna meeting-house on a hilltop at "Head Tide," so called. Similar in structure to the building at Walpole, it was erected in 1789, and its centennial was celebrated in September, 1889, when—as the historian of the occasion chronicles—"a sermon full of deep Godly sentiment and old-time God-honoring fervor and evangelical truth of Puritan relish" was preached by a neighboring pastor.

Alna, known as the "north precinct" at the time of building the meeting-house, formed a part of Pownalboro, which was incorporated as



ANCIENT COMMUNION SERVICE AND BIBLE IN THE WALPOLE MEETING-HOUSE.

a town in 1760, upon a petition to "His Excellency, Thomas Pownal, Esq., Governor and Commander-in-Chief, in and over his Majesty's Province of the Massachusetts Bay and Vice Admiral of the same." The chief reason for desiring a corporate name is thus set forth by the "inhabitants in the Plantation of Frankfort,

laying between Kennebeck and Sheepscot Rivers, and within the Bounds of the Kennebeck purchase from the late Colony of New Plymouth, to the number of about one hundred families," who pray to be "erected into a Town and invested with the Powers and Priviledges that other of his Majesty's subjects do injoy," because "It [the present condition] prevents our orderly procuring to the calling, settleing and supporting a Gospel Minister." Soon after its incorporation as a town, Pownalboro divided itself into precincts, west, north and east, for religious purposes. The west precinct embraced the present town of Dresden,\* famous for its old courthouse built by the Plymouth Company in 1761, and for its old Episcopal church erected in 1770, chiefly through the liberality of Dr. Sylvester Gardiner of Boston, a church over which the Rev. Jacob Bailey, a classmate of John Adams, was rector. The north precinct, now Alna, contained industrial water privileges with fording places and mill sites, on the Sheepscot River, near the head of tide water. It was about this time that the carrying trade to the West Indies had become one of the most important branches of American industry. The influence and activity at the north precinct of Pownalboro had helped to create an export trade from Wiscasset Point below—the east precinct—lumber being taken out in exchange for return



THE PULPIT IN THE WALPOLE MEETING-HOUSE.

\* See article on "Ancient Pownalboro and her Daughters," in NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE, July, 1901.

cargoes of rum, molasses and sugar. Wiscasset built its church in 1773, added a steeple in 1800 (when the Paul Revere bell was hung), and half a century later tore down the old meeting-house to replace it with a more modern affair.

At the north precinct the people secured a building site prior to 1788, and

ordained as its first pastor, holding the charge for twenty years. During his pastorate the church reached such eminence that in 1809 its pastor called a meeting of the Congregational Association to examine and license a minister for the Payson Memorial Church in Portland. This same Parson Ward, it is said, long resisted the



ALNA'S MEETING-HOUSE.

in 1789 erected their meeting-house. In 1794 the north precinct petitioned the Commonwealth, successfully, for the name of New Milford. Later, growing dissatisfied with that, it again petitioned for a change, and in 1811 Alna was adopted—a name derived from the Latin *alnus*, and suggested by the luxuriant growth

of alders overhanging the Sheepscot River.

Immediately after the organization of the new church was completed—which, however, was not until September, 1796—Rev. Jonathan Ward, a native of Plymouth, N. H., and a graduate of Dartmouth College, was

use of the bass viol in his choir, as an unholy intrusion. Wearyed out and overruled, he finally yielded; but when he first saw the instrument in the church, as a punishment he bade the choir sing the 119th psalm and “fiddle it to their hearts’ content.”

The original church officers at New



PEWS IN THE ALNA MEETING-HOUSE.



PULPIT IN THE ALNA MEETING-HOUSE.

Milford were Nathan Merrill and Ezekiel Averill. Both the Merrill and Averill families, with the Donnells, have always been prominent in the religious and secular history of the community. Ezekiel Averill, who died in 1850 at the advanced age of ninety-five years and eight months, was a member of Washington's body guard, as the inscription on the stone over his grave in the old burying ground at Wiscasset Point testifies.

The Alna meeting-house looms high on a rather barren hilltop. As in many of the Plymouth colonies, it was also the military storehouse, and tradition has it that loopholes were provided above the first tier of windows, so that in case of need the building could be shuttered and converted into a blockhouse. When the building was repaired several years ago, a cavity in the wall was found filled with old-fashioned moulded bullets. The building, which is painted a dull yellowish brown, is in good repair, both outside and in. The beams measure twelve by fourteen inches, and bear the marks of the broadaxe. At the entrance are two old-fashioned foot scrapers, relics of a careful generation and of wretched roads. The pews are

of the old-time box style, as at Walpole, each a little compartment, entered by a door. So high are the sides that were it not for the openwork of tiny, carved banisters surrounding the top, one could, even under the preacher's thunder, have napped very comfortably and unseen in the roomy retreat. There are four groups of body pews, with six pews to each, and bordering three sides of the building is a string of twenty-five pews, while in the gallery are double rows, giving in all a very large seating capacity. There are twenty-four panes of glass in each of the present windows, but the original sashes held such tiny panes that each window resembled a patchwork quilt.

A twisting flight of stairs leads up to the old pulpit, and from this dizzy eminence the gospel darts were hurled. The builders evidently realized that preachers are men of varying stature, for fitted into the pulpit's floor is a series of sliding shelves, or little platforms, to raise or lower his standing. Each of these platforms is dented, scratched and seamed by expressive feet. Over the pulpit hangs the heavy, bell-shaped sounding board, and in the background is a red

curtained window, the one touch of color about the interior.

In a sorry state of preservation, with fist-banged covers, is the old Bible, a huge, leather-bound volume printed at Worcester, Massachusetts, in 1791, by Isaiah Thomas. The old sexton carefully guards it from the curiosity hunter. "I have to keep it hid," he says, "or it wouldn't last so long as old Brown stayed in heaven, and that, you know, is a matter of record."

The deacons' seat, the communion table and the singers' seat in the gallery are similar in arrangement to those in the Walpole church. The Alna meeting-house had no stove until about thirty-five years ago; even then no chimney was built, but the funnel, branching out over the gallery, was poked through a window for egress. Now a regulation chimney leads the smoke out in the way it should go.

Formerly half a garrison-house, the Alna church has in latter years done double duty in another direction, for now it is the town-meeting house, and here the annual elections are held, although it is difficult to imagine the mechanism of the modern ballot system in operation under the bulging pulpit's frown.

To the eastward, at the other corner of this triangle of old-time meeting-houses in Waldoboro, stands an ancient German church, with its strongly foreign associations, most unique of them all. One of the earliest German settlements in this country was made here, although the exact date is lost. But on a monument in the churchyard adjoining this old meeting-house is the following bit of history, significant commentary upon the arguments used by Samuel Waldo, the son of General Waldo, for whom the town and county were named, who visited Germany and induced about fifteen hundred to

accompany him on his return. The inscription reads:

"This town was settled in 1748 by Germans who emigrated to this place with the promise and expectation of finding a populous city, instead of which they found nothing but a wilderness; for the first few years they suffered to a great extent by Indian wars and starvation, by perseverance and self-denial they succeeded in clearing lands and erecting mills; at this time a large proportion of the inhabitants are descendants of the first settlers.

"This monument was erected A. D. 1855 by the subscriptions of citizens of this town."

Traces of these German settlers may be found in the old burying ground and in the names of present inhabitants.—Ludwig, Winchenbach, Wallezer, Schwartz, Eichhorn, Schuman, Wagner, Bornheimer, Heibner and others. Traces exist, also, in the solid, roomy houses of the old-time order, and last, but by no means least, in the ancient German Lutheran



PAUL REVERE BELL IN THE WISCASSET CHURCH.



ANCIENT GERMAN MEETING-HOUSE, WALDOBORO.

Church, on "Meeting-House Hill," as it is called, about a mile from the present village centre.

No record, secular or ecclesiastic, exists to show the exact date when it was erected. It is known to have been in existence in 1773, because when the first town meeting was called that year, by virtue of an act of the General Court of Massachusetts, the place designated in the warrant was "at the westerly meeting-house," indicating clearly enough that there were two "meeting-houses" in the township at that time.

The old log meeting-house at "Meeting-House Cove," to the west, dedicated in 1763, had become too inadequate and inconvenient for the worshippers, and a few years later, probably about 1770, steps were taken to erect a larger and more imposing house. A lot of land was donated by Christopher North, who owned the farm now known as the Gorham Castner place, and the building was erected thereon. It had no

windows, and the only seats were rude benches. The people were poor, and about that time fifteen or more families took their departure for North Carolina. Years went by and finally efforts were made to complete the house of worship. But meanwhile adverse claims to land titles on the western side of the river had been settled and deeds renewed; and the settlement included the lots assigned for the use of church and schools. This prob-

ably was the chief inducement for removing to another locality before completing the work. The lot reserved for church purposes was nearly opposite. There was objection to the removal, but finally all consented, except one Major Razor, and after the frame was taken down it is said he hauled away some of the timber in the night time. The date of the removal is fixed at about 1795, for several reasons, among which is information obtained thirty years ago or more from old residents then living, who remembered the event. Other evidences are the dates on the oldest stones in the graveyard, none being earlier than 1797. These, taken



PEWS IN THE WALDOBORO MEETING-HOUSE.



THE PULPIT IN THE WALDOBORO MEETING-HOUSE.

in connection with the coming of Rev. Mr. Ritz in 1794 and the organization of the German Protestant Society soon after, go to prove that the old church has stood where it is now a little more than a century.

The interior is quaint and primitive. The sills, which have been partially renewed, were originally twelve by thirteen inches, white pine, and the old cross floor timbers which remain are the same size, white pine and black ash, sound as a nut. A gallery runs around three sides, and the supporting beams are about ten inches square. The fronts of the gallery and the pulpit are painted, but the pews, which are four feet square, with seats on three sides, never were. The communion table and contribution boxes are home made, antique affairs. A narrow stairway at one side leads to the pulpit, which is raised about ten feet from the floor. When completed the church was undoubtedly considered an elaborate affair, as the pulpit and galleries are adorned with mouldings, panels, brackets and cornices, all in simple, harmonious design. The windows contain the regulation glass of those days, the doors are hung with heavy iron-strap hinges,

and the stove funnel appears to have had an uncertain means of egress, as the ceiling of the audience room and the wall near the pulpit bear evidence of funnel holes filled up at different periods. At present the funnel projects through a window at the rear.

The German Protestant Society was organized April 3, 1800, under an act of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts entitled "An Act to incorporate a Religious Society in the Town of Waldoborough." Largely to this society, which has had a continuous existence, is due the credit for the careful preservation of the old meeting-house. The society was empowered to hold the several tracts and parcels of land granted and set off to the "Dutch" settlement on the western side of the Muscongus River by the Committee of the Proprietors of Land, October 2, 1764. Jacob Ludwig, Esq., was authorized to issue a warrant for the first meeting, when Captain Joseph Ludwig was chosen moderator; Jacob Ludwig, "clark," and Jacob Winchenbach, treasurer.

Several years ago interested people began the collection of old German Bibles, books and other articles, which, with the original communion

service, are now kept in a cabinet to the right of the pulpit. On its front are the portraits of Rev. and Mrs. John William Starman,—comfortable, stolid-looking individuals,—and on the other side is a very primitive headstone of marlite, taken from the old graveyard at Meeting-House Cove. The inscription reads:

"Hier light begraben  
HERR JOHAN MERTIN GROSZ  
und ist geboren den 1 Februar an 1679  
und  
ist gestorben den 11 Februar  
1768 in 90 Jahr."

In the graveyard surrounding the church the oldest stone is erected to the memory of Mary Elenora Levensaler, who died December 19, 1768.

"Invisible am I  
To this blind world below."

Two other stones attract attention. One, that upon which the record of the early immigration already alluded to is carved, marks the resting-place of the third minister of the parish, Rev. Frederick Augustus Rudolphus Benedictus Ritz, who died in 1811, after a pastorate of sixteen years; and of his successor, Rev. John William Sharman, who died in 1854, aged eighty-one years. The other is a monument to the memory of Conrad Heyer, the first child born in Waldo-boro of European parents, who died in 1856, aged one hundred and six years ten months and nine days.

The first minister settled over this early society was the Rev. John M. Shaeffer, who went to Waldo-boro in 1762. His salary was as primitive as his times, for a footnote in Williamson's History of Maine records that the fifty or sixty members of the church each paid him three pounds, old tenor, one bushel of corn and one day's work annually. He had also a fee of half a dollar for every baptism and one dollar for attending a funeral. As times were then, however, this made up a very good salary.

The sexton of this church is Miles Standish, a lineal descendant of the

old Puritan, who planted his guns upon the church roof and immediately blended the slaughter of the Indians with his orthodoxy. Mr. Standish has also a son named Miles, so that the name bids fair to be perpetuated. The father has served as sexton for over thirty years, and his russet beard is "already flaked with patches of snow." The old German church is occasionally used, for funerals and for services of a memorial nature which are held here two or three times a year. Much interest and pride in the ancient building are felt by the Waldo-boro citizens, many of whom are members of the German Protestant Society, which has the church in charge.

These three old meeting-houses, at Walpole, Alna and Waldo-boro, all within a long day's drive of one another, through a pleasant, hilly, prosperous country, stand as monuments to the sturdy piety and perseverance of those early pioneers, who with their Bibles and their muskets worked out their destinies in this then remote region, far from the better protected frontier. Alike in fundamental features, these bare, prosaic old buildings, primitive in design, rude in detail, present a vivid contrast to the splendid churches of the Old World which these pioneers had left. These severe houses of God, upbuilt in the adopted mother country, characterize the spiritual temper and earnestness of the times. Here, and elsewhere in New England, the meeting-houses formed the basis and centre of civic and religious life. As John Fiske says, in "The Beginnings of New England," "The ideas of absolute freedom of thought and speech which we breathe in from childhood were to the men of that age strange and questionable. The spirit of that age was sure to manifest itself in narrow, cramping measures, and in ugly acts of persecution; but it is none the less to the fortunate alliance of that fervid religious enthusiasm with the . . . love of self-government that our modern freedom owes its existence."



## TO A DESERTED NEW ENGLAND FARMHOUSE.

*By Edgar O. Achorn.*

ALL joy, all tragedy of life,  
All toil, all suffering, hardship, strife,  
And whate'er made New England great,  
E'er fed the sinews of our State.  
Are writ upon thy crumbling wall,—  
Upon thy wall.

Thy floors have echoed to the tread  
Of all New England's mighty dead,—  
Of statesman, soldier, pioneer,  
Who served their people without fear,  
Then passed unto their well-won rest,—  
Unto their rest.

From thy broad hearth in former day  
The Star of Empire took its way,  
And in the western sky now glows  
Resplendent with the worth of those  
Whose mind and heart were taught of thee,—  
Were taught of thee.

A wreath of laurel on thy brow,  
Alone thou stand'st, deserted now!  
While in a low, sweet monotone  
The whispering pines forever drone  
The story of thy glories gone.—  
Thy glories gone.



## "SERMONS IN STONES."

*By C. H. Crandall.*

THE plodder on the small holdings of land in New England, where the glaciers piled up their rocky bounty in the ice age, leans on his hoe amid the boulders and cobblestones that mark the lines of the old moraines, and exclaims: "Well, I wonder why this country was planted with rocks, forty rod deep!" Then his brother, who has come from his Mississippi Valley homestead for a flying visit to see the old folks, replies: "I wish I had a few of them in Illinois, just for underpinning." "Take them all, and my blessing with them," says the Yankee farmer, fervently.

There are some who would recklessly say at once that, "if they could have their way," the stones would be distributed pro rata over the whole United States so that every state, county and farm should have its quota of rocks and cobbles, just enough for the making of a few foundations, walls, drives, etc., and not a

stone left over to disturb the plough point, harrow or mower! What a blessing! How ideal! What a pity this seventeenth amendment to creation cannot be passed at once! But slowly! Does not the scheme remind one of the hobo philosophy of the world's wealth? Surely that ought to be divided evenly so all should have an equal part. Do with "the rocks" of Wall Street as with the rocks of Rockland county. However, it will never be done, and even now New England has reason to be proud of the granite bases of her hills, "rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun."

Pick up the commonest cobblestone in the field where many thousands lie, but handle it with reverence. It is an ever-present text for an essay on the utility of the rejected, the stone that the builders despised, for even now it is becoming the head of the corner, the chosen material for the beautiful bases and walls of some of our loveliest homes. Passing through

New England we see piles of cobblestones six feet deep, dozens of cords of them, lying in fence corners, the accumulation by years of laborious picking over the fields. But, after rolling about the world for ages, being moulded and shaped by water and frost and sun, and cursed and banged about by agriculturists, the cobblestone now has its day, and is worth its price by the cartload for foundations and walls for villas, as well as an humble place beneath the drives that lead to them. Stony New England has not a cobblestone too many. They will yet be shipped about the country by carloads because of the demand for picturesque effects in the architecture of dwellings and other buildings. And I have a kindred thought of some of the plain, homely, unpretentious men who have helped to clear these New England fields during two or three centuries. How many days of backache did they endure in prying and blasting and digging and lifting, until they got a small field fit for a crop of corn, and the stones built into a fence to protect it! And at last the stone-diggers themselves were laid at rest in the thousands of little homestead graveyards in the corners of fields, with a rude gravestone, less symmetrical often than some in the walls. The old lichenized stone walls are indeed the most lasting and touching memorial to-day of thousands of these pioneers, the lowly sappers and miners in the march of progress. And many of them appeared to be so common, as

common as a cobblestone; "hard-heads," in fact, themselves; using plenty of hard cider and hard language as well as picks and bars, drills and shovels. But touch them aright and the spark of humanity glinted out. So their characters get transfigured in the lapse of years, the patient hardihood is recognized, we are proud of them in the bases of our modern achievement, and we set these cobblestone characters as artistically as we can in our literature and art. If we may accept Robert Browning's word in the passage that seems to have a double meaning, "Rock is the



song soil." We may accept it as witness to the sweet uses of adversity, living in a garret to woo the muse, or we may apply it to the spontaneity with which the dwellers in the highlands, like the ancient Celts, break out into song on all occasions, in never-failing fountains of poetic melody that well up in hymns to the sea, hymns before prayer, blessings on the flocks and crops; a song, or saw or tradition for every occasion. To the nature lover all stones are precious, the diamond and ruby no more than the shard and flint. And the everyday



stones are often as useful; useful, too, in ways we do not always appreciate. For instance, how often we must thank a formidable deposit of rock for the preservation of a piece of forest! Especially near our cities and seaboard, we would have much less woodland to rest the eye and cool the air and woo the rain clouds if it were not that the trees are rooted and entrenched in fastnesses of rock that no one yet has cared to attack.

One need not be a learned geologist in order to take a quick, intelligent interest in rocks and stones everywhere. The multiplicity of their uses, not to mention their mere beauty, is an absorbing subject, and stone is made to conspire against stone in so many ways at man's command. Stopping at a stone yard in New York one day to watch the saws at work on a big block of blue flagging, I found that it was sand, sharp grit, moistened, that did the work. The saws were smooth strips of metal. At another time in a New England quarry I picked up a smooth pebble, nearly black, out of a barrel of them, to learn that they were round nuggets of the hardest flint in the world, gath-

ered on the coasts of Norway and brought over the sea to be used to grind to floury fineness our native feldspar and quartz. Here was a great excavation in a hill in Westchester county where rose quartz, white quartz, feldspar, tourmaline and beryl were found in company with more common rock, and the output of ground feldspar and quartz, barrelled and shipped to potteries and other manufactories, yielded a snug income to the owner who accidentally discovered these deposits on his little farm. You may handle cobblestones with comparative impunity, but a little caution is proper in a quartz quarry. The edges of fragments are always keen as glass, and you will not pick up many pieces before you get a cut, nor will you walk about much with a fine pair of shoes before you have cause to regret a promenade on a causeway of quartz. In the grinding mill the quartz continues to get in its fine work, for the dust that floats in the air still keeps its crystal shape and sharp cutting edge, and proves to be vastly irritating to human lungs.

I have watched a jeweller on Broadway shaping and polishing a diamond.

and then I have gone on a few doors to find another lapidary using the diamond dust of the first operation to cut in turn a cameo. It is fascinating to watch a face or figure or natural scene grow out of the onyx or sardonyx, that beautiful stone with layers of black, brown, red and white. An English writer recently affirmed that there were no genuine artists in cameo cutting at present. He seemed to take cognizance only of the ordinary work cut for trade purposes with little fitness of design or finish.

But the lapidary I discovered was an exception, for he made a specialty of beautiful large cameo portraits of leading men of the time, presidents, governors, poets, painters and philanthropists. He showed with no little pride copies of famous paintings, including a reproduction of Gerome's "Cleopatra before Caesar," a white relief on a red ground, that measured nearly four inches in diameter. Yet how small a cameo was this compared with some of the stones cut in the high tide of the art in the first and second centuries A. D., when the Roman lapidaries would depict the main feature in an emperor's history on a single stone, sometimes ten to twelve inches in diameter, a work that took a good part of a lifetime. Such stones, now treasured in a few European museums, are worth many thousands of dollars.

However, we are not reviewing the whole geological bible, but merely hinting of the many texts that lie therein, the manifold sermons in stones that silently unfold themselves to the ingenuous lover of the wonderful in his own environment. To feel

an actual sympathy with one's own natural surroundings, to live in the joy that scarcely cometh "with observation," but as a natural overflow from nature into us, is more precious than to be able at once to place a rock unerringly in Laurentian or Silurian, Miocene or Pliocene formations. In other words one may fall in love with geology, as with a sweetheart, on only a short acquaintance, and take the keener pleasure in completing the study after the infatuation begins.



That country must be poor in rock formations where one cannot find some curious specimens or outcrop to investigate, some ledges, or quarries, or groups of bowlders. Not long ago I read in a geology of bowlders being found "sometimes as large as a small cottage."

"Sometimes" should be written



"frequently," as applied to New England. There now rests on a sidehill in a wood about two miles from where I write a huge egg-shaped boulder that reaches well towards the top of the tall trees that surround it. I should guess it was near seventy-five feet in height. "Rock Rimmon" has a considerable local fame among the initiated nature lovers, and all beholders are led to wonder at the nice balance of forces and gravity that left the great oval stone balanced on end on a sidehill. Perhaps some prehistoric Columbus cracked one end to make a firmer base. If we look we will find similar curiosities in many regions. Granite and gneiss, hornblende and spar, graystone and porphyry, have been strewn about liberally for our playthings. Every day the mills are grinding gypsum and North Carolina phosphate to restore our farms, and every day millstones and grindstones are being quarried and shaped.

To make the most of one's immediate surroundings is one of the great secrets of life's delight, especially to the vast majority who can travel but little. You are living near the great marble quarries, let us say, of Rut-

land, Vermont. Yet you may not have visited them once. The sight of the white stone as it goes by on the long trains of cars has become so monotonous that the "marble interest" with you is no interest at all. Yet it is worth while to procure a strong microscope just to see what a beautiful mosaic it reveals in the particles of the stone so nicely fitted together. The various colors, the range and extent of the deposits, their manifold uses, the modes of quarrying, sawing and polishing, would possess a magnified interest to one who came perhaps from Quincy or Barre, Mass., or Westerly, R. I., where the various beautiful granites are exhumed, cut and polished into glistening pillars, statues and monuments. Thus we neglect the near at hand, and men live and die within ten miles of Waterloo, Yorktown or Gettysburg and never visit the battlefield.

The beautiful blue-gray tint of fresh quarried limestone is never to be forgotten, and where a whole mountain side has been torn away to feed the kilns the sight is an impressive one. Lime and cement are often manufactured almost side by side, and

so marches out from the mountain side, tamed and civilized, barrels of burnt rock, the materials for building homes all over the land. The sandstones used for building purposes, cropping up in so many places in the Middle and Western States, are a study by themselves. Appearing in so many beautiful tints of yellow, pink, red and brown they are highly prized in architecture, and add their vindication of the seemingly blind processes wherein Nature labors for a million years to please the eye of

the earth's crust lifted up. The dark flinty trap-rock is the greatest contrast to the soft brownstone in the Hackensack Valley a few miles back. Indeed, one could wish, for the sake of the eternal beauty of the Palisades, that this trap-rock were proof against drill and powder.

The geologist reads sermons in stones wherever he goes, through the canyons of the Colorado, past the Chimney Rocks on the plains, or the narrow passes among the fastnesses of the Rockies, out to the black



mankind to-day. The geologic formations often present sharp contrasts. The dweller in northern New Jersey or Rockland county, N. Y., sees on every hand the coarse brown sandstone with which so many of the Dutch and Huguenot settlers built their low, hip-roofed farmhouses. The soil is often tinted a decided red with this decomposed stone, which, by the way, makes an excellent soil for fruit and vegetables. Yet one has but to travel a few miles to the Hudson, where he will find another layer of

rocks where the seals sport by the Golden Gate, up among the snow-capped peaks of Alaska or among the ruins of the old missions of San Luis del Rey and San Gabriel. The impartial history of the world stands out to the scientist, legible and unmistakable, in the Rock of Gibraltar, as well as in the Egyptian obelisks, the Pyramids and the Sphinx, and greets him with added and confirming evidence in the pebbles on the shore of Iceland or in the sheer face of some rock-bastioned fjord in Norway. And



yet when the gray haired Fellow of a Royal Society comes home with fresh spoil for his collection, labelled and arranged in his great, glass-front cabinets, he may find that he is not the only student and collector, and often the humblest neighbor can render him assistance. Even the barefoot urchin that lives over the hill can tell him where to find soapstone or black slate for pencils, where lies some strange igneous mass or lump of conglomerate, such as he had not run across before.

On the great ledger of Nature how large stands the credit account of the rocks with all the myriad services that they render to promote our health and wealth and comfort. Since smitten Horeb, gushing its living fountain, where do we get so pure and sparkling water as from the artesian wells, bored through hundreds of feet of solid rock? The analyst can find scarce a trace of impurity in it. Into the rock we delve and burrow for coal and iron, gold and silver, copper and lead. We grind it for pigments and fertilizers, and out of the rock come the tools to gather the crops.

How far surpassing the dreams of the story-tellers is the transformation of the genii from the sparkling ore in the mine gallery to the complete locomotive that turns about to pull out more iron to make more locomotives! To a greater extent than we realize we are living on rock, not only because the soil beneath us is in many places but a thin coat over thousands of feet of rock, but because it is the decayed rock that feeds us, whether on the dairy farm of New England or the orange orchards of California, flourishing on the deposits of decomposed granite, washed down from the hills. Clothed in soft verdure we often do not realize that in our mountains and lesser hills and ridges still sleeps the iron hand beneath the glove.

We turn to the rock for our lasting records, the oldest we have, for what else is there in the range of human eyes that bears not the stamp of greater mutability? The tables of stone are broken, but the message has been passed on. The stories of Rameses and Thotmes are yet legible on the obelisks. New records are

being found every little while in Herculaneum or Rome or Athens, while savants elsewhere are deciphering the rude chisellings of the Indians and the cave-dwellers among the cliffs of the West. Yet how hard it is to think of the rock in our fields as being as old as the Pyramids! Listen! all ye races of rocks, so often berated and scorned and abused! We may yet have even a tenderness toward your flinty hearts, in which the primary volcanic fire ever sleeps until it is struck. We know that in the rockiest highlands, where the inhabitants are forced to sternest industry and economy and self-denying, Spartan habits, there are bred the most unconquerable men. Yes, we can be tender toward the rock when on it is graved a dearly loved name, to be faithfully kept by the granite or marble until all human memory of that brave, cheery, helpful spirit has utterly vanished. So the stone is still our emblem of permanence, permanence in material, permanence in character.

A few miles away I discovered one day a round boulder of granite, mottled and lichen-spotted, as large, perhaps, as an average New England house. Seemingly as eternal as ever in its durability, it had yet been split from summit to base by some mysterious force, and in the deep seam, several feet wide, a green tree was growing. I wondered then if Toplady had ever seen such a striking natural illustration when he wrote his undying hymn:

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me."

Perhaps, when we think twice, we will be more ready to leave a mossy rock or two in our country lawns, instead of rending them all with powder, and carrying them out of

sight. What is so natural to a New England landscape, so fitting, as a great rock, even if it does lift up its head, venerable with millions of years, in the lawn of a millionaire? Which shall we revere? Millions of years or millions of dollars? After all, the life of that man, important as it seems, is not a butterfly flight in duration, compared to the great periods which the stone has witnessed. What would Newport or Bar Harbor or our New England shore, generally, be without the rocks, the sounding-boards and pulpits of the sea? Yes, we shall continue to clear up our meadows and grind the broken stone for drives, or build them into thicker and higher walls around our pastures. The rock and cobblestone are ever at odds with the mowing machine and scythe. But we will continue to honor the rocks, their utility and decorative value, and flank our gateways and drives with all sorts of pillars and cairns and towers. A collection of curious rocks, gathered in one's walks and drives, is always interesting. I, for one, have built me two small pyramids, mounting, step fashion, like the Pyramids of the Nile, and built of a wide variety of native stone. On the top of each I have set a large mass of rose quartz as a fitting capstone of beauty surmounting the stones of humbler use. And I am more than repaid when in some leisure moment of a summer day I can throw myself down on the grass by one of my pyramids, and with half-closed eyes drink in the exquisite beauty of that translucent soft pink, dainty, ethereal, shining against a deep blue sky in June. Of such a lovely contrast, pure and unworldly, shines the snowy summit of Mont Blanc against a rosy dawn.



## THE HAUNTED MIRROR.

*Minna Irving.*

IT hangs upon the parlor wall,  
A mirror quaint and old,  
All cracked and blurred by Father Time,  
And framed in tarnished gold.  
While yet above the colonies  
The cross of England flew,  
And wigs and powder ruled the style,  
This looking-glass was new.

I see within its oval scope  
A spinet's ivory keys;  
Lace ruffles, hangers, velvet coats,  
Brocades and broderies,  
And little feet in silken shoes,  
With buckles jewel-set,  
Go twinkling down the polished floor  
In reel or minuet.

Anon behold the spinet's keys,  
With cobwebs overspread.  
And sworded soldiers of the king  
In uniforms of red.  
Then roaring flames upon the hearth,  
And stern-faced sire and son,  
In spattered buff and tattered blue,  
They wore at Lexington.

They bring the family silver out,  
And melt it down to make  
Fresh bullets in a rusty mold,  
For struggling Freedom's sake.  
The heavy spoons that often stirred  
Their cups of fragrant tea,  
And dish and goblet richly wrought  
In frosted filagree.

Now on the polished surface glints  
The reflex of a tear,  
That dried among the faded flowers  
Upon a soldier's bier.  
Then glowing stripes of red and white  
And stars of glory pass,  
As patriot hands unfurl a flag  
Within the looking-glass.

Gaze in it by the light of day,  
 Familiar things are shown  
 To strange distorted monsters changed,  
 And shapes unearthly grown.  
 For in its memory-haunted depths  
 The sunny world appears  
 Much as it does to human eyes  
 Bedimmed with age and tears.

But when upon the ancient glass  
 The ruddy firelight gleams,  
 As broadly on its silvered sheet  
 The yellow moonlight streams.  
 It dreams again of olden times,  
 And flitting shadows show  
 Once more the scenes that fell to dust  
 A hundred years ago.

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## MERELY A MATTER OF BUSINESS.

*By George McFarlane Galt.*

**T**O the casual observer Mr. James Hetherington would not have been remarkable as a sentimentalist.

He himself would have been highly indignant at any such description and would have referred you to his letter-head, where his name, the simple statement, "Grower of Violets," and the name of a certain small village set forth all that he had considered desirable or necessary to impart to the world at large.

Tall, spare, with a certain nervousness in his movements that was in strange contrast to the air of dreamy abstraction that often took complete control of his face, he was a figure in the community whom no one failed to look at a second time. Given this force of personality and his reticence, it was not to be wondered at that he should furnish a never-failing topic of conversation.

When the weather had been exhausted and the last war proved unavailing, whenever the shortcomings of the Reverend Mr. Fowler or the Reverend Somebody-else, who

chanced to have the spiritual needs of the village in his care at the time, were not sufficient to cause more than a ripple on the surface of the pool of conversation, it was only necessary to mention Mr. James Hetherington and the effect was as instantaneous as when a bit of sodium is dropped into a bowl of water.

The most adequate reason for this never-flagging interest in the "Grower of Violets" is not to be found, as might be imagined, in anything pertaining to the subject which resulted from these discussions. On the contrary, it is to be sought in the fact that the village where he had chosen to fix his residence had never received what it considered to be sufficient explanation of the causes leading up to the arrival of Mr. Hetherington. Consequently, the subject had never gone beyond the speculative stage, and it was constantly broached in the hope that some ray of light might be shed upon it. The inevitable postponement of the solution

only made the search more fascinating, and it is an open question whether a successful explanation would have made of its propounder an object of envy or of pity. And yet, when a stranger asked (as strangers always did ask), after hearing the discussion, why Mr. Hetherington had left the office of a successful law firm in the city to become a grower of violets, village society felt itself individually and collectively convicted of a shameful ignorance when it had to confess that it did not know. It must not be thought that society was unduly inquisitive; it was as though you had been talking at large on the Boer war and how unfair it was, and then had been obliged to admit that you did not know just what they were fighting about.

It is obvious from all this that the lack of information evinced no lack of a proper spirit of investigation or of scientific methods of research. No amateur genealogist ever hunted more earnestly for the missing ancestor who should connect him (or her) with the "famous colonial officer" (of the same name) than society pursued its unfruitful quest. Naturally enough, the trouble was with Mr. James Hetherington. He firmly but persistently refused to be drawn. Briefly, the facts in the case, and all else was speculation, were: that he had come from the city the summer before, that he had bought the fine old Hollins place for cash, and that he had built extensive greenhouses and started to grow violets. Society might have regarded this as the slightly eccentric performance of a retired florist or a wealthy gardener, had it not learned that a carload of furniture had arrived and had been delivered at the Hollins place under the watchful eye of an irreproachable manservant, who immediately took full charge of the household affairs of "the last to recognize the superior advantages of Branchville as a

suburban," etc., etc., as the editor of the *Daily Sentinel* remarked. The manservant was an insurmountable fact that opposed itself to the retired florist idea, and several of the male members of society, after seeing Mr. Hetherington, remembered him as a lawyer and as a member of one or two clubs where his devotion to the library was his most conspicuous trait. His social value being once established, several men proceeded to welcome him to Branchville, being urged to this course in part by a desire to be courteous to a newcomer; and in part by sundry home influences that knew the value of being early on the field with a desirable stranger.

All these advances were received and replied to with a perfect ease, and the men unanimously voted him a nice chap and were for accepting him without delay as one of themselves. The afore-mentioned home influences were equally in favor of him but they wanted more information. Those of the men on whom the most imperious demands were made tried to obtain information by such obvious methods as the discussion of why Branchville was a better place of residence than Beechwood; but after a few attempts Mr. Hetherington's remarkable talent for attending to his affairs was universally acknowledged and generally admired. Thereafter the male population of Branchville confined itself to the work of constructing reasonable hypotheses, and it was rumored that one or two turning worms had even suggested with some asperity that Branchville owed Mr. Hetherington a debt of gratitude for affording it the spectacle of a man who could mind his own business and who allowed others to mind theirs.

This discomfiture was not of a sufficiently serious nature to cause the abandonment of effort; it merely brought about a change of tactics. The enemy was attacked with

cards to teas, where, conversation being prevalent, it was hoped that he might be exposed. He never failed to answer, but it was generally with the same weapon, and his cards, though irreproachable as to form, were of no practical value to an investigator. Branchville grew rather nervous; it was on its mettle. Mr. Hetherington remained calm. The scouts disguised as invitations to various functions brought no information. Flank movements, intended to discover the enemy's source of strength and made in the direction of the city he had left, were of no use. At last Mrs. Tommy Hall, as general in command, decided upon a direct attack. Having ambuscaded Mr. Hetherington at the golf club, she laid aside her usual diplomatic weapons and asked him why he had decided to make Branchville his home. His answer, "That he had thought that the village offered many inducements, in its quiet charm and its pleasant society, to one who wanted just enough occupation to make a life of study attractive," was not considered wholly adequate, and a suspicion of accent upon the auxiliary verb made it seem advisable for the attacking forces to declare for truce.

The strength of Mr. Hetherington's position was so apparent that the truce continued and society contented itself with defending its hypotheses. The younger set, King's Daughters, etc., maintained that it was heart trouble that had sent him away from the city, as he was not old enough—he looked anywhere from thirty to thirty-five—to be free from the danger. They hoped he would pull through. The older set agreed that health was a safe proposition, but experience led them to blame the lungs.

When his greenhouses finally began to yield a bountiful supply of violets all parties united in declaring that an overlooking providence had evidently intended him from

the beginning to grow flowers and that he had probably just found it out. His assistants were almost as enthusiastic as he was, and he spent hours in experiments. The product was shipped to the city, as he declared that he meant to make the experiment pay for itself, and he soon had a contract to supply one or two firms on the avenue with all he could grow. And yet his friends were allowed to have first choice at wholesale rates, and you must see that the violets were superior, for the dealers knew this and did not grumble. He had told them because he thought it unfair to them not to let them know! If you have ever had a particularly beautiful bunch of these sweetest of all flowers, set in a delicately tinted fringe of green and sealed in a dainty box, you may know why Branchville violets enjoy such favor in a certain set.

Aside from the general interest that they might inspire by their perfection, the violets have a special claim on attention, because it is to them that we owe our only information as to why Mr. Hetherington chose Branchville for his abiding place. There is nothing very definite, after all, but I shall set forth all that is known. Following one of the hypotheses already mentioned, I have drawn my own conclusions and others will do the same, probably according to age and temperament.

A little leisure and a greater fondness for flowers strengthened a slight acquaintance with Mr. Hetherington into a considerable intimacy, and I found that my pleasantest stroll was to his greenhouses, where in the little room that he dignified with the name of office we smoked many pipes of tobacco and arrived at many conclusions in regard to things terrestrial which the world has not seen fit to adopt. But then, the tobacco was good for the plants.

Before relating the events of the

particular morning that settled my ideas, I must tell you that when Miss Adams spent a few weeks with her sister, Mrs. Tommy Hall, during last autumn, she had a very large share of the product of Mr. Hetherington's hothouses laid at her dainty feet. An investigator can never afford to overlook any facts, and I assure you that the number of her admirers and slaves was only limited by the number of eligibles on her sister's list. Speaking for the ineligibles, I think that the others were justified.

It is absurd to try to find terms for perfection, and I can no more hope to describe her charm in words than I can hope to make you feel the rare charm and the delicate fragrance of the violets. When you see Branchville violets you will know them by instinct, and when you see Miss Adams you will know her, I am sure. As to mere externals, she was neither tall nor short, and her figure suggested neither the hour-glass nor the distressing effects of a course of dress reform. Her well-poised head gave dignity to her carriage and made her seem taller than she was, an effect that was not diminished by masses of light hair worn high on her head above a broad clear brow, and continually caressing the coquettish bow of ribbon that usually nested in them. Her smile (which was never very far away) disclosed even, white teeth. But all these details are mere unimportant settings to rare jewels, when once you had looked into her eyes. They were blue, deep blue, like that of the violet, with all that velvety softness with which nature makes mock of all human craftsmanship.

As quiet pools mirror the passing aspect of the heavens, so her eyes bespoke her mind, and, if the talk chanced to be a serious one, you would have sworn that their flower counterparts had only borrowed their gentle softness. Then she

would change from grave to gay, and under the sparkling animation of her glance you could not have told for your life which you liked the better, Miss Adams grave or Miss Adams gay; but you would have gone on looking into her eyes. That was a foregone conclusion.

She had been in Branchville two whole weeks and the Hall place rather resembled an annex to a florist's shop, when it occurred to her that she would like to see where they grew. Whether the personality of the grower interested her, I cannot say, for she never gave all her reasons for doing things, but she had undoubtedly heard all the speculations about Hetherington and wished to draw her own conclusions from evidence at first hand. At any rate, McClure, who was the leading eligible, volunteered as escort and assuring her that formality was unnecessary, led her to Hetherington's. They found him in one of the houses, coat off and pipe in mouth, so busily engaged in turning over the earth around some plants that he never heard the opening of the door. As McClure stepped in and called out, "You don't mind our running in on you, I know," he dropped his trowel with a start, and, turning, saw a rare picture. Miss Adams was standing, framed by the low doorway, with the warm October sun glancing from the little tendrils of hair that had escaped from under her hat and bringing out her beautiful coloring that was not less effective by reason of her blue cloth gown. McClure had insisted that her fondness for blue was due to her knowledge that it was the most becoming color.

Hetherington was off his guard. Forgetting to remove his cap from his head or his pipe from his mouth, he plainly stared until McClure's formula of introduction brought him to himself. He covered a momentary confusion by a hasty dive for his coat, and when that had been

put on, no one could have said that he had not been disturbed merely by being caught in his shirt sleeves. With all the enthusiasm of the genuine amateur he explained his methods and modestly received the praises due to his success. And then, as his visitors were about to leave, he led them to a small bed of magnificent double Russian violets, and picking only the best, he begged Miss Adams to accept them as a souvenir, adding, as though forgetful of his surroundings, "They are like her eyes." When they were outside, McClure insisted that he had said, "They are like your eyes." Miss Adams declined the altered version and insisted that her hearing was quite good; whereupon McClure beat a hasty retreat and took up the more easily defended proposition "that if he did not say it, he should have done so."

All of the episode, except McClure's views, being duly reported in several quarters by Mrs. Tommy Hall, was considered to be of vital importance in determining why flowers and a country life had won as against law, and some of those who had been halting between two opinions now came out and openly declared that Mr. Hetherington's lungs were quite sound and that his heart would be all right in time.

But the grower of violets showed no more inclination than he had already done to seek advice as to his physical or mental condition. Miss Adams had to go back to town without a chance to ask whose eyes were so like flowers, and Mrs. Tommy Hall acquired the first automobile in Branchville. Mrs. Tommy is nothing if not thoroughly modern, you know, and to be sure of your lead in these strenuous times you must know how to run an "auto." During "the mild open winter that is one of the chief charms of Branchville" (as you may read in its prospectus), the antics of the automo-

bile eclipsed all other interests, and I confess that I wondered more frequently whom Mrs. Tommy would run down or spill out than why Hetherington had come to Branchville. He was almost an accepted fact.

But an early spring day, that had been made for May and had been slipped into March by some mistake, tempted me out to the hot-houses, where I found their owner sitting before his desk, with his papers scattered on the top, and his frequent air of abstraction on his face. He offered me a chair, pushed over the tobacco jar, and as we talked he straightened his papers. Suddenly a square envelope that had been overlooked caught his eye. Asking me to pardon him, he opened it and read what was written on the paper within. Evidently the contents were brief, but eminently pleasing, for he was about to place it with other letters on the desk when a thought came to him and he read it again and slipped it into his pocket.

There was a smile on his lips as he filled his pipe, and settling himself comfortably in his chair said, "Do you remember a very wise remark that was made some years ago about casting bread upon the waters and getting back nice sugared buns in return?"

I nodded assent.

"Well, the author was right, and here is another proof, right here in this little country greenhouse, that he surely didn't even dream of. You may not know that in my somewhat brief residence in Branchville I have seen the birth, growth and death of more romances than any one in the town. It usually begins with a bunch of flowers, to be sent in time for a dinner or a dance,—'Please don't fail me,' and that sort of thing, you know. Then it's a bunch once in a while to the same address,—'I enclose card and would ask you to see that all charges are paid.'

After that I look for a standing order for the season, and generally I get cards or read of the wedding in the papers, or get a very brief note asking me not to send any more. In some cases matters have gone into the second season and in others the change of name on the address tag has been surprisingly sudden. And, well, they don't interest me much. It is a fascinating study, I assure you, but I didn't mean to deliver a lecture; I was only going to tell you what reward I have as a caster of bread.

"Last fall a man and a girl came out here one day, and I rather imagined that there was a standing order coming to me. I do not mention names from motives of professional delicacy, or at least that is what we used to call it in the law, but you won't mind, I know, and you can guess all you please. These two were so fitted for each other; he was such a clean, manly chap, and she so dainty and so much the lady—I know the word is abused, but I mean it in the good old English sense—that I hoped nothing would hinder. I know when I got my first order I felt as a kid might who had a new toy, and if they had been going to court I couldn't have taken more pains with them.

"In due time the standing order came, and every Sunday saw my best bunch of violets. There was no necessity for sending a card, I was told, 'the flowers spoke for themselves.' I was so interested that it was a painful thing to receive a note one morning that said simply, 'Please discontinue my order for flowers,' with the man's name and 'yours sincerely.' I had grown so much attached to the weekly sending of these flowers that I felt personally aggrieved and laid it on the man's pigheadedness. You see, her kind doesn't play with a chap, neither would she calmly give up her independence. The man I knew to be proud and a little stubborn,

but I thought that the quarrel would not last long."

"Then you knew her before?"

"No, but she was"—and then he changed as he was about to give me some information, and went on, "I mean that I am quick to make up my mind about people's characters, and that is what I made of these two. Remains of former interest in complex legal research and the analytical mind. A week went by and no order; then another, and I grew uneasy; a third dragged along, and I threw myself in the man's way every day. I wanted to help him out, for I could see that he was not having a good time. No perfectly happy man ever has that care-worn look before ten in the morning. He is not the sort to go to pieces, as you would agree if I told you his name, but he would feel that sort of thing through and through. I wanted to help him, but you can't refer to that sort of thing, you know."

"One night, after thinking of them, a happy thought struck me. It was Friday and the next day would be the fourth Saturday on which no violets had been sent. There was some sentiment connected with the day I suppose, and I concluded to cut into the game and send the violets myself. There was no card needed, and if she had gotten over the first soreness of the estrangement, she would take it as a sign that he wasn't altogether happy, and would at least write and thank him for the flowers. Then he was just the man to see the point and grab his opportunity. On the other hand, if she had thrown him over for good and all, there would be no harm done. He would know nothing, and in the absence of a card there would be no positive evidence that he had done it."

"I was very well pleased with myself in the rôle of *deus ex machina*, and I think my hothouses have a right to be proud of the bunch of

violets that went to town next morning. After they had gone a thousand things occurred to me. Perhaps she was out of town, or perhaps the express people wouldn't deliver them promptly, etc., etc., and by Tuesday I couldn't stand it any longer, and I went to town to hang around his office in the hope of seeing him. I walked up and down for some time, and was about sure that I was all kinds of a fool for mixing up in other people's affairs, when I felt myself gripped on the shoulder and whirled around, and my man, with all the careworn look wiped out of his eyes, was saying, 'I'm mighty glad to see you. I was just going to drop you a line to ask you to renew that order for violets. Same address, same everything as before, and many thanks.' That was all he said, but the look he gave me and the grip of his hand would have made a good sized volume if put in print.

"Naturally I went home with a fine appreciation of myself, and I haven't lowered my estimate of my personal worth since I got the note you saw me reading just after you came in."

He put his hand in his pocket and pulling out the square envelope

tossed it to me. There were no marks on it save the stamp of the sub-station in the city, and on the sheet of plain paper that was enclosed was this sentence:

"I know her eyes would beam approval if she knew what a good deed you have done with your violets."

As he knew nothing about my acquaintance with Miss Adams's handwriting, I saw no necessity for enlightening him, nor did I tell him that I had information that made me rather certain about "her eyes." My interpretation might have surprised him and would have done no good anyway. I took refuge in a reference to his sugar bun and some inane remark about the desirability of a satisfied conscience, and the pause might have been a little awkward had Hetherington not broken the silence with a laugh: "My dear fellow, you miss the main point of the whole thing. I have my standing order renewed, and as the season is almost over I positively can't afford to lose any orders."

And that is why I say to the casual observer Mr. James Hetherington would not have been remarkable as a sentimentalist.

## AN AUGUST NOON.

*By Charles Hanson Towne.*

HAS the year paused? Stiller than sleep or death  
The wide world seems beneath the torrid sun.  
Weary, the racing year must take one breath,  
Before his journey is once more begun.

Hush! now the hot wind waves the drooping grain,  
And far across parched meadow land and lea  
I hear the whisper of approaching rain—  
Faint ripple on time's everlasting sea.

## THE HILL TOWN PROBLEM.

*By Edward Asahel Wright.*

**O**F a published list, issued by the state, of 711 neglected farms in Massachusetts over 300 have been sold and over 200 withdrawn at the request of the owners, with the result of reducing to 136 the number of such farms on the descriptive list still offered for sale. The withdrawals indicate advancing prices or improving conditions in some other direction. Had this occurred in some other than the conservative Bay State it would have been heralded as a most flattering boom in farm lands. The sale of these low-priced properties continues in this state with a constantly increasing demand.

A superfluity of unjust adjective and a paucity of discerning enterprise have perhaps more to do than anything else just now in retarding the improvement of New England hill towns. "Abandoned" is a most unfortunate and in the main untruthful term to apply to farms that for various reasons may not be in a good state of cultivation. Let us be more justly accurate and call them neglected farms. Much interest is being manifested in those of Massachusetts, not only by people within the state but also by many who would gladly be there. This interest can be turned to very profitable account alike to the individual, the town, and the state if properly encouraged. The general public has had very limited knowledge of these properties. For the purpose of forming an idea of the character of neglected or low-priced farms in different parts of Massachusetts the counties of Middlesex, Worcester and Berkshire may be taken as representative localities of eastern, central and western Massachusetts respectively. Among the farms that

have been publicly offered for sale as bargains within the past two or three years in these counties almost every variety possible to them has been represented. The number has not been so great as may have been supposed. The prices asked have been as varied as the character of the places, ranging from \$2.50 to \$100 per acre, including buildings.

The lowest priced farm in Middlesex county that the writer has recently learned of was situated a half-hour's drive from a railroad station and a ten minutes' drive from the post office. It included about 100 acres of pasture, a little less of woodland, and over 50 acres suitable for cultivation and hay; all told a little less than 260 acres. The fields were smooth enough for the advantageous use of a machine in mowing. Among the food producing trees on the place were four or five dozen apple trees, a few other fruit trees and sugar maples enough to warrant attention. The farmhouse was a large one of twelve rooms and in fairly good repair, as was the barn. There was running water and a well. The price was \$12 per acre including buildings, five-sixths of the price to remain on mortgage at five per cent. In other words the purchaser would have needed to pay in cash only about \$500 to have taken possession.

In Worcester county a farm of a little over 100 acres, considered especially desirable for raising poultry and vegetables and for establishing a trout pond, as a good trout stream ran through it, has been offered for sale within the past year for less than \$5.50 per acre, including a small house and barn in respectable condition supplied with well and spring water. It would have required per-

haps \$300 in cash and a mortgage of about the same amount to have secured the property. About one-fifth of the land was suitable for cultivation, the rest of it being pasture and woodland, nearly equally divided. This farm was about the same distance from the nearest railroad station and post office as the one mentioned above.

In settling an estate in southern Berkshire a farm has been recently offered for sale for \$2.50 per acre with buildings; the house, a small affair of four rooms, being of little value; the two barns serviceable. The house and one of the barns had a good supply of spring water. This property contained less than twenty-five acres of land suitable for cultivation and over 250 acres of woodland and pasture. It was thus perhaps best adapted to grazing and forestry; which latter, by the way, is receiving far too little attention among New England farmers. The nearest railroad station in this case was over ten miles away, which accounts in part for the exceedingly low price asked.

In the same locality, though half the distance from a railroad station, a dairy and stock farm, having better buildings and in some other respects being more desirable, was regarded as a great bargain at \$15 per acre. In an adjoining town another bargain in dairy and stock farms has been offered within the past year at \$60 per acre. This property was nearly ten miles from a railroad station.

So it would seem that the price of farms in Massachusetts is not so universally regulated by distance from the railroad as may have been supposed.

Two years ago the writer was surprised at the large number of inquiries shown him by a real estate man in New York who had inserted in a daily paper in that city a very small advertisement of low-priced farms in New England. The inquiries came

liberally from the Middle and Western States. They seemed to be chiefly from thrifty mechanics and salaried men, who had saved up enough money to purchase a small home and who were desirous of living in New England. Some were from farmers who wished to return East. One wrote that he had been successful on his western farm and had made money enough to buy another; but he wanted to live "among civilized people again." Several inquiries were from men who wanted to make a specialty of raising poultry and vegetables. As a rule the largest call was for small farms of about fifty acres.

The interest manifested in the neglected farms of New England by such buyers is strongly corroborated by the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture. Secretary Stockwell, of that board, issued in September last the eighth edition of his catalogue of farms in Massachusetts that are for sale at a price low in proportion to cost of buildings and productive capacity. The demand for copies of the catalogue is constant and increasing; and this without any special effort to make it generally known that it is obtainable without cost. Memoranda, giving authentic information as to the localities from which the inquiries come show that by far the larger part naturally are from residents of Massachusetts, especially from Boston people who call at the State House to make personal inquiry. But many inquiries come by mail from New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Illinois, and not a few from Canada. One even from Great Britain, requesting a vast amount of detailed information that certainly suggested business. Of sixteen inquiries received October 8, for instance, one-half came from Illinois. During the first six weeks following the appearance of one edition of the catalogue 1,018 requests for it were received by mail. The help which

newspapers can be and are in this work is illustrated by the marked increase in the number of inquiries for the catalogue immediately following some newspaper allusion to it. To a short paragraph in a New York paper are attributed twenty-six immediate requests for the catalogue, of which eleven were from New York and three from New Jersey. A Boston newspaper is believed to be responsible for forty-eight applications received during the first three days of the week following its reference to the catalogue.

This catalogue is of course very incomplete, in the sense that it does not by any means include all the farm bargains in the state, for no personal canvass has been made for information. The farms listed and the facts concerning them are simply such as city and town assessors and the owners have been inclined to give voluntarily. But the handling of the subject matter thus obtained has been admirable and in this respect the catalogue is all that could be desired. Of the farms previously listed in this way 309 have been reported sold, while probably a large additional number have been sold that have not been reported, as they have been withdrawn from the catalogue. The average price of the 136 farms in the latest list is \$1,720.62. The average acreage is 135.36, which makes the average price per acre, including buildings, \$12.71.

The causes for the farms being offered for sale are stated in 117 of the 136 cases. Old age, failing health and inability to work are by far the most common, considerably more than one third of the owners giving these reasons. Nearly another third say that they have other farms or other business. About a score give the laconic and variously to be interpreted reason of "no use for it." Eight are settling estates. From these figures it would appear that the inevitable physical decay of man has much more to do with the

situation than any loss in productivity of the land itself.

Here is a description of a farm taken from the catalogue, which will give a fair idea of the character of these neglected properties, though this is an exceptionally low-priced one. It also illustrates the form adopted by the state officials for giving the information to the public. Unless otherwise indicated in the catalogue this information is certified to as being correct by the owners, who also agree to sell at any time within a year for the price and on the terms named, unless previously disposed of. The names and addresses are given in full.

"Farm of 100 acres; mowing, 50; pasture, 40; woodland, 70; suitable for cultivation, 50. House is in fair condition, with two-story L, the upper story of which is used as a tool-house. Barn large and in need of repairs. New horse barn, with cellar. Well water. Woodland mostly hard wood. Farm slopes to the southeast and the land is very early. Is a good grass farm. Reason for wishing to sell, cannot look after it. Post office, —, 2 miles; railroad station, —, 5 miles. Price, \$1,000; \$500 down and \$50 a year with interest. Would take interest in form of produce."

Now, lack of discernment and enterprise is surely evident somewhere in a case like this. The writer is familiar with the general locality. It is adjoining one of the most prosperous manufacturing towns in the western part of the state and near a bustling small city; which city is constantly buying from outside the state many of the articles that should be produced on such a farm. The same dulness, accompanied too frequently by a wasteful expenditure of muscle, is very much in evidence all through the regions of neglected farms in New England. It is also accompanied too often by lamentations over the disadvantages of location as compared with that of west-

ern competitors, to meet whom no special or intelligently persistent effort is made. When cities and important manufacturing towns of New England are known to be importing, often from other states, farm products that should be raised near and in some cases within their own town limits, neglected opportunity is proven. The demand for farm and forest products as a rule is not spasmodic; it is continuous and has been growing for years. As a timely instance, why should wood for fuel be imported from Nova Scotia and sold for twelve dollars a cord in Boston, while within one hundred miles it is hardly thought worth the cutting?

This illustration from the realm of forestry has its counterpart, not so conspicuous perhaps, in field, garden, dairy and poultry products. The thirty-three cities of Massachusetts, with their aggregate population of nearly two millions, and the fifty-two towns with a population each of 5,000 and over, have within comparatively easy reach and within the limits of the state something over 45,000 farms that should be their natural and abundant source of supply for many articles which are now imported from remote localities. In many cases these imported products are raised in places which have railroad facilities far inferior to those of the Massachusetts farms and on lands that are worked under greater disadvantages and with greater climatic risks.

"I would not change places with the best paying position in Boston," writes a man, who a few years ago gave up a good situation in that city on account of poor health to go out into the woods and buy a little place, only sixteen acres, one of Massachusetts's neglected farms. Upon his own confession he didn't know what a plough was, much less how to use one, when he made the purchase. He had barely money enough to pay for the farm and he

worked out, by the day, some of the time. He says he now owns his farm, two horses, two cows and about \$200 worth of improved tools, and that his land is increasing in value all the time while it gives promise of larger profit in the near future from small and large fruits.

A lady, who purchased one of these farms simply as an investment, says she made improvements upon it and rented it, and when, later, she sold it to a Swede as a poultry farm for the same price she had paid for it, she had made an income of several hundred dollars from it during the three years of her ownership. A purchaser of two neglected farms estimates that one has paid him fifteen per cent on the investment and that the other will pay twenty per cent. Another says his farm of the same class has doubled in value during the seven years he has owned it. He expresses the opinion that any young or middle-aged man who is careful in selecting a neglected farm in Massachusetts can surely make a success of the venture, if he has push and energy enough to stick to his work.

Letters to state officials bear strong witness to the self-evident but too often overlooked truth that the improvement of the farm means the most substantial enrichment of the state. One writer, after expressing much satisfaction with his purchase, says, "I know it would be a great benefit to this town if every farm was occupied, and what benefits a town benefits a county and must benefit the state." A man who bought five neglected farms gives a very practical and forcible clinching of the above when he says that the aggregate property purchased by him five years ago is now assessed for five times more than it was when he bought it.

With such evidence, and much more that could be cited, of possibilities for the individual and for the Commonwealth in the neglected

farms of Massachusetts, it would seem that the state could make no better investment than in the most liberal encouragement of the occupancy and enterprising cultivation of the hill town lands. The establishment of a complete bureau of information concerning available lands, with headquarters in the state department of agriculture and branches at every county seat, could do more for the solid betterment of the hill towns financially and socially than all ethical and æsthetical theorizing combined. Let the individual having neglected lands to sell keep a full description of them in the local town clerk's office; let

the town clerk send a condensed description to the county clerk; let the county clerk send a synopsis to such a bureau as proposed at the capital, and a useful channel would be established through which the state officials and the inquiring public would be in convenient and authentic touch with all such properties throughout the state. This could be done at small expense. Then let it be publicly and systematically advertised that information of this reliable character could be obtained without expense and we should soon see many thousands, of a class who make desirable citizens, seeking farms and homes in New England.

### A PRAYER.

*By Marion Hill.*

THE mind, within its deep shrines of regret,  
Mourns still the words we longed to speak, and could not;  
Lord, save our hearts from bitterer memories yet,—  
The words that we had power to speak, and would not.

## LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG and its Wooded Shores

BY ISABEL C. BARROWS.

WHEN Lafayette was in this country, in 1825, he was invited to Vermont and escorted through that beautiful state by a few public-spirited citizens. The pretty town of Windsor, lying on the high banks of the Connecticut, near the foot of Ascutney, was honored by his presence and from there the party

struck northward and westerly, going to Burlington and Champlain. Memphremagog, with its shining waters and picturesque hills, saw nothing of the noble Frenchman. Why? Because Champlain is rich in historical, political and legendary associations, while her sister lake has little to offer the traveller save the simple beauties

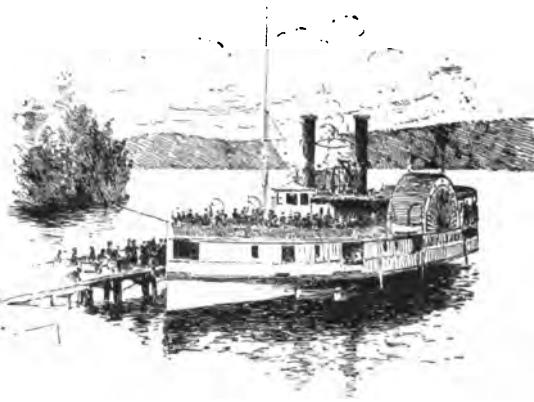
of nature and the homely story of her early settlers. For the same reason the shores of Lake George and Champlain are crowded with homes and villages while the Canadian lake in its entire stretch of thirty miles has not a village on the west side, and but one, with less than fifty houses, on the eastern shore. Yet those who know it best will, on account of its surpassing beauty, rightly demand a place for it in a series of articles embracing the most beautiful lake regions of New England.

Lying mostly in Canada, Vermont may yet claim a large share of Memphremagog, since it is fed by three of her small streams, hardly large enough to be called rivers, the Clyde, the Black and the Barton. The last had a sudden augmentation in its flow many years since by the contents of Runaway Pond. This pond at the beginning of the century lay on the uplands of Glover and Greensborough and was one of the sources of the Lamoille River. In 1810 an attempt was made to turn the waters into the Barton River, when it broke its bounds, forced its way through unsuspected quicksands and in a rushing wall of water some sixty feet high tore along the bed of the river and in six hours, carrying everything before it, entered the Memphremagog, nearly thirty miles away.

The tidy and enterprising village of Newport sits at the head of the lake and twice a day dispatches a steamer for Georgeville on the east and Magog at the north. The Appalachian range tapers off into the St. Lawrence levels on the western banks, in a string of hills known formerly as Notre Dame Range, the chief jewels of which are Owl's Head, Elephants and Orford, modest peaks which give delight in the ascent and fine views from the summit.

Many islands are scattered about the lake, only one or two of which have yet been beautified by the hand of man. The rest are in virgin solitude.

Like the adjacent country in New England and Canada, the Memphremagog region once echoed with the war whoops of Indians, or saw the aborigines engaged in peaceful occupations. Here the tribe of Algonquins was known under various names, Wabanaki, or Abenaki, or sometimes simply as the St. Francis Indians, their largest village being on the St. Francis River, which eventually receives the waters of Memphremagog, after they have rushed through the noisy little outlet at Magog. There are few traces of Indian villages in the region south of the lake. Like Armenia, poor Ver-



"THE LADY OF THE LAKE."

mont for hundreds of years was the battle ground of many nations. This was the territory on which were fought the battles of contending tribes of Indians, and later of whites with Indians and whites with each other. Such a condition of things prevented the setting up of permanent villages or the extensive cultivation of land, though here and there were maize fields. In the early days, however, there was plenty of game and the life of the hunter was probably more attractive than the work of tilling the soil. The shores of Memphremagog are hilly and still densely wooded, except here and there where farms have crept down the irregular slopes to the water's edge. The exciting events of the early history of this country took

place to the west or north of Memphremagog, and the lake and its quiet forests were an isolated zone of peace in those troubrous times. Few allusions are made to the lake by any of the early historians of either Canada or Vermont and little in the way of legend has come down by word of mouth. Once in a while a St. Francis Indian appears upon the shores with baskets to sell, who claims descent from the old warriors of the Abenakis, though he has more French than Indian blood in his veins, but with his adoption of the Roman Catholic religion his own faith in Glooskap has faded away.

Glooskap was the Algonquin deity, or the chief among them, though Malsum, the Wolf, seems to have claimed almost equal power. According to Charles G. Leland, who has made a study of these old beliefs, Glooskap and Malsum were twins, born of the first created being, who was a woman. Glooskap was born first. His brother, who made his appearance immediately after, intentionally killed the mother in the act of birth. From the different members of his mother's body, Glooskap created all the animals, fishes and man. With the remaining parts Malsum made reptiles, dark valleys, jagged hills and other undesirable things. Every hill and rock and tree, as well as every animal, was supposed to be instinct with life and obedient to the commands of deity. The meaning of Glooskap, Liar, is not very complimentary. He was so called because he promised to return and never did, but the legends show an amiable side to his nature and that in some ways he was benevolent. One story tells how three men came to him, each with a wish, for he was capable of granting any desire. The first one wanted to be taller than his fellows; although he was already a tall Indian. In order to appear tall he put moss in his moccasins and wore his hair high, with a wild turkey's feather sticking from the top.

The second one—probably some Indian who had been constantly driven from his home—prayed that he might always stay in one place; and the third begged to be allowed to live longer than any man. Glooskap changed the first into a coos, or pine tree, easily the tallest in that northern forest, and the turkey feather may be seen still waving at its top. The second and third he turned into cedars, which are still living stately and venerable on the shores of Memphremagog, where are most beautiful specimens of what is known as "Canadian white cedar," though it is not a true cedar at all, but the common "arbor vitæ;" not of hedge size there, but noble trees of the forest. All sorts of animals—bears, panthers, beavers and squirrels among them—ran on Glooskap's errands, and two wolves he rode as steeds. These animals, therefore, were among the heraldic signs of the Abenakis. Birds, too, turtledoves and robins, were his messengers, but it was the loon which was his chosen bringer of news from all the world. At last he made a great feast on the border of a lake—of course it must have been Memphremagog—to which he invited all the animals, and when they were assembled he floated away from their sight in his bark canoe. There was mourning among the living creatures, and to this day, from the depths of the cedars, one hears the owl utter his one Indian word "koo-koo-skoos," "I am sorry," and at early dawn and about sunset one may still see the lonely loon upon the lake searching and calling for Glooskap.

It was said that Glooskap could make everything obey him, with one exception. He once went to a wigwam where he saw a baby sitting on a mat sucking a bit of maple sugar,—just such sugar as is made every spring on the hillsides of the lake. He smiled at the child and beckoned it to him. The baby smiled in return but did not heed the summons. Then he scolded and frowned



LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG FROM NEWPORT.

and ordered it to crawl to him, but the baby, though frightened, kept on sucking its bit of maple sugar. "Oh," said an old woman, "even the master of the earth cannot make Wasis, the baby, obey." And the baby said "goo-goo" in triumph and ever since all babies say goo-goo because the mightiest must yield to them.

The Memphremagog forests abound in birch trees, which were even more numerous before the spool-makers went through the woods and hewed down the finest for their trade. Where birch trees are found the partridge feeds, for nothing suits him better than the tender spicy buds, and as the Indian was the canoe-maker for his race so the partridge made birchbark canoes for the birds. And when you hear a partridge drumming on a hollow log you cannot to this hour tell whether it is an Indian pounding his canoe or the partridge fashioning his. Neither, if you hear an Indian at work, can you tell whether it is really a man, or only the pheasant drumming on his log.

Glooskap is no longer worshipped in the leafy temples of Memphremagog and the Indian has fared on,

"Where now, as he weaves his basket gay  
And paddles his birch canoe away,  
He dreams of the happy time for men  
When Glooskap shall come to his tribe  
again."

The passing of the Indians was by no peaceful way. They had always been ready to meet violence with violence, as undoubtedly they had met kindness with kindness. When John Stark, afterward known as the "hero of Bennington," was carried away captive by the St. Francis Indians, in 1751, they took him by the way of Memphremagog to their village where for four months he was held a prisoner, and he testifies that he "experienced more genuine kindness from the savages of St. Francis than he ever knew prisoners of war to receive from any civilized nation."

"I have planted maize in my field every June for seventeen years," said Emerson, "and I have never had it come up strychnine. . . . I believe that justice produces justice and injustice injustice."

Who can doubt that if the Indians had always been treated with kindness and justice, the fruits of such righteousness would have been reaped by the settlers and their descendants?



NEWPORT, VERMONT.

There is more than one instance where white captives among the Canadian Indians were saved through the kindness of Indian women. Catlin, who spent so many years right in the heart of Indian tribe life, among many different tribes in various parts of the country, says, "I have met with so many acts of kindness and hospitality at the hands of the poor Indian, that I feel bound, when I can do it, to render what excuse I can for a people who are dying with broken hearts and never can speak in the civilized world in their own defence." A still greater authority than Catlin, Columbus, in writing to Ferdinand and Isabella, said of the Indian races that he found in the New World, "I swear to your majesties that there is not a better people in the world than these; more affectionate, affable, or mild. They love their neighbors as themselves and they always speak smilingly." Yet to such a degree of anger and cruelty had the Indians of New England and Lower Canada been brought by injustice and cruelty and to such a fierce desire for vengeance,

that a bounty was offered for their scalps and men hunted the poor Indian as they did wild animals, from Massachusetts to the shores of Memphremagog. It was against these tribes that Major Rogers with his two hundred New Hampshire rangers was sent that he might wipe them out of existence. Maddened by the fact that his wife had been scalped, Major Rogers was as filled with desire for revenge as was ever any Indian, and his familiarity with savage ways and habits gave him an easy victory over his foes. Many of the braves were away on a hunting expedition, the rest were sleeping after a night of feasting and dancing. He fell upon them in the darkness of the night and ruthlessly put to death men, women and children. When the morning dawned and they saw the scalps of friends and kindred stretched over hoops and swinging from poles, their anger was yet more inflamed and they added pillage to the horrors of the scene, plundering the Roman Catholic church and taking with them whatever they could

carry off. The destruction wrought was complete, but the absent braves were yet to be reckoned with, and Rogers and his men divided into three groups the better to escape them and to find their homeward way as best they could in smaller bands. Major Rogers and his followers returned by the way of Memphremagog, the Passumpsic, and the Connecticut, but few of them lived to see their homes after the perils and hardships of the trip.

The occasional settlements to be found in what is now Vermont did not grow with much rapidity and no villages or forts went beyond Coos for many years. Civilization followed rather what was known as "The Indian Road," that is the way by canoe and portage up the Connecticut and its tributaries, across to the streams emptying into Champlain. The people, however, who had the courage and hardihood to venture forth into this wilderness were men and women of

force and character, as well as independent spirit. They did not much fancy being bandied back and forth between New York and New Hampshire when the lovely region lying between Champlain and the Connecticut was large enough and fair enough to join the sisterhood of states. So in 1777 they proclaimed themselves an independent state. They afterwards paid New York \$30,000 to be clear of her claims and on February 18, 1791, by tardy act of Congress,

Vermont was admitted to the Union as a younger but very fair little sister, the first to join the united family. For a few months after declaring her independence Vermont was known as New Connecticut, a fact that explains a good many things. If, in wandering about the Canadian hills that hem in the lake, one comes across a little cabin, with some old man living there, he is not so surprised to learn that the man's father came from the Nutmeg State if he remembers that Ver-



THE ROAD TO "OWL'S HEAD."

mont was once "New Connecticut" and that scores of settlers found their way from Long Island Sound up the river, across the border, and into Canadian territory. Connecticut names may be traced the whole way, though the present generation knows almost nothing of its forebears of a hundred years ago. Even the unwritten "blue laws" of Connecticut acquired much force in Vermont and there was a stiffness about "keeping Saturday night," as well as all day

Sunday, that was found nowhere else outside of Connecticut. A few Dutch straggled up from New York into Canada, whose descendants may still be found, but they rarely came as far east as Memphremagog. The loyalists that retreated to Canada went rather to Montreal than into the Eastern Townships and so the real Simon-pure Yankees were the first white possessors of the soil. Here they were said to out-Yankee the Yankees, for the hardships of frontier life developed every bit of skill of hand or wit of brain that any man possessed.

The first white settlers on the shores of Memphremagog landed

and there, shielded by the cedars which fringed the point, they spent their first night. The spot has ever since been known as "Bedroom Point." The little village of Georgeville, so named in honor of the reigning king, was slowly formed, acquiring what importance it has ever attained as the point of departure of the ferry for the opposite side of the lake and in after years as the wharf where the steamer should daily make its landings.

The hardships of the early settlers are still recounted by old men who were born in those primitive days. The utter absence of roads was the first obstacle. Up to 1810 there were very few turnpikes in Vermont, and after the line was crossed near Memphremagog, progress was made by cutting down the trees in the path and hauling household effects on sledges, even when there was no snow. Wheeled vehicles would have been upset at the first stump. The houses were built of logs, chinked with

moss and clay, excellent clay being found in all that country, and shingled with strips of wood fastened on with wooden pegs. The first bed was a "catamount," four sticks driven into the clay floor, cedar poles laced on with thongs, and over this a layer of poles and skins, perhaps a sack of dry leaves or grass. The table was as simple in construction, and the seats were made by having the lowest logs so large that they projected into the room and made long settees. Bits of stumps sawed off the right height were also used for stools. Much of the cooking was done outdoors in gypsy kettles and in winter in the stone fireplace. Game abounded, and as fast as the little clearings were



there about 104 years ago. They had come up from Connecticut, following the valleys till they reached the lake. They made the mistake of following the western shore, which is much hillier than the opposite, but they courageously skirted Owl's Head, whose stony cliffs towered more than two thousand feet directly over the water. But when they reached a long arm of the lake, now known as Sargent's Bay, they were too tired to go farther. They stopped to hew down trees, build a raft, and so floated across the water to a picturesque point on which there seemed to be a clearing. Night was coming on. Tired and homesick, they spread their straw ticks on the hard ground,



A DESERTED HOME BY THE LAKE.

made corn, beans, potatoes and oats were planted in the forest mould among the stumps, and tiny crops were raised. A few cows were brought in, but the poor things had to share the hard fortunes of the pioneers. To have been a pioneer cow brought no special glory to the bovine race, for there are few left of that hardy breed to tell the story of their ancestors. The bony, scrawny old red variety that could winter the Canadian storms with almost no shelter and live by browsing on twigs chopped from the branches of trees, with now and then a bite from the garnered grass of the beaver meadows, has been replaced by the fat and sleek Jersey or the dignified Holstein, and the pioneer cow is only a memory.

These beaver meadows were interesting bits of ground. On the rapid mountain streams there was many a colony of beavers. To build their dams they had to denude bits of land, and as soon as the light and sunshine streamed into these openings in the

forest the roots of the grass came creeping like magic, and nothing gave a settler greater joy than to find an upland beaver meadow, where he could pasture his lone cow in summer, or perhaps make a little hay to be saved for a winter supply. Here too gardens were made so that vegetables could be raised at once without the delay occasioned by clearing the land. There was also the advantage of having it flooded every year when the water set back from the beaver dams, as this not only enriched the soil but helped to keep the trees from springing up again by drowning their first feeble efforts at growth.

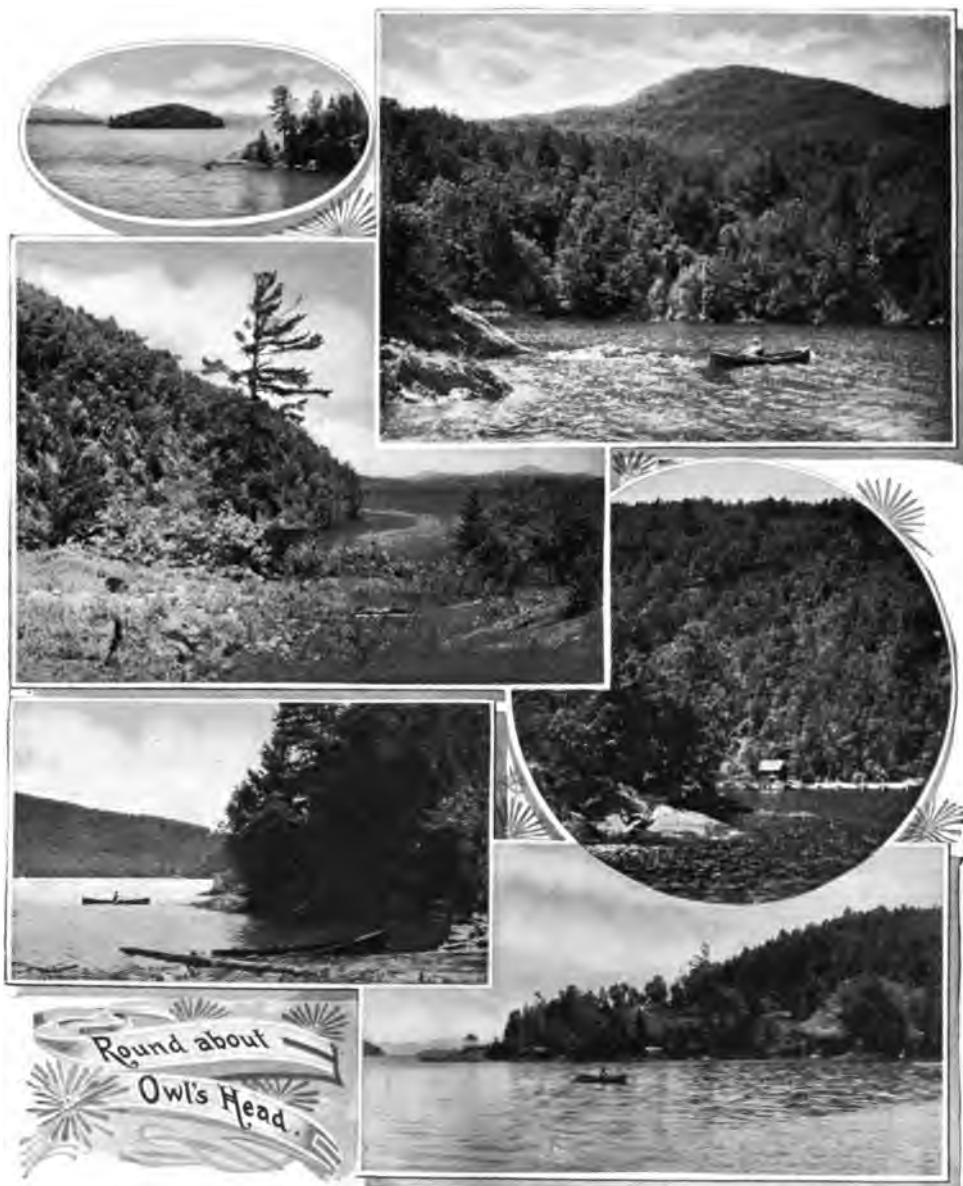
Markets were far away, and though they had been near these first settlers had little to carry to them, yet some things they had. Nature helped them. They burned down the great trees and made potash, "black salts," as they called it, and weary journeys they made to Montreal, or Three Rivers, disposing of potash and pelts and bringing back necessary supplies. Though they might raise a little

grain they had to carry it many miles to have it ground. Bread was so costly that early in the century a man would receive one loaf in payment for a day's work. Where there were no mills within reach the wheat or barley was ground at home between rough stones, or it was pounded in a plumping mill, which was a log set deep in the ground, with a hollow burned out at the upper end. The pounding was done with a pestle attached to a spring-pole, which made easier the effort of raising the heavy instrument. Stone mortars and pestles, such as the Indians use, were also common, especially for maize. Corn was also prepared for food by boiling it with a bag of hard-wood ashes, to soften and "hull" it. With this was eaten maple syrup, made from the trees about the home. As Booker Washington recalls with pleasure as the greatest luxury of his childhood, molasses and corn bread, so the old settler looks back upon hulled corn and "maple honey" as a feast fit for the gods. The making of maple syrup was a great industry and in the forties no state except Louisiana made so much sugar as Vermont. It averaged seventeen and three-quarters pounds to the inhabitant and was worth five cents a pound. During the Civil War great quantities of maple sugar were made in Vermont and Canada, but after the price of cane sugar came down to five cents there was much less market for it. It fluctuates now; some years the farmers make a great amount and sell it for seven and eight cents a pound, and then, discouraged by the competition with beet and cane sugar, give up any attempt to add to their income by the hard labor of feeding the fires and boiling down the sap. Nature too is variable: some years she is generous and then for a year or two she is very chary with her favors and either turns the sap into leaves so fast that it does not make good sugar, or so weights it with earthy products that there is little

sweetness in it. But the dwellers on the lake have a sweet tooth and they will probably always make sugar for their own consumption, as they raise bees for honey, than which is none better in the world. "White man's foot," as the Indians call the white clover, which follows the track of civilization in the East, as sunflowers do in the West, flourishes at its best on the hills about Memphremagog, and the blossoms fill the air with their delicate breath and the hives with honey far beyond the famed Hymettus.

Another lover of the clover is the sheep. He, too, may be considered a pioneer animal. Merinos were first brought over in 1802, when they were of great value, a ram costing from three hundred and fifty to more than five hundred dollars. They soon were brought in large numbers into New England, from Portugal and Spain, and from the hillsides of Vermont they found their way, little by little, across the line legitimately; not as in 1812, when animals were driven back and forth without much regard to ownership during the fighting days that made border life uncomfortable and too much like that of England and Scotland in former times. It must be said, however, to the credit of the inhabitants of both sides of the line, that by a friendly compact they usually kept the peace with each other, no matter how much their respective governments warred.

There were other cares, besides the work of looking after their food, connected with the raising of cows and sheep. As domestic animals increased wolves and bears came also. Tender lamb and veal were to them likewise a new luxury, and since a kindly fate had brought these tidbits within their reach they made haste to stretch out their paws and take them. A wolf sometimes killed twenty sheep in a night, as though in wanton delight at taking life. Many tales like this are still current on the mountain. A mulatto, the only col-



ored man in the neighborhood, lived at the foot of Owl's Head, and during the War of 1812 had made a clearing part way up, which was a good place for grazing sheep. About a hundred of them were put to pasture there when the bears came down from the mountain and killed a great many and frightened the rest out of reach. The

owner advertised to give half of all that could be recovered to the finder. An honest man by the name of Chauncy Morris conceived the idea of getting to the top of the mountain if possible, and hunting them from above downwards. On his way he came upon a bear leisurely eating one that it had killed. At the very summit



SKINNER'S ISLAND AND OWL'S HEAD.

he discovered the scattered flock, glad to come at his call and follow him to safety. For his two companions and himself he took a sheep and a lamb each and returned all the rest of the flock to the owner, who gratefully lost little time in removing his precious flock to a place of greater safety. Bears can no longer be said to abound, but there is rarely a winter when one is not encountered in some of the woods near the lake. Deer are frequently seen and one was drowned at Bedroom Point, a spring or so ago, probably driven into the water by some dog. The interesting beaver is no longer to be found, but squirrels are numerous and friendly. Raccoons and wood-chucks are as tempting to dogs as they ever were, and the birds of the air and the fishes in the lake still allure hunter and fisher, save here and there where shooting is forbidden and the wild things are allowed to live their pleasant lives in peace and die a natural death. An aged baldheaded eagle has his eyrie on one of the mountains and every year is seen circling high in the heavens and looking down at the fair landscape. He has seen few changes in his long life. The woods and waters look almost as they did a century ago and the abodes of men have hardly increased in the last thirty years. They no longer build houses

with the second story projecting over the first, nor are palisades erected about the dwellings, but the log cabin is still to be found. Away from the lake it is the home of some poor man who has not yet acquired the wherewithal to build a frame house. On the shore it is usually the summer home of some city resident who finds this rude style of architecture in keeping with the simplicity of out-of-door life. The tepee of the Indian has been transformed into the tent of civilization and many dot the shores through July and August.



THE ENTRANCE TO SKINNER'S CAVE.

There are still canoes of cedar, not birch bark, upon the waters, but there are also noisy, puffing little launches, in addition to the dignified *Lady of the Lake*, which boasts her Scotch birth, having been built upon the Clyde and transported in sections to this inland lake during the time when Sir Hugh Allan had his summer residence here. There is more variable fashion perhaps than in the days when the women spun and wove their garments of linen or wool, but even then they took pride in making a good personal appearance; at least the women did, though it is said of the men that they avoided wearing

beauty for the few who come thither in spite of all obstacles.

The character of the people is unchanged. There are no French up and down the lake; an Irish family would be almost a curiosity, and the names of a century ago are still heard. But at the two ends it is different. Magog is chiefly French and the Irish have reached Newport in large numbers. One has only to read the names of those who sleep in the bleak burying grounds to see how the living and the dead are linked together; perhaps one should say the family names, for the given names have changed. In the present day



MOUNT ELEPHANTUS.

anything that seemed new. After the making of beaver hats had been taught by Huguenot refugees and this luxury was to be acquired without importation, it is related of one man that he never enjoyed wearing a new beaver hat till it looked "as if it had lain in the barnyard two or three nights." Fashion, however, has crept in with slow steps, restrained in part by the fact that the lake has never been made easily accessible from Boston, New York or Montreal. Indeed one would think, from consulting the time-tables, that boats and railroads had leagued together to keep people away, that this unspoiled bit of nature might keep its sylvan

one would not easily find a family consisting of father, mother and son whose names were Adam, Eve and Noah, as the gray stone in the cemetery shows; as it also shows a pair of twins called "Time," and "Tide," so named, says the story, by their humorous father because they were born before the doctor could get there.

Speaking of family names, one that has for seventy-five years been known in Georgeville is Achilles, an unexpected surprise in the quaint little place. Among the given names in another family are Hector and Homer and over the border in Vermont there is a girl known as "Helen of Troy."

The people have not lost their skill of hand. The best farmers can wield chisel and mallet, hammer and plane. They can build a chimney or plaster a house. They know the secrets of the maple grove and how to burn the rocks into lime and the clay into bricks. Wherever they are forced to work with nature's material they can help themselves, but there is not a shoemaker within many miles, always excepting Newport and Magog.

The life of the lake farmer is easier than it used to be, but it is still no bed of roses. At the factories are

boring farms. The clearing of the land from stones seems an eternal process. An inexhaustible supply comes to the surface in spite of the toil of generation after generation. The hills are so steep and rugged that very little labor-saving machinery can be employed and so life is not much easier for the man of to-day than it was half a century ago.

Other work has been added to the old. The mountains that stand sentinel over this beautiful sheet of water are not only solid with marble and granite, some of it of excellent qual-



GEORGEVILLE.

made butter and excellent cheese. Bolton, a little place on the west of the lake, is famous throughout that country for it. Much is sent to England, a country which knows good cheese. The farmer's wife is saved the hard labor of making these products, but the farmer himself must care for the great herds of cows, milk them and drive the milk through summer sun and winter storm to the factory. He must hew down the forest trees just as his forefathers did, though he may have them cut up for firewood by a portable steam engine that makes the circuit of the neigh-

ity, but threads of silver and even of gold run through the rocky depths, not enough to make anyone's fortune yet, but enough to excite the covetous desires of prospectors and to tempt men to ever and anon dig holes into the bowels of the earth to see if perchance some richer vein may not be discovered. Copper is found in greater amount and for a good many years the copper mines were worked. At present they are sleeping, visited only by the geologist or the schoolboy looking for specimens. The swift-flowing streams have been harnessed and saw and grist mills are

much nearer at hand than they used to be. At Magog large cotton mills give employment to hundreds of men and women. There are a few good boat-builders on the lake so that the summer resident can order his pretty cedar boats made at his own door and launch them from his own beach. Few sailboats are used on these waters, for the treacherous winds sweep so suddenly down the steep hills that even experienced sailors are unceremoniously flung into the boiling depths. The natives know the danger and content themselves with "spruce sails," but strangers are now and then unheeded full of warnings and lose their lives. The saddest case in recent years was of a young couple who were spending a few days before their marriage in sailing about the lake in a jaunty canoe. In the teeth of a flawy wind, and in spite of the protestations of the old residents, they ventured out one morning, with sails set and hearts full of courage and love. The next Sun-



AROUND GEORGEVILLE.

day, which was to have been their wedding day, their funeral was held in the city church where they were to have been made husband and wife. The lake is especially dangerous at the time of the forming of the winter ice and again when it breaks up in the spring. Those who absolutely must cross before the ice is safe always take a boat upon a sled, so that in case of the crust giving way the

horse can be quickly cut loose and the boat float. Not a winter passes but some poor animal is sacrificed in this way. The village physician who practises on both sides of the lake has probably had more hairbreadth escapes than falls to the lot of most men.

One May day he crossed on the ice in the morning and returned by boat over an open sea in the afternoon. The cold is intense. The mercury falls to forty degrees below zero, Fahrenheit, year after year. Think how the poor settlers must have suffered in the early times! It is bitter enough to-day for man and beast alike. The charming summers, however, are never too warm, and make one forget the winter cold. There is usually a delicious breeze and an almost entire freedom from mosquitoes and, that

girls. Magog and Newport have churches of various denominations and Newport has a fine public library in a delightful building. Where the dwellers on the west side of the lake get their religious pabulum of a Sunday the stranger cannot guess, for there is nothing approaching a steeple in the entire thirty miles, save the pointed firs of the forest. At Georgeville there is a modest Church of England and an even more modest Methodist church. Each has a minister who serves two or three other par-



MOUNT ORFORD AND MAGOG.

scourge of so many lakes, the hideous little "black fly."

Schoolhouses and churches sprang up in this region as fast as there was demand for them. They were absolutely devoid of beauty, as they are yet. The little red schoolhouse is a familiar sight, but nothing is done to make it attractive within or without. The quality of teaching is happily improving and perhaps in time more heed will be given to the influence of beauty on the receptive boys and

ishes as well, and it would be humiliating to have to tell how small is the combined salary each receives.

There are no millionaires in this fair land, but there are no paupers. The prayer of Agar seems to have been answered. They have neither poverty nor riches, and they seem to have food sufficient for them. But there is great poverty of recreation. Among the summer visitors the tennis ball may be seen winging its way



THE LAKE AT MAGOG.

through the air and the click of the golf club is not an unknown sound, but the natives are absolutely without fun and good times. The jollities and merrymakings of the past, huskings, apple-paring bees, quilting

parties and the jolly dance in the hotel dining-room are no more. Fire has destroyed the hotel; apples are pared by machinery and evaporated; and the oldest inhabitant has forgotten the meaning of a red ear of corn. Like country people in other places, they lack amusement and life is too barren and unjoyous. In Georgeville there is a small library, of a few hundred volumes, collected by friends outside the village, and it is surprising and most pathetic to see how



eagerly these books are read in the long winter evenings, when the snow lies piled high against the houses and the searching wind tumbles it into drifts that obliterate the roads, making familiar places

“seem far and strange  
As those stark wastes that whiten end-  
lessly  
In ghastly solitude about the pole.”

The summer comes slowly to the shores of Memphremagog. The first



THE OUTLET OF THE LAKE AT MAGOG.

touch of it is when the sap begins to run and the woods are vocal with men and boys collecting it, and boiling it down to syrup and sugaring off in the woods. By day the sun is almost hot and the air is so mild that occasionally one sees a bee waking from its long torpor and sipping the sweet juice. The nights are keen and frosty, unravelling the day's work, like Penelope, and bringing back a touch of winter that the next day's sun must make good again. Along in April there is a quicker pulse. Where the snow has disappeared in sheltered

angles blades of grass spring up and in the woods at the foot of the beech trees the hepaticas open their blue "squirrel cups." By and by the spring beauty untwists its delicately pencilled petals, to be followed by many other spring flowers, none sweeter than the twin-flower, not so abundant, but just as beautiful as in Sweden, where it also bears the name of the great botanist, Linnæa. Ferns of myriad form unroll their woolly fronds, marsh marigolds light up the meadows and Jacks-in-the-pulpit and wake-robin start up among the bushes. Still later the partridge vine holds aloft a double flower of wax beside its coral berries, and forget-me-nots in azure sheets line the brooksides. One by one the trees put on their summer robes, the birch its exquisite green pricked out against the snowy bark, the ash, the many varieties of maple and all the long line



SUNSET ON THE LAKE.

of deciduous trees whose bare branches have been interwoven with cedar, pine, hemlock, spruce, yew and fir. But it is early June before all are clad and the shimmer of the water is cut off by the forest draperies. But one forgets that loss as he listens to the hermit thrush singing so divinely behind this leafy curtain. In a land full of songsters he leads the choir invisible.

The glory of the perfect summer lasts till early September and then one wakes to find a single branch of some upland tree in glowing red. Little by little the

forests change and by the middle of October the maples are afame. Red and yellow mark their glory; the birch is golden, the ash sombre, and the intermingling of these with the evergreens is beautiful beyond words.

One of the crowning beauties of Memphremagog is the summer sunset. The large body of very deep water, the presence of mountains and the fervid summer sun are conducive to the formation of great banks of clouds and at sunset these are lit up with a splendid radiance. Years ago, before so many other lovely summer resorts had been opened to the public, painters were wont to come to this lake for inspiration and a common title in a catalogue of pictures was "Sunset on Memphremagog." The artists are gone, but the sunsets remain and those who dwell on the eastern shores are never weary of the glory of the dying day.

## THE OLD PINE TREE.

*By Alice May Douglas.*

**H**E did not look like a common road traveller. His clothing was not of the best, yet it was not untidy. His face did not portray culture, neither did it indicate the lack of it. His glossy black hair had been somewhat ruffled by the wind, but was not unkempt. He could not have been more than thirty years of age, yet he looked much older; while the wrinkles on his thin face seemed to bear with them the confession that they were out of place.

The sun was low and he was about to stop at a farmhouse to ask for a drink. He approached it from behind the barn, but hearing voices in the yard, he retraced his steps and looked at the speakers through the rough latticework extending from the barn to a small shed, both of which were across the yard from the one story white house.

His keen dark eyes fell upon two old men, standing beside a grindstone under a low, branching maple. Both were gray-haired, but the one with the axe over his shoulder seemed more bent than his companion, and his beard was snowy white. There was a careworn look on his face which seemed to intimate some sorrow it would hide from the curious, but which its anxiousness to hide had simply made plain. The young man trembled at sight of this face, and caught his fingers in the lattice to steady himself.

The two farmers were now talking and he listened attentively to hear what they said. "I've come to ask a favor of you, Mr. Curry," began the man with the axe. "Could you give me a grind?"

"What's to hinder, Friend Lyman, I'd like to know?" replied Mr.

Curry. "Run into the house, Benny, and fetch the big dipper full o' water, then turn the grindstone for us."

A freckled-faced lad did as his father directed. Mr. Curry took the axe from his caller's hand and held it carefully against the grindstone.

"I take it that something has happened to your grindstone," observed Mr. Curry, as he stepped a little aside to avoid being spattered by the water that dripped from the stone wheel. "It is not often that anything ever happens to anything like that."

"Nothing has happened to mine," returned Mr. Lyman, "still, I thought maybe you would sharpen my axe for me, that is all." The speaker walked back and forth in the yard, never once looking towards the whizzing grindstone, and pretending to be very much interested in the hens which were running about, and in the trees tossing over the prim flower garden which stretched a yard or so from the house and was kept within bounds by a dwarf picket fence. His mind was so abstracted that Bennie asked without fear of being overheard, "What is the matter with Mr. Lyman now, father?"

"Can't tell, my boy. He's always had queer ways with him since then. Shouldn't wonder if this grindstone business had something to do with it. Like as not Billy used to turn the grindstone for him, but I do hope, for the land sakes, that he didn't jerk it the way you do. See here, boy, be more careful."

Benny tried, but his present effort was not much of an improvement, for his mind was intent upon Mr. Lyman. After a few moments of contemplation he said, "Say, pa,



*"Could you give me a grind?"*

if a 'then' should ever come into my life, you'd be sorry that you didn't get me a bike."

"Well, we won't talk about that now. Wheels cost too much for farmers' boys." Then wiping the axe against his baggy pants, he called out, "Here's your axe, Lyman. Does that suit you?"

Mr. Lyman slowly advanced to his companion and running his hand across the edge, he answered, "That is fine, Curry. I'm sure 'twill do good work. I'll return the favor some time if you ever have some job that your feelings won't let you do for yourself, such as the digging of a grave for some of your folks."

With these words the old man wrapped up the axe in his bandanna handkerchief and slowly walked out of the yard.

Benny, with his hands in his pockets, watched him out of sight, and then asked, "What is he going to do with the old axe, anyway? Kill some one? What is he talking about graves for? He's awful funny."

"He always has been since then," answered his father.

"Since then" was a new date in the calendar of Elmwood, where anything out of the ordinary seldom occurred, and it related to the episode in the Lyman family, with the

external circumstances of which all were acquainted, and it was as customary to speak of anything happening "since then," as since Christmas or New Year's.

Mr. Curry and his son went into the house and the stranger behind the lattice sauntered off, without even thinking of the drink for which he had been so desirous.

"Since then, since then," he mused, "well, I will go on and learn more."

He had gone but a few rods when a cheery voice called out, "Want a ride?" This was the first offer of this kind he had had for the whole day which he had spent upon the dusty country road, and he was only too glad to accept it. He jumped into the open carriage by the side of the middle-aged driver, whose quick movements and alert expression showed him to be a business man. "I am on the lookout for hard pine," he began; "have you come across any good wood lots in your travels hereabouts?"

"None that would be of any use except for firewood."

"That is the devil of it. Everything of any size has been felled and here we are rushed to death in our shipyards and in the greatest need ever known for some hard pine. I have enough now for the ship on her stocks, that is, enough for all but her mainmast, and I am at my wits' end to know where to get that in time to have the vessel done at the date the contract demands. There is one splendid tree in this neighborhood. I have offered to buy it a dozen times—yes, two dozen—but the old man sticks to it as if it was his right arm. All these notions people are getting into their heads about trees are perfect nonsense. It has even crept into the schools, too. I don't object to the planting of trees, as the children are doing all over town to-day, for I'd rather ride in the shade than the sun any time, but such a hubbub

when a business man wants to buy a valuable piece of lumber,—well, that is carrying things too far." The speaker spurred on his horse which seemed to be as nervous as himself, and the young man said nothing.

The two drove on for a few moments in silence down the narrow road, bordered on either side by ashes, birches and low alders. There were at least a few pine trees near, for the winds kept bringing delightful whiffs of their odor.

Presently the man with the axe was overtaken. The shipbuilder slightly lessened the pace of his horse and asked, "Do you still stick to your bargain, Lyman? Fifty dollars is the price."

The old man made no vocal answer, but bowed his head.

"That settles it. I'm on my way to your house now to measure the mast. If I'd have met you a little sooner, I'd have given you a lift."

"Let him have my place," offered the young man.

"Twouldn't do any good. Only last week a young man I had in offered to give up his seat for this man, Lyman, but the old man said, 'No, every young man is some father's son and he must have favors shown him, just the kind his father would show.' Lyman's an odd stick. I've heard he had some trouble years back,—that makes a difference, you know. Hello! Here we are now."

They stopped at the door of a low wood-colored farmhouse. The flowers bloomed cheerfully about the door and vines were twining about the old curb well with its high sweep. In front of the house and across the road was a small wood lot, in which spruce and hemlock presided, with now and then a scraggly pine which was a disgrace to her noble sisterhood. At the entrance of the little path leading into this grove stood a mammoth pine, the sentinel of its companions. So great was its height that it shot up at least ten feet above the tops of the other

trees, before it showed a branch, and each succeeding branch seemed as large and as noble as any tree on which it looked.

"There is my mast," exclaimed the shipbuilder, enthusiastically. "I don't believe that this state ever bore a handsomer one, and it is mine at last, after all the time I have wasted with this simpleton. I knew that a man with no income to speak of would have to come to my terms some time and he has, but the report is that there is something very particular that he wants his half a hundred for. Something to do with his trouble, no doubt."

The young man sighed. He scarcely looked at the majestic pine, for he was gazing almost wildly at the man hobbling up to the door with his axe, and at an aged woman at the L window, who, at sight of the stout man, was wiping away the tears that trickled down her cheeks.

The shipbuilder fastened his horse to a ring in the side of the house and proceeded toward the tree. His companion remained in the carriage. Mr. Lyman was soon at the open window by the side of his wife. Both spoke in loud tones, which the young man could not help overhearing.

"Well, mother, I have got the axe all sharpened. I couldn't bear to do it myself, so Curry helped me out. It was never sharper than now and that is what I want—quick work for such a detestable job."

"O, father, have you got to do it yourself?" asked the woman between her sobs. "That is too cruel."

"I know it, but I didn't dare to ask any one else to help me out, for of course they'd laugh at me. Folks that have never watched a tree don't know how one gets attached to it. It is just like folks that have never had any children. They can't understand why folks that have boys and girls love 'em so. O, mother, what should I do if I didn't have you to speak my thoughts to? You never think they are silly, mother."

"No, dear, because they are so much like my own, and I wouldn't any way, but O, if my arms were only a little stronger, I'd—I'd do it myself. 'Twill be so hard for you."

"It would be just as hard for you, mother, if you had the strength, and I scarcely have enough of that myself. I could take it down with a few strokes if I was younger, but now, I fear 'twill take many, and there is that heartless thing out there measuring the beauty. I won't look at him, I just won't."

The stranger in the carriage saw Mr. Lyman turn his back to the window, but could still hear his remarks. "I shall be sorry to have it done when Billy comes back. But we've done well, haven't we, mother, to keep things looking as nat'ral as we have for him? We knowed that we would change and that if, that if,—but it is easy enough to keep the house and grounds looking just the same—that is, all but the trees."

"Yes, that is one comfort, but to think that we've got to lose our best friend. Why, father, that old tree has been the greatest comfort we've had since then."

"The greatest since then," echoed the farmer.

"Since then, since then," re-echoed the man in the carriage.

"If it wasn't for having the dear old home still standing for Billy when he comes back, we might sell the house and let the tree stand," suggested the wife. "When the pine is down it is down and that is all there is to it. All the money and power in the world could not put it back again, but when we turn ourselves out of house and home, we are not out forever. Some one will take pity on us and take us in. People will help us to save ourselves, but not our tree."

"We've thought of selling the house before, but we know that folks would fix it over so it wouldn't be Billy's home. They'd tear down and build and put paint on and that would spoil the whole thing."

"Yes, it would spoil the dear old home Billy has been dreaming of every night. I'm sure he has, father. Billy is a good boy."

"Who said he wasn't, I'd like to know?" thundered the old man.

"Hush, hush, father. No one did, but I love to keep saying that. I can't help it, and to think that the money we get from the tree is to bring him home. O, how can we ever feel bad at losing the pine to get back our boy? How gladly we'd give our very lives for him!"

"So we would, mother. So we would."

The builder now returned from the tree, shouting out, "I'll send a team in the morning for the tree,— have it down by eight o'clock sharp, remember."

"Yes, at eight o'clock," replied Mr. Lyman.

"Will you go on with me?" asked the owner of the carriage to his seatmate.

"Can't tell, I've got to put up somewhere. S'pose I stand any chance of getting in here?"

"The best chance in the world. They never turn away a tr—a—anybody here. It has something to do with their trouble, you see."

"Then I'll see what chance I stand." With these words the young man was at the door, while the purchaser of the tree drove away.

Both Mr. Lyman and his wife answered the knock.

"Can you put a fellow up over night?" queried the stranger, looking down at the ground.

"We will see," replied the old man. Mrs. Lyman had her glasses in her hand. They had needed a great deal of wiping since the conversation concerning the pine, and she did not give the young man a very searching look. Her face lighted up as she asked, "Would you be willing to pay for your meals and bed by doing a bit of work for us?"

"Anything, madam, chopping wood or anything."



"Then will you cut down that pine tree over there?"

"Then, will you cut down that pine tree over there?" she pointed a trembling hand towards the forest lord.

"I can bring that down as easy as can be. Do you want it done to-night?"

"No, no," gasped Mr. Lyman. "Give it another night. Let it stand as long as it can."

"But you were talking of having it done to-night, father."

"Yes, because I didn't want to see it while I was doing it and I didn't want it to see how one it had always thought was its friend was treating it."

"My husband is getting a little childish," apologized Mrs. Lyman, fearing that the caller would think her husband somewhat sentimental.

"Yes, and I could not bring down that tree so easy as a man of your

muscle," added the old man; "but come in, sir, come in."

He led the way into the sitting room, while his wife went to the kitchen to prepare supper.

"Set right down, friend, right here by the fire," said Mr. Lyman, drawing a low chintz covered rocker up to the fireplace where a slow fire was burning.

The stranger took the proffered seat. He sat in silence for a long time, still wearing his soft woollen hat, which now and then he pulled down over his eyes, once in a while wiping away their moisture with its brim.

"You seem to have weak eyes," observed Mr. Lyman. "Wife has a salve that is just the thing for watery eyes. I will find it for you." He began to search among a medley of boxes, bottles, vases and general bric-a-brac upon the high mantel which overarched the fireplace. Finding his host's back turned, the young man allowed his eyes the benefit of a genuine handkerchief.

"Now it is funny I can't find that ere salve," exclaimed Mr. Lyman, returning to his chair in the chimney corner. "But she will fix your eyes up all right. Our boy had weak eyes too. He got 'em reading those detestable dime novels after he'd gone to bed and they're what made him discontented at home. They're what made him run away and not a happy moment have we had since Billy left us. 'Twas just twenty years ago last May he left and never a word have we heard from him since, never till last week when some one wrote us that he was in Boston and it would cost just fifty dollars to get him clothes and a ticket home. I tell you this, stranger, because you won't be gabbing it to any one around here and we're so glad, we've got to tell some one, but mother kept it pretty quiet. We don't know who wrote the letter and we don't know anything about anything. We both were so pleased when that letter came that we could

not sleep a wink for the whole night. O, what shall we do when we get him back, sitting right in that chair you are in and right by this fire and telling us that home is after all the best place he was ever in, and that what father and mother say is better than all the dime novel lies—the wretched things that have ruined hundreds of boys."

The stranger was now summoned to supper. As he took his seat at the little square table, he noticed that at the place opposite to him was a plate and an unoccupied chair. He ate heartily of the hot muffins and gingerbread and did not speak once during the meal. But occasionally he would look about under his hat, which he still wore, at the objects in the room. His demeanor was so strange that Mr. and Mrs. Lyman cast inquiring glances at each other across the table, as if to ask if their guest was insane.

After supper all gathered about the fireplace in the living room and Mr. Lyman took the old leather-covered Bible from its stand and in a trembling voice read the Sermon on the Mount, after which the two aged ones knelt and the husband thanked God for the blessings of the day and craved His benediction upon their unexpected guest, then with his head thrown back, and his hands lifted heavenward, he prayed:

"Bless our Billy and send him back to us as soon as possible, and forgive us if we do wrong in cuttin' down your big tree—yours and ours. We wouldn't do it for any one but our Billy. Amen."

The farmer was about to rise from his knees when his wife said: "Wait a minute, father. I want to do a little praying." Then, "O Heavenly Father, if there is any way in which thou canst send us that fifty dollars, and at the same time spare our pine, we beseech thee to help us out. Give us back our pine as thou art to give us back our boy, for the two were playmates together. Amen."

As she rose to her feet, she turned

to her guest and said in explanation: "You may think strange, mister, that I should say that a pine a hundred years old or more was a playmate with my little boy, but it was this way. The tree would throw its cones down to the child, and he would throw 'em back, so father and I got to callin' them the two playmates. 'Twas just our fancy, you see."

The young man nodded his head. Then as Mrs. Lyman took up her knitting he watched her intently. Her wavy white hair showed indications of having been curly in her younger days and even now was mischievous enough to try to escape from under the black lace cap. Her face, thin and wrinkled, showed signs of sorrow which the welcome news just received had not as yet been able to entirely remove. There was a gleam of hope in the eyes which in spite of their many tears still retained the brightness of their original blue.

"P'raps you think that I'm not very talkative, mister," she said abruptly, "but you see my mind is all on my work and my Billy. Soon's we got that letter I took up some knittin' for him. Like as not he's comin' from a warm country where they don't wear woollen stockin's, and even if he does have some, they won't be so warm as those mother knits. Do you wear home-knit stockin's, mister? Well, you ain't told us your name yet."

"Williams," replied the man promptly. "Williams."

"And when you feel like goin' to bed, Mr. Williams," continued the old lady, "you will find your room right over this one. I am sorry not to be puttin' you into our 'best room,' but I'm savin' that all nice for Billy. I have got it all swept and clean and all his old things in it. Why, bless you, he will be home in a week. Yes, in less than a week, for to-morrow we'll be gettin' the money that is to be bringin' him home."

"And perhaps I'd better be going to bed now," said Mr. Williams. "I

shall have to be up early to pay for my lodgings."

"Then good night," said Mrs. Lyman. "You can take this light and if you don't need it, set it out and I'll come up after it. I have got a big one all trimmed fine as can be for Billy, and I don't want it lit till he's here."

"There is a bright moon and I can see well enough without a light," said the stranger.

A few moments later the footsteps of the stranger were heard in the room overhead.

"And Billy it will soon be who will be a-going up those stairs to bed," mused Mrs. Lyman, as she stepped to the curtainless window to see if the moon was as bright as Mr. Williams had intimated.

"There it is up among the pine branches," she said to herself, "the



"There it is up among the pine branches."

green of the trees and the gold of the moon never looked so beautiful before—never, never. God is making the last time the best time. Yes, this is the last time I shall ever see the moon playing hide-and-seek in and out o' them branches. I wish Billy could see the old tree and the moon together again. I wish the man would pay us in advance so we could let the pine stand till he comes. A few days o' waitin' wouldn't make no difference to the old ship, but it would to our Billy."

"Fine moon, ain't it, mother?"

Mrs. Lyman turned her head. "The finest I ever see. Chores all done, father?"

"All of 'em."

"In jest one week you'll be havin' Billy to help you with 'em, father."

"O, no, I won't be settin' the boy to work the first thing. Why don't you say in just one week you'll be havin' Billy to look out o' the window for you."

"But there won't be no pine tree for him to look at when he comes and likely as not the old ship will be a wreck and our tree in the bottom of the ocean when she's but a month out. Come and look your last look at the pine, father."

The old man took his place by the side of his wife. The two looked up in silence at the magnificent spectacle. In an opening between two adjacent branches, the form of the full moon was visible. It had gathered to itself many a white cloud whose whiteness it was illuminating with its light. The clouds were constantly in motion, now showing through the branches and anon soaring far up beyond the topmost boughs.

"To think, father, this is the last night we shall ever be a-lookin' at the pine," said Mrs. Lyman, with a sigh.

"P'r'aps not," said the husband. "I ain't forgot your prayer and as like as not God ain't."

"Like as not," echoed Mrs. Lyman.

Mr. Lyman got up at the usual time the next morning to do his chores.

He went first to the barn to milk Clover and Jessie, but to his surprise he found the cows both milked. He went next to Jim's stall and found that Jim had been supplied with both feed and water. He climbed the haymow for the eggs, only to come back empty handed, for every nest had given to another its eggs.

"That ere tramp must ha' been helpin' his self," he mused, "and has up and skedaddled. But I know he couldn't ha' drinked all the milk o' them two cows. Well, the cows will give some milk to-morrow and the hens will lay more eggs. What I feel worst about is that he's gone without cut—without doin' that job he promised. But I'll bring in the wood and water for mother and say nothin' to her about it."

But still greater was the farmer's surprise as he found the pail at the end of the sink filled with water. He took a drink and knew by its coolness that it had been brought from the well that morning. He then looked towards the wood box. This contained as much wood as it could hold. "P'r'aps the feller did this to ease his conscience for stealin' the eggs and milk." But he was mistaken, as his visit to the pantry showed, for there upon the shelf stood the milk all strained and a basket of eggs.

"He must ha' found some new eggs," was Mr. Lyman's comment.

He then looked out of the window. Mr. Williams was coming up the path. He went to the door to meet him. "What does this mean, young man?" he asked.

"O, I happened to get up early," came the answer, "and after I'd done up the chores I thought I'd take a walk round. I thought it might have waked you up if I'd have chopped down the old tree too soon."

"Chopped down the old tree," repeated Mr. Lyman, slowly. "I don't like them words. They ain't respectful enough. But I think you'd better not touch the tree till after breakfast. Don't you think so, mother?"

Mrs. Lyman, who had come into the kitchen looking fresh in a soft brown woollen wrapper, answered unhesitatingly, "I do, father. Let the pine stand as long as it can."

"But I will go out and look at it," said Mr. Williams, stepping into the shed after an axe. "I want you both to go with me," he added on his return to the kitchen.

"Shall we?" asked Mr. Lyman with an inquiring look at his wife.

"O, yes, father, it won't do any harm. He ain't a-going to do anything till after breakfast."

So the three went to the foot of the great tree. Its shade and its yearly contributions of needles had prevented any growth beneath it. They stepped upon the pine scented ground, now moist with the morning dew. They went up close to the tree and felt of the trunk, attractive in its picturesque roughness.

"It has taken a hundred years sure, and as like as not more, for the pine to get up to where it is," philosophized Mr. Lyman. "And it won't take more'n an hour, if it does that, to get it down again."

"If you like the tree so well, why do you part with it?" queried Mr. Williams.

"Why, bless ye, man, didn't we tell ye that it is to get money to get our Billy home?"

"But if he left you of his own accord, I should think that he might come back in the same way."

"But he has to have the money," ventured Mrs. Lyman.

"Let him earn it then."

"But don't you see, that would keep us all the longer from seein' him," explained Mr. Lyman, his eyes turned upward toward the trees.

"Well, I don't believe in parents making all the sacrifice," observed Mr. Williams, in a shaky voice. "I think they do enough to provide the children with money while the children are little."

"A man's son is always his little boy to him," remarked Mr. Lyman,

"and any father likes his little boy better than any o' his trees. You ain't a father, and you know nothing about it."

The young man dropped the axe and leaned against the tree. He took off the cap he had always worn in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Lyman.

"No, I am not a father," he assented in a tremulous voice, "but I am a father's son. I don't know how a father or mother may feel towards their boy, but I do know how a boy feels for his father and mother, and I have come back home to be the best son that ever lived. Father, mother, I am your Billy."

He held out a hand to each of the aged ones. They did not reach out theirs to him, but stood for a moment as if dazed. The mother was the first to realize the situation. "Billy, Billy," she cried; "O, my boy, my boy."

Mr. Lyman stood aside. He knew that the mother deserved to give and receive the first embrace. It was surely two minutes and it seemed two hours before he could take his son by the hand. When he did, he asked, "O, Billy, why didn't you let us know last night?"

"Well, I don't know why I didn't," he laughed.

Then he threw the axe into the thicket several rods from the pine and supporting his mother on his arm, led her into the house, while the father came slowly after, chattering to himself like an overjoyed child.

But there was no sitting down to breakfast now—that is, to the breakfast Mrs. Lyman had prepared for "Mr. Williams." All of the dainties that had been saved since that Boston letter came must be brought out and the week's butter making spoiled so that Billy could have all the cream that he could eat with his oat meal and coffee, while there was much, O so much to talk about—nothing about Billy's absent life, however, for the mother wished

that ever to remain a blank in the lives of all.

The *Queen of the Sea* had to wait still longer for her mainmast, but when she was at last ready to sail, the King of the Forest was the only one

in town who could see her as she slowly moved down the river, drawn by a little black tugboat, and he tossed up his branches in joy to think that they were still his—his and father's and mother's and Billy's.

## THE STORY OF A LOST TOWN.

*By Abram English Brown.*

**N**O sooner had the followers of Governor John Winthrop become well established on their grants, in the Massachusetts Bay Colony, than greed for land asserted itself, and they began looking about for broader fields. Even the trouble with the French and Indians did not deter them from pushing out into the wilderness. Landed estates were the basis of wealth and influence in the mother country, and even the good Governor himself did not hesitate to add to his fortune a "goodly store of land."

Settlers in Salem, Reading, Billerica, Woburn, Concord, Bedford and other towns of Essex and Middlesex counties pushed out into the upper part of Massachusetts, with the intention of taking up their new abode within its limits. But the line of division between Massachusetts and New Hampshire was not then fully established, and many of the settlers were regretfully registered in New Hampshire when, in 1741, the state line was finally adjusted.

A number of families from the towns already mentioned were located in Monson, N. H.—a settlement just across the state line that was incorporated on April 1, 1746. They here began in earnest the work of building up a township after the plan of the Puritans in the Bay Colony. The requisites for an act of incorporation there, as elsewhere, were "the erection of a meeting-house, the calling and settling of an orthodox minister of good conversation, and the

setting up of a school," all within a given time. Unfortunately, much of the land in this town of Monson was owned by non-residents, who, in planning for the future, had secured the title to broad tracts of forest, but had not settled upon them. This gave rise to a serious difficulty. There was no law by which the lands of non-residents could be taxed for establishing and maintaining the required institutions. Those actually living in the town found it sufficiently hard to subdue the land, build their rude dwellings and support growing families. Hence the question of all importance was postponed as long as it could be. A manuscript record of these people is still extant, and from it we gather the facts in regard to their struggle for existence and their effort to establish the town of Monson.

In 1755, at a legal meeting, held from necessity at one of the dwellings, it was voted to choose a committee, consisting of Benjamin Hopkins, Nathan Hutchinson and Thomas Powers, to consider the vexing question of taxation, and reach, if possible, some amicable solution of the problem. After six months spent in fruitless planning they petitioned the General Court for an act enabling them to levy a tax on the lands of non-residents, "in order for settling the Gospel and building a meeting-house in said town."

Their effort was abandoned when the General Court refused to pass the act. The residents feeling their own inability to meet the expense, the pro-

ject for a time was laid aside, and the town of Monson, which had just begun to make a record in growth, soon began to decline. Efforts to establish a school had proved equally futile. They did go so far as to build a pound for the confinement of stray cattle and also select a site for a meeting-house, and clear it of the wood and brush. The site, while central, was unsatisfactory to many, and doubtless had as much to do with the failure to occupy it as had the financial condition of the people, although the latter was the one cause advanced.

This site for more than a century remained free from any growth, a silent reminder of vows unperformed and an object of sorrow to the few who were ready to make their sacrifice in the cause. The place is to-day known as the "meeting-house lot," and has been appropriately marked by the Milford Historical Society.

Intelligent people of Puritan stock, as, in the main, were the settlers of southern New Hampshire, could not content themselves in a place where there was no altar, on which to lay their gifts of faith, and no school, in which to rear their fondest hopes, and they soon began to seek more prosperous settlements.

Pathetic, indeed, is the site of the old village. It is the crest of a hill, commanding a most charming view of the surrounding country, with the spires of Manchester and Nashua in the distance. It consists of a dozen or more "cellar holes," all that remain of the village, save one house not far away. Around these depressions in the rough surface may be seen a few gnarled apple trees, prickly pears, and straggling grapes, making a feeble effort to keep alive the memory of these people. A little clearing near by is pointed out as the traditional burial place of those who perished in the wilderness.

The question of abandoning the plan of providing the requisites for a town was freely discussed by the persevering settlers as they gathered

about the rude hearthstones of their log houses, or assembled in town meeting in the most spacious dwelling, but the discussions were all to no avail, and the ultimate division of the territory and annexation to other towns already equipped with the necessities for a New England village seemed unavoidable.

Efforts were made to secure a legal division, but this required an appropriation, and met with strong opposition. A protest appears on the records as follows: "Whereas the proceedings of this town appear to us repugnant to the laws of this Province: to raise money to employ men to seek our destruction is what we do not approve of, neither do we think the laws of this Province will countenance it: therefore, we enter our dissent against it. (Signed) Benjamin Hopkins, John Burns, Joseph Gould; John Burns, Jr., Thomas Burns, and George Burns."

Town meetings were held continually, having but one main question for discussion. The voters were all decided—there being no indifferent ones. It was "Union or Division." The whole future seemed to depend upon this. But there were some who would not remain to share the quarrel, and several valuable settlers left their rude homes for a more hopeful locality.

In this state of fermentation the town existed until 1770. On Wednesday, April 9, of that year, the meeting was called to finally settle the great question of the life or death of Monson. There is good authority for the assertion that this was the most hotly contested action ever taken, and its effects occasionally crop out even to this day.

The question to be voted upon was a petition to the Governor and Council to have the division made according to a plan already submitted, by which a part of the territory was to be set off to Hollis, and the remainder to go to Amherst, now Milford. The voting list numbered seventy-five.

Strange, indeed, it seems that so many could not rally and together build a meeting-house of the fashion of that day and support a minister and a school, but perhaps the question of location was at the bottom of the difficulty, and inability was a pretence, rule or ruin being the basis of action with some of the settlers. Those owning land and living in the centre, near the meeting-house lot, were anxious to fulfil their obligations to the province, and to their God. There were others of the same mind, particularly the settlers in the extreme northwestern part, where Milford village now flourishes, and also those along the river road, towards Wilton. Those most determined to abandon the Monson project lived in the southwestern part of the territory, in the locality now known as Patch's Corner. A thorough canvass of the field had shown the voters to be quite evenly divided, there being thirty-seven positively for union, and the same number were as positive for division. But as the hour approached the one whose vote was to settle the question, although the "Unionists" were quite confident of securing his ballot, seemed to waver. When the count was made it was found that the "Divisionists" had carried the day. No one but Isaac Howe could have done it. The confession was soon made, and ever after he was the object of contempt with those who fought for the old town, and equally admired by the other party. Some of the "Unionists" refused to be comforted for all of their remaining years, and succeeded in transmitting to their descendants enough of the spirit to influence voters of the fourth generation.

Many of the settlers in the old town of Monson were of sterling stock, and had the township fulfilled its obligations it would have presented a most creditable record, both military and civil. Among the first settlers was John Brown, a doctor, who left Salem for this wilderness. Near the centre

of the locality of cellar holes, on the hill, is a depression which tradition, fortified by records, points out as the site of the house of this benignant leader in Monson. The rude wall is almost hidden by a coating of lichen, soon destined to cover the whole. In the absence of a minister, the doctor, the man next in importance in ordinary settlements, became the leading character here. Dr. Brown was well educated, having come from a family of wealth and culture. He was well trained in his profession, and his influence was felt in many other towns. He was the first to introduce a two-wheeled conveyance to that locality. The travel had all been on foot, or on the backs of horses, and bridle paths were all that were necessary. The new conveyance called for better paths, so that the Doctor could get around with more comfort. His main line of travel was from Monson to Groton, and a suitable path was cut out so that he could make this journey in his carriage. This road was laid out after the fashion of the more modern turnpikes, but little if any regard being paid to hills or vales, and there yet remains a half obscured pathway through the woods, still known to the Monson descendants as "Dr. Brown's chaise road." Neither tradition nor record offer any evidence of dispute over this enterprise, and the inference is that the Doctor was so popular that his request was cheerfully granted. There is still pointed out the place where Dr. Brown had a very narrow escape from a familiar enemy. He was homeward bound, late at night, when his faithful horse came to a sudden halt. All the Doctor's persuasions failed with the horse, and the chaise road being too narrow to admit of any lateral movement for relief, the good man was obliged to remain until the breaking dawn revealed the difficulty. A huge bear had taken possession of the narrow cut, and would neither budge nor bite.

Dr. Brown seemed to lack the combativeness that characterized some of

the early settlers and did not remain to see the great question of Monson settled. He remained there until the spring of 1765, when he removed to Plymouth, N. H., and there spent his remaining years in more congenial surroundings. The last record suggestive of his career is that of the death of his wife, Keziah Wheeler.

Bruin was not the only hostile enemy faced by Dr. Brown. It appears that he served in the old French war. He was in the expedition to Crown Point, in 1757, serving as corporal in Captain Mooney's company, of Colonel Meserve's regiment, under the immediate command of Lieutenant Colonel John Goffe. He was posted at Fort William Henry when it was attacked by the French and Indians, under General Montcalm, August 3, and surrendered, with a loss of eighty killed out of two

hundred. Dr. Brown and his faithful wife are represented to-day by a noble posterity.

It is apparent that the Monson settlers had positive convictions, and were slow to relinquish them. The troubles with the mother country followed soon after the abandonment of the old town, and the people, satisfied or not with the result of the vote, had a new subject to occupy their minds. Upon all matters pertaining to the Revolution they were bold in their assertions, and ready for duty, but their noble record appears with that of the people of Hollis and Amherst and other towns of southern New Hampshire. With no people was there a more ready response to the alarm of April 19, 1775, and the well-founded traditions of old families are substantiated by the memorials of Bunker Hill.



## THE COST.

*By Clarence H. Urner.*

UPHILL the path leads onward 'gainst the wind,  
All rough and steep it stretches to the skies;  
But in the distance shines the brilliant prize  
Whose flattery stirs to action limb and mind.  
Lithe Leader, to past victories deaf and blind,  
Seest thou thy rival's lengthening shadow rise  
Against the slope to vex thy prideful eyes?  
Let him whose courage fails now drop behind.  
The trumpet's blare, shouts of the multitude,  
Proclaim to deafened ears—the race is done:  
But, Victor, dreamest thou what triumph cost?  
Look on the face of him thy strength subdued,  
And question well thy heart if victory won  
Be worth the pain to him who strove and lost.

## THE FLOATING ISLAND OF MURDOCK'S POND.

*By James O. Whittmore.*

MURDOCK'S Pond is no longer famous except as figuring in a strange story, even now fading into the "they say" stage of legendary uncertainty.

And this is the story of the birth and travels of its floating island.

The only feeder to Murdock's Pond of any consequence is the Gugemunkchunk, a large and boisterous stream which takes its rise far up in the north woods among the Alligator chain of lakes and flows down around the Dedham hills which form with their steep slopes and deep ravines its copious watersheds. At the time of which I write this region was an almost unbroken wilderness and it was through this tract that Wellington Hasty of Ellsworth, one of Hancock county's sturdy old-time lumbermen, went on an exploring expedition.

He found some fine growth of big pine, noted the splendid facilities the stream offered for driving and also the exceptional water power which waited development at the pond. So the next year he bought the "stumpage" of a large section, built a dam and a small sawmill on the falls at the pond and before his less enterprising neighbors knew what he was about was rifting out thousands of feet of white pine and hauling it to tide water at Ellsworth and Bucksport. For a number of years the old up-and-down saw kept busily at work and Mr. Hasty accumulated a snug fortune.

One winter he planned a larger operation than usual. He sent in a larger crew of choppers and "landed" nearly two million feet of pine on the banks of the Gugemunkchunk. Then came the lusty red-shirted "drivers" who broke in the landing and started the big drive towards the pond. Part

of the logs formed a big jam at Musquash rips, about five miles up stream from the pond, and a dangerous place. Mr. Hasty took personal charge of breaking the jam. The logs started and he went down among them to his death. The crew finished the drive and the big lot of pine was safely boomed in the little mill pond, but that was the last time the shouts of the drivers ever echoed along the Gugemunkchunk.

A short time after the death of Mr. Hasty a forest fire swept over the tract and burned the mill to the ground. When the ice left the stream the next spring it carried out the weakened dam and with it the boom and all the big pine like one mighty raft. The force of the current took the raft across the little cove and deposited it carefully over Bartholmew Babbidge's cranberry plantation. Mr. Babbidge went out of the cranberry business suddenly, for the receding waters left the logs high and dry, completely covering all the cranberry vines.

The Hasty estate became involved in litigation. Relatives more or less removed appeared in all parts of the country and came to Maine to look after their prospective shares. The administrator appointed by the courts led a miserable existence and the affairs grew more tangled than the pine drive. The cases dragged on for years. When, finally, a settlement was reached no purchaser being found for the logs, they were parcelled out to an heir somewhere in the West, and Mr. Babbidge, who had sued the estate for damages, was given the semi-official opinion that he might hold the logs for his pay, if he could, and that he would probably get nothing else.

Years rolled by with the usual heavy spring and fall rains and floods in the Gugemunkchunk valley. The big pine logs on the cranberry bog sank deeper into the ooze each time of wet, but in the hot summer would regain considerable of their buoyancy. The stream brought down alluvial deposit which packed and filtered down, around and over the huge sticks until they were nearly buried from sight. Then Nature seemed to take a fancy to the unsightly mass and planted the seeds of the alder and the willow, the birch and wild cherry. These took root, and thrusting their suckers wherever they could find a crevice, grew to trees while their pliant roots bound the mass together as with many cords, tighter and closer each year. Then the swale grass laid a luxurious carpet over the whole, while the clematis and wild grape festooned the alders, and the cranberry vines peeped through wherever they could find an opening. Birds nested in the trees and reared their young over the forgotten pine drive of the late Mr. Hasty. Beneath, the muskrats held high carnival. They burrowed and made miles of their labyrinths and bred by hundreds. It was the muskrat metropolis and general headquarters of the whole Murdock Pond valley, a safe retreat in perilous times when the farmers' boys appeared with their shotguns.

The year 1871 will long be remembered by the people who lived by Murdock's Pond as the high-water year, and some of the marks, pointed out to this day, seem almost incredible. That was the year the Gugemunkchunk went on a fearful rampage. It had been a winter of much and heavy snowfall and every ravine was drifted deeply. When the first warm days of spring came the little brooks became raging torrents and added their mite to the big stream, which became a mighty river. It roared and splashed against rocks it had not reached for a century. It swept away the log bridges and car-

ried water fences miles down stream. It poured oceans of muddy water into Murdock's Pond, which overflowed its banks, inundated the meadows and drove some of the dwellers on the low lands to higher ground.

The torrent as it poured out of the stream swept directly against the great mass of hidden logs. The water swirled and sucked into the streets of the muskrat city. It gullied and burrowed until there was a huge pit beneath the last drive of the Gugemunkchunk. The waters roared and swelled and lifted until the great mass shivered and groaned and then like a colossal monster reluctantly arousing itself from a century sleep, with a tremendous crashing and tearing, it freed itself from its thousand fetters and, with a hardly perceptible motion, floated out into the pond.

Thus on a dark night in April A. D. 1871 came into existence the marvellous floating island of Murdock's Pond.

As far as can be ascertained, the first mortal eye to which this strange phenomenon was revealed was one of two big blue ones which bulged from the head of little Jeremiah Billings. Jerry was trudging from his father's barn down to the shore when glancing out over the pond he saw a sight which stopped his whistle right in the pucker. There, if his eyes could be believed, was a pretty little island lying off the cove, where no island had ever been before; for, as a matter of fact, there was but one island in the whole pond and that a mass of rocks. He rubbed his eyes and looked again. Yes, it must be real for there were two crows just alighting on one of the little trees. It was not a dream. It was as real as real could be. The boy rushed to the house and told the family of his discovery.

"They's a nisland! A nisland right out in the cove; growed last night. Come an' see it! oh, come an' see it!"

"April fool day's gone a-past an' you're the biggest fool at last," chanted Jerry's brother Bill.

"Tain't neither. You jes' come an' see. Hope to die, drop down dead if they ain't," persisted Jerry.

Finally several of the boys agreed to go and Jerry led the way down to the shore.

"I don't see no island," said Bill.

"Nary island, ye gol' durned little rascal. Whad ye mean by foolin' us in this way? Knew they wa'n't when I started," and the hired man was quite wroth.

Jerry was completely taken aback, for his vision had vanished; only a single log was to be seen floating about in the cove where he was sure he had seen a beautiful little island.

"Fool us agin like this and you'll git a larrupin'," was the parting shot from brother Bill, and Jerry sat down on a big rock and wept bitter tears. But Jerry was not all wrong. A strong wind was blowing at the time and the island had drifted out of sight and was at that moment behind a heavy growth of trees on the point, and moving down the pond.

Murdock's Pond had become a summer resort in a small way. Two thrifty farmers living on the shore had gone into the "rusticator business" and were doing quite well at it. But they were bitter rivals. The opposition institutions were known, in advertisements, as Honeysuckle Farm, although there were no honeysuckles in sight, and Meadowbrook Farm, perhaps because there was no brook within a mile. But these names were attractive and sounded well. The natives called them "the old Bigelow farm" and "th' Eph Hinck's place." The former was owned and conducted by Rufus Peabody. Rufus had a large old-fashioned white house with big rooms, and plenty of them. When he decided to embark in the business he was seriously contemplating some changes in the way of painting the house green and building some ornate additions, but his first boarder changed his mind.

She was a Boston schoolma'am and urged Rufus to let the place remain

where it was and "preserve its rural simplicity." The owner figured that the expense of preserving rural simplicity would be merely nominal and so he mowed the front yard, bought a few hammocks and a croquet set and let it go at that.

But no sooner had Honeysuckie Farm blossomed out with summer boarders than Stillman Higgins, who lived on the Hinck's place, started up a rival establishment, and then there was the war of competition on the banks of Murdock's Pond. Stillman had his residence changed from a common, square house to a fearful and wonderful structure with odd-shaped windows, a tower and wide verandas all painted in strange and harassing colors, while the grand discord was enhanced with blue and white awnings. There was not much rural simplicity about Meadowbrook Farm!

By persistent advertising his patronage increased rather faster than that of his rival, the original, which fact had been a thorn in the side of Rufus, and he had pondered long and earnestly upon ways and means to get even with the "Parrot Cage," as he contemptuously dubbed the showy place down the pond. The neighbors enjoyed the rivalry immensely and helped along matters in their own peculiar way.

"Ye ain't goin' to be in it this year, Rufe," volunteered Cy Washburn as he leaned over the fence for an exchange of gossip on his way home from the post office.

"Why ain't I?" growled Rufus, and then rather earnestly: "Have they got some new gum-game to fool people down to the 'Parrot Cage'?"

"Wall, I kind o' reckon they have—just diskivered a new mineral spring right on the premises and Stillman's gone an' bought that three-legged rooster Myers lugged 'round to the cattle shows last year. I reckon as how you've gotter brace up a bit if you want the trade this year."

"Mineral spring an' three-legged

rooster," sighed Mr. Peabody. "Well, somethin's gotter be did," and he slowly and sadly wended his way into the house.

That night he sent away for a book on golf, but he got no farther than the first chapter which described the clubs. "Brassies" and "niblicks" and "lofting irons" were too much, and he told his wife that he was too old a man to be mixing up with such fool notions. Besides it would tramp down the grass and likely's not hurt some of the stock.

And then the floating island came down and grounded on a sand bar just off Honeysuckle Farm.

Rufus could hardly contain himself for joy. It seemed like a gift from heaven and at a most opportune time. He was Yankee enough to see the benefit of advertising, and he gave the schoolmaster a whole dollar to "writc a piece" to put in the *Hancock Home and Fireside*. The article went the rounds of the press and letters came pouring in from all directions, many of them from his former patrons. With reckless extravagance he had circulars printed describing this great attraction "free to all boarders," and advanced his rates. He built a rustic summer house on the island and strung hammocks. It was a sure drawing card, and Mr. Feabody went to town and bought himself a new hat on the strength of his prosperity.

"Who cares if they have got a min'-ral spring and a three-legged rooster down to the Parrot Cage? What's them to a floatin' island, be gosh?" and Rufus had many a confidential talk with himself upon the subject.

But one beautiful afternoon late in July something happened. The island started on its wanderings again. It seceded from the Peabody holdings and gently but certainly drifted down the pond, summer house, hammocks and all. And as gently as it started, so gently it stopped almost a mile from its former anchorage. It had seceded from Honeysuckle Farm, and there upon the shore, instead of the

big old-fashioned house with its green blinds and well-sweep in front, was a gaudy structure with a tower and dormer windows, with wide piazzas and bright awnings, while the well-sweep was transmogrified into a tall flagpole. The vegetable garden with its path to the shore had changed to a broad, green lawn with little play tents scattered over it and at the shore the flat-bottomed punt which was the island ferry had changed to a fleet of red and green canoes and a tiny naphtha launch added to the flotilla.

And who were those people and when did they arrive? What was the occasion of all the commotion? Now they were swarming into the canoes and coming out like cannibals after a missionary ship.

Bub Higgins had paddled out on a raft because the guests had taken all the boats. He inspected the place minutely and then with a wild yell exclaimed:

"Angleworms and butter! Ef ol' Peabody's floatin' island ain't got adrift and come down here. Gee-ee-hosephat, what'll dad say when he gits home?"

The mystery was explained. No one had ever inquired into the construction of this favorite retreat. That it would float was an undreamed-of idea. But here it was and the city folks naturally followed the attraction, and the upshot of the whole matter was that Peabody lost not only his island but his star boarder, and his amazement and chagrin were only equalled by the supreme delight of Stillman Higgins in their accession.

But Peabody was not to be beaten so easily. He planned and plotted to get even with his rival. He wanted the island back if possible. He tried the law but to no avail. There seemed to be no law to fit the case, so the village squire told him, at a cost of three dollars. Then B. Babbidge, who claimed to be the original owner of the island, having a claim for certain damage done his cranberry bog,

appeared at Meadowbrook Farm and demanded his island or a satisfactory amount in cash, but Mr. Higgins refused to give up either.

Mr. Babbidge and Mr. Peabody got their heads together and plotted a scheme, nothing more nor less than to steal and make off with the island, if taking what they considered their lawful own was stealing. They enlisted the service of Cap'n Fogg and his son, old men of the sea.

The conspiracy took shape. One dark rainy night several boats stealthily approached the off-shore side of the island. A hawser was attached to a projecting stump and all hands formed a tandem and pulled and pulled, but the island would not budge. A week later another attack was made with more elaborate preparations. A small windlass was set up on the island, a line carried to a kedge anchor and this time the conspirators had the satisfaction of feeling the island begin to move, and it soon floated clear.

But alas for the best laid plans. The wind which they had planned would carry the captured island back to its former mooring suddenly shifted and blew strongly down the pond. The

whole force could not stay its progress, nor bring it to anchor. Slowly and majestically it sailed towards the outlet. Here it soon began to feel the current, and it moved faster and faster and glided into the considerable stream which connects Murdock's with Rocky Pond. It might have gone farther, if it had not been for the stone bridge across the outlet. No mortal eye saw the catastrophe, but it must have been a grand sight as the mass swept against the bridge with a tremendous crash. For a time it dammed the stream until the force of the water pushed the island literally up on edge, then it fell asunder burying the structure of the bridge with logs, trees and general débris and smashing the summer house and other island "improvements" to atoms in the general wreck.

It cost the county of Hancock over one hundred dollars to clear the bridge and highway, and to this day strangers inquire as to the origin of the immense pile of decayed logs about the Rocky Brook bridge.

"That's where the floatin' island come ashore," is the invariable reply of the native, but the inquirer is usually none the wiser.



### *"THY KINGDOM COME."*

*By Emma Playter Seabury.*

WHILE men climb trampling others 'neath their heel,  
While gold supplants the truth, while right is dumb,  
Till justice gains the grace to think and feel,  
Fruitless the prayer, "O Lord, thy kingdom come."

## CLIFTON JOHNSON AND HIS PICTURES OF NEW ENGLAND LIFE.

*By Mary Bronson Hartt.*

Illustrated from Mr. Johnson's photographs, many of them never before published.

THE average man chooses a profession. Clifton Johnson has made his own. He is the only one of his kind,—as unique among photographers as he is distinct among the collectors and expositors of the folk lore, old fashions and life habitudes of rural New England. Indeed one might almost say that the profession chose the man, for the opportunity had long been awaiting him. Given the widespread sentiment—almost the passion—for old New England, and given a man with a heart to feel it and skill to interpret and impart it, and the one must seek out the other.

Just here is the secret. All over this broad land, from Passamaquoddy Bay to Puget Sound, is scattered a people whose lineage and oftentimes whose memories run back to an old home in Maine or Vermont or Massachusetts. Transplanted, but never alienated, they are always exiles in a far country,—always longing for home. Let Herne play "Shore Acres," and they pack the house. Let a company of strolling minstrels sing "The Old Oaken Bucket," and

they applaud with unbounded enthusiasm. The song and the play have set the heart upon its homeward way; their magic is the "golden, ooden glory of the days gone by." Here was Clifton Johnson's constituency ready-made to his hand, prepared to welcome his pictured reproductions of the home country.

That a New Englander should be able to claim this constituency is at once the most likely and the most unlikely thing in the world; likely, because he knows the life so well, and unlikely, because his very familiarity with it would be almost sure to blind him to its salient features. Yet Clifton Johnson, though a New Englander of the New Englanders, farm-born, farm-bred, has yet

sensibilities so delicate, a power of analysis so keen, that he can see and appreciate the quaintness, the subtle humor, the abiding pathos of the life he himself lives.

It was in 1865, in Hockanum, Mass., "the long, lazy hamlet" of Holland's "Kathrina," that Johnson was born. It is in Hockanum, on



CLIFTON JOHNSON.



MR. JOHNSON'S HOME.

the very bank of the Connecticut River, that he has spent the better part of his life and still makes his home. As a boy Johnson got out of that river all the fun it afforded,—boating, bathing, fishing and, in winter, skating. Every spring great drives of logs came loitering down its slow currents from the Canadian forests and ran aground on the curving shores or on the sand bars in the shallows, whence it became the object of every right-minded urchin in the village to set them free. Clifton Johnson, never the hindmost in these ticklish ventures, had his share in the disasters which attend such exploits. All the wholesome, hearty, toilsome life of the farm, too, he knew as only a farmer's son can. But of the ways of towns he knew well-nigh nothing. Hockanum was hardly big enough to deserve the name "village." The boy sometimes travelled as far as Northampton or Holyoke to peddle berries, and once a year he went to town to the circus—to the circus *procession*, to be accurate; his family disapproved of "shows." That was the extent of his city experience.

He had an education, of course, though I suspect the river had as

much to do with it as any teacher. He went first to the district school, and later to the academy at Old Hadley, three miles away. He was no enthusiastic grubber. Mathematics and the classics were little to his taste. He preferred more succulent pasturage in history and natural science. Botany was a passion with him, perhaps because it took him out of doors.

When he was fifteen years old he left the academy for a situation in a Northampton bookstore,—not a bad exchange for a lad of his tastes. The formal grind of the academy was likely to do little more than wither out all the fine wildings of his nature-loving heart. The society of books and of book-lovers and an opportunity for untethered literary



FINDING A MOUSE FOR PUSSY CAT.

browsing were much more congenial and perhaps quite as profitable.

In the bookstore Johnson contracted an enthusiasm for books and for pictures. Moreover, he developed an incurable ambition to become an artist, an ambition which led him, two or three years later, to take the bit in his teeth and go to New York to study. There, having no independent income, he worked all day and every day at drawing and hack writing, and managed by strict economy to keep himself financially afloat. Only his evenings were free for work in the art school.

In 1890 he took a step the importance of which he little guessed,—he bought a small camera and began to take photographs to help him with subjects for his drawing. Some of these little pictures he showed to a publisher who came to him for illustrations. The publisher had a quick eye. He saw at once that here was a unique "discovery." He ordered, not the drawings which Johnson hoped to make, but a large number of photographs! The book thus illustrated was such a marked success that Johnson gave up his work with pen and brush and turned his entire attention to artistic photography.

From illustrating other people's books he passed naturally to bookmaking on his own account. His first venture was "*Picturesque Franklin*," a volume of sketches of the towns of Franklin County, written by eminent New Englanders and illustrated by hundreds of photographs taken specially for the work

by Clifton Johnson. The book, besides adding to the reputation of his pictures, brought him to the favorable notice of Professor Charles Eliot Norton and, through him, of Mr. William Dean Howells. Both men have shown a cordial interest in Johnson's work, have helped him substantially with the publishers, and both remain his very good friends.



A FRIEND TO LUNCH.

In collecting photographs for "*Picturesque Franklin*," Johnson made a comprehensive tour of the county, stopped at the most remote farmhouses, talked freely with the isolated farm folk, and jotted down in a notebook both his own observations of the life as he saw it and the stories the farmers told him of the olden time. In 1892 this

material developed into a volume, published, with numberless illustrations, under the title "The New England Country." Its success was immediate. Other publishers asked for books in the same vein, and Johnson followed it up during the next few years by three similar volumes: "The Farmer's Boy," "The Country School," and "A Book of Country Clouds and Sunshine." All four books display the same amazing power of observation, the same wealth of accurate and significant detail, the same instinct for the picturesque, the poetic, the same affectionate, half humorous treatment, and the same lavish illustration.

Johnson himself says, "I write to explain the pictures;" and when all is said, it is the illustrations which make the books unique. The technical merit of his pictures is of the highest; but that is not what gives them their distinct superiority over the work of other skilful photographers. "Art for art's sake" is the motto of the average photographer, who enters on a tireless search for that beauty which is its own excuse for being. His studio shows an unrelated medley of charming "bits," rare "effects," and unique poses. In Clifton Johnson, the "art for art's sake" motive is genuinely operative, but it is not supreme. A student of

New England life, his work possesses an all-pervading unity of purpose; he has planted his tripod upon an idea. Beauty his pictures have, of course; but they have significance as well. It is not the odd, the exceptional, the surprising, which he chooses to put on record, but the characteristic, the usual, the everyday. It is the poetry of the commonplace which he depicts; and it is by no means commonplace poetry either. Relieved by its very aims from the strain of the quest for sensation, Johnson's work is singularly restful to eyes long wearied by the monotony of surprise.

Johnson does not work from studio models. His are not photographs *from* life; they are photographs *of* life—a very different thing. His models are not only alive, but living, and living their own proper life. That boy bending over an onion patch was weeding garden before you noticed him; he will go on weeding

garden after you have turned the page. He does not suspect that you saw him, and if he did he is too busy to care. This is more than realistic,—it is real!

This absence of apparent posing lifts Johnson's work immeasurably above that of our innumerable prize photographers, with their "art studies" of décolleté women



SETTING OUT CABBAGE.



THE FARM OXEN.



WATCHING THE KETTLES.

"The Farm Oxen" and "Watching the Kettles" are from "Being a Boy," by Clifton Johnson, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Company, to whom we are indebted for the use of the cuts.

whose sugary beauty makes us cry with Kipling's devil, "Oh, yes, it's pretty—but *is* it Art?" Clifton Johnson has rather neglected the pretty woman in his studies of life,—perhaps because he thinks her overdone elsewhere. If ever he does undertake to represent her, it will be not as a dryad or a nymph or a Greek maiden, but in her ordinary costume, going about the ordinary business of life; for he divorces nothing from its proper environment.

Though Johnson succeeds in

but play their parts with spirit and abandon.

So much for what we might call the spiritual excellences of Johnson's work. Now for the technical. Extreme simplicity of composition is perhaps his most striking virtue. A single glance takes in a whole picture. Some one emphatic figure or feature catches the eye at once, and there it rests. The contrary is true of most photographs. The camera is but an indifferent artist, depicting with indiscriminating exactness large and small, important and triv-



THE BREAKING UP OF WINTER.

avoiding the appearance of having posed his figures, he does not evade the task. Just here is a fine point in his art. His genuine sympathy with children (who are his most frequent models), his sincerity and earnestness of purpose, enable him to put them quite at their ease and render them artless and unconscious before the camera. He does not ask them to look directly at the camera, nor to do anything not perfectly natural to them; so they do not feel "sheepish,"

ial alike, bewildering the eye with a truly preraaphaelite wealth of detail. You cannot see the forest for the trees. Clifton Johnson's camera is no exception to the rule,—but there is a man behind the camera. Take this picture of oxen coming down a country road. In the proof, the grass in the foreground was doubtless very stiff and spiky; the trees by the roadside, inconceivably sharp and "specky." But Johnson has changed all that. A light blur



THE WELL-SWEEP.

From "Country Clouds and Sunshine," by Clifton Johnson, published by Lee & Shepard.

dims the distinctness of the foreground, softens the hard, obtrusive leaf-masses, leaving the one clear thing in the picture the oxen with their barefoot driver. I have heard it complained that the proof was truer than the retouched picture. Scientifically true it was perhaps, but artistically false! The grass at your feet, if you drop your eyes to it, is microscopically distinct; but when you focus on an object ten feet away, that same grass becomes only a soft green blur. Johnson has focussed your attention upon the approaching oxen and he allows nothing to distract your eye. Not things as they are, but things as they look, is his motto; in other words, he is a photographic impressionist.

In this particular case Johnson has sacrificed to unity of composition what was perhaps quite as im-

portant, namely, aerial perspective. He has made the foreground of the picture so dim that the background cannot well be dimmer, and has lost the effect of distance and atmosphere. The failure here only em-



GARDEN PROSPECTS.

phasizes his success elsewhere, however; for aerial perspective is just one of the points in which his pictures excel. As before, the virtue lies not in the lens, but in the man. The camera, still in the pre-Turnerian period of art, hardly recognizes that distant objects look not only small but indistinct. The film,

light haze dims the distances and makes a gentle, natural gradation in the landscape; but when the air is pitilessly clear, he supplies the "subtlety of natural effect" with his own hands. A light wash over the background carefully graduated toward the foreground gives a very satisfactory result.

It is for this reason that Johnson, unlike most photographers, abhors clear days, and loves clouds and mist. He says himself that he has never seen a day too hazy for his work. He does not, of course, mean dense fogs, although he maintains that fog photography will yet be successfully undertaken. Clear sunlight, he says, makes his pictures undeniably sharp and hard, and fills them with broken glitters of light and scattered flecks of shadow, which fritter away effect. On such a day there are no broad masses, no diffused glows, no melting distances to be got. So he welcomes mist, or smoke, or even dust in the air, to soften dazzling contrasts and to subdue fretting detail.

Another of Johnson's photographic heresies is that it is better to aim toward, than away from, the sun. He admits the likelihood of a fine crop of fogged plates if this advice is followed, but argues that the superior merit of the picked successes will more than compensate for the failures. Figures lighted from the front alone, he says, look shallow and weak and thin, and they do not separate themselves from the background. On the other hand, light from behind objects gives them



A COMMOTION IN THE BACK YARD.

more sensitive than the human retina, reproduces remote objects with preternatural clearness. Hence the photograph lacks atmosphere and mystery, or, as Ruskin puts it, "misses the utmost subtleties of natural effect." Johnson remedies this defect in one of two ways, preferably by taking his picture when a



BACK DOOR PETS.

From "Country Clouds and Sunshine," published by Lee & Shephard.

solidity and mass and the appearance of enveloping air.

I have said that Johnson retouches to get perspective and to suppress detail. He does more. A "print" is to him little more than the raw material for a picture. He treats it as an artist would treat a rough sketch,—paints in cloud masses; paints out obtrusive trees or unpicturesque details; tones down sharp whites or heavy blacks; in short, does anything which will, as he says, "make the picture tell its story more simply and gracefully."

It was these novel features of Johnson's work which won for it its swift popularity with publishers and public. In 1895, D. Appleton and Company sent him abroad to make illustrations for a superb new edition of White's "Natural History of Selborne." Trained as he was to catch the sentiment, to photograph the very soul, of the New England country, he did not fail to reproduce

the subtlest charm of the Old England. It is safe to say (and it is saying much) that the fine old nature-book gained, even in the eyes of its most jealous admirers, by the addition of Johnson's artistic and sympathetic pictures. The following year Dodd, Mead and Company, charmed by his work for Appleton, sent him abroad again, this time to illustrate Ian Maclaren's "Bonnie Brier Bush," and Barrie's "Window in Thrums."

In point of technique and pure beauty, these Scotch pictures are irreproachable; they have the superlative merit of his New England work. Yet considered as illustrations of the stories, there is perhaps room for difference of opinion. Photographs are capital illustrations for volumes of travel, for histories, or for any book where the pictures are typical rather than particular. But I doubt if for fiction we want quite the detailed and accurate realism of photographic reproduction. The scenic



THE CONNECTICUT RIVER IN FLOOD TIME.

setting of a story may possibly be with advantage introduced photographically, though even that I am inclined to question. I should buy an illustrated book on the land of "Lorna Doone," but I want my own Lorna unpictured, that Blackmore and my imagination may have free play. Perhaps I am over-squeamish here; but I fancy most people will feel as I do, that the attempt to photograph the actual characters in a story is unwarrantable boldness. I do not really want to be convinced that my favorites in fiction had a real existence.—I prefer to *believe in them*. Show me a photograph of Stevenson's inimitable Alan Breck, and I shall never forgive you! I will never believe that canny Alan, the "bonny fighter," breathed any air more base, trod any earth more material, than that of Stevenson's inspired romance. Similarly if you tell me that that old Scotsman in the photograph is a native of Drumtochty, I shall declare it a capital picture, but the moment you call it

Maclure,—the doctor of the old school, Maclure who "wrastled" the Tochty, *Weelum* Maclure of Glen Urtach,—I shall repudiate it with scorn. It may be very instructive and realistic,—but you see I don't want to be instructed; I love darkness rather than light,—the vagueness and mystery of poetry rather than the harsh, unillusioned accuracy of prose.

All this is no fault of Johnson's. His Scotch pictures are artistic, characteristic and effective. In an article on Drumtochty they would be altogether lovely. The error has been, if I mistake not, in attempting to use them for the illustration of pure fiction. Jane Barlow's "Irish Idylls," the next book which Johnson illustrated, can hardly be called pure fiction, for the interest lies less in plot and less in character drawing than in the portrayal of the hard conditions of life among the Irish peasantry; and in this case the realism of the photograph powerfully emphasizes the author's telling de-



TRAINING THE DOG.

scriptions of the drear and lonely land. Technically these Irish pictures are among Johnson's finest.

It was on this third trip to Great Britain that Johnson made the photographs for an illustrated edition of Dickens's "Child's History of England,"—an edition enriched with pictures of the castles, battlefields and historic monuments of the United Kingdom, beautiful in themselves and adding materially to the interest of Dickens's spirited narrative.

The nature of Johnson's work abroad confined his attention for the most part to the country, and to out-of-the-way country at that. He got acquainted everywhere with the working people, the farmers and the village children; and on his return he published in the *Outlook* and elsewhere many studies of the Scotch and Irish peasantry. His English notes have just appeared in the form of a book, "Among English Hedge-rows." One chapter of this book and similar illustrated sketches of

French and Irish peasant life have appeared in the pages of this magazine.\*

Although so much in demand for foreign work, during the last few years, Johnson has not neglected America. He has published a volume of folk lore entitled "What They Say in New England," and illustrated an edition of Charles Dudley Warner's "Being a Boy" and a volume of selections from John Burroughs called "A Year in the Fields." This last is illustrated by some twenty photographs taken about Burroughs's home on the Hudson or at his boyhood's home in the edge of the Catskills. In every picture the essayist figures,—never obtrusively, never inartistically, but in so natural a way as to give to admirers of Burroughs a pleasant feeling of having been with him afield. It is hardly necessary to say that the pictures for "Being a Boy" left nothing to be desired. The portrayal of boy nature, and country boy nature at that, was so congenial a task that he could not but succeed.

Success has had little effect upon Johnson. He has not moved into the city, nor gotten himself a fine house and a valet. Instead, after all his travel, his recognition from the outside world, and his flattering association with men of note, he comes back to his little Barbizon at Hockanum, and is content. A man of simple tastes, he has honest satisfaction in work well done, and is not vexed with longings after what is beyond him. Affectation and pretence are foreign to his nature. Although he might lay just claim to more ambitious titles, he still likes best to call himself a New England farmer.

\* See the *NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE* for May, 1899, containing Mr. Johnson's illustrated article, "Work and Workers in Rural England;" for September, 1900, "A Village in Rural France," and May, 1901, "Life on the Irish Boglands."

## TH' ORDINATION.

A MONOLOGUE ON THE SUBJUGATION OF HUSBANDS.

By May Stedman Harpel.

**S**O you're goin' to marry the West-  
ner? Wal, I can't say as I'm  
sorry to hear it, though I am  
sorry you're goin' way out t' Ohio to  
live. It ain't fer? Mebbe it don't  
seem so to you, but 'twas out o' the  
world when I was your age. But  
that's neither here nor there.

Now I've got a leetle weddin'  
pres'nt fer you right away; like as not,  
suthin' better'll foller later. Jist open  
the secon' draw' to that dresser. I've  
been expectin' to hear suthin' o' the  
kin', so I laid it there so's to have it  
handy. Right on top, ain't it? a da-  
guerrotyp. Yes, that's Seth—your  
gran'father, I mean—when he was  
goin' fer two year. But that ain't the  
reason I give it to you. I give it to  
you as a kinder talisman, jist as your  
great-gran'mother gave it to me when  
I married Seth, an' if it does you the  
good it's done me, I'll be more'n sat-s-  
fied.

Mother (course she was my moth-  
er-in-lor, but I called her mother), she  
said she prized it 'cause 'twas the  
picter o' her eldes' son, but she  
prized it especial 'cause 'twas her  
symbol o' vict'ry over father, an' it  
meant a sight to her.

"It's hard an' unsatisfa't'ry," says  
she, "tryin' to git on with a man that's  
boun' to have his own way, even when  
it ain't bes' fer him that he should;  
but there ain't nothin' more helpful an'  
comfortin' to have 'roun' the house  
than a man as has learnt to let his  
wife manage."

Why didn't I give it to your ma,  
when she married your father? Wal, I  
had got purty well acquainted with her  
afore she become my darter-in-lor, an'  
I come to the c'inclusion that she  
wouldn't need no picter to remin' her  
to hol' the reins with a firm han'.  
Your mother's allers been a driver.

But you're differ'nt, gentle an'

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yieldin', an' I don' know this new  
gran'son I'm gettin'. Oh, to be  
shore, Arthur ain't like other men, an'  
won't need no managin'; no, cert'nly  
not—*yit*. Howsomever, you keep the  
daguerrotype where you kin see it  
frequent (but don't you, fer the life o'  
you, tell him nothin' 'bout it), an'  
mebbe it'll give you courage agin' the  
day that's set fer a day o' battle.

You feed Arthur well an' reg'lar,  
an' don't be drawn into no argy-  
ments. Argymnts is men's natch'al  
weapons, an' they can beat women  
with 'em ev'ry time. But if you don't  
argy with 'em, no matter how much  
they may try keepin' silent (fairly  
courtin' downfall), as father done fust,  
you'll git a chance to best 'em, an'  
then all's plain sailin'.

*My*, when you stan' up fer him an'  
your cheeks git pink an' your eyes  
shine, it ain't hard to see why he  
couldn't fin' nobody in his own state  
nor in no other state but "leetle  
Rhody."

Mother tol' me the hull story 'bout  
th' ordination, "fer," says she, "you're  
marryin' a good boy, but he's his  
father's son, which means bein' a  
Manham. He'll be some aggrevatin'  
allers, no doubt, *all men is*; but he'll be  
a sight wuss until you git him broke  
in. Arter you git th' upper han', you  
keep it; not to be tyrannical, only fer  
his good. It stan's to reason that  
men need some one to look arter 'em  
an' guide 'em. See what fools ol'  
bach'lers be."

Father was mo'n or'nary aggrevat-  
in' an' contrary, an' mother had con-  
sid'rable to bear the fust three year or  
so o' her married life. He kinder  
seemed to think that he'd orter run the  
farm an' the house too, an' he'd never  
in his hull life took no bossin' nor  
crossin'.

Once mother foun' fault with him

fer not comin' prompt to meals. From that day on, he warn't never on time. He was boun' to show her that he was head o' that house. If he was settin' an' waitin' fer supper, jist as soon as she'd say, "Drawr up," he'd git up without a word, put on his hat an' go out. He'd turn a stun over, if he couldn't fin' nothin' else to do. It was enough to provoke a saint. That was afore th' eventful day; arter th' ordination, there warn't much waitin' fer him to git ready to come.

Mother'd had a warnin' in father's brother Silas's wife, an' she'd orter have profited by it; but she was like some young folks o' the present day. She thought her man warn't like other men, an' wouldn't need no trainin' nor managin', an' she jist let him have his haid, till, afore she knowed what was happenin' he was a-rulin' ev'rythin' from the soap-biñ' to the settin' o' sponge for bread.

Uncle Silas had married a yieldin' sort o' girl, pretty but weak, an' he jist rid over her rough-shod. By the time their second child was born, she dast as well die as say her soul was her own. There was only one way she could git on with him, an' that war to act deceptive an' hypocritical, he was that contrary. She'd begin like this:

"John Boden's wife is gittin' so extravagant. She had a new dress 'as' spring an' the year afore too, an' now she's havin' another. Why, my black bombazine that I had to wear to Uncle Epr'am's fun'r'al, afore we was married, is a-goin' to serve me a couple o' year yit fer meetin'."

"No, it ain't, nuther," Uncle Silas would bust out. "It's a shame that my wife won't dress as good as other folks's wives. You'll go to town with me Sat'day, an' you'll git yourself a black silk an' a noo bunnit."

But there ain't no sat'sfaction gittin' things that way; it's so sneaky an' underhan'. Aunt Mirandy kep' growin' cringin'er an' cringin'er, an' Uncle Silas kep' growin' mo' an' mo' contrary an' dictatin'. They led a

mis'able life on it, all along o' her lettin' him git th' upper han' in the beginnin' an' keep it.

Soon's mother come to a re'lizin' sense o' how father was a-lordin' it high an' mighty, she made up her min', an' there was consid'rable of it —leastways, I uster think so when I he'rd her givin' any one a piece of it, —she made up her min' that she wouldn't be so ruled over; but she couldn't seem to git no chance fer the suprem'cy. You see, father was one o' the still kin'. She couldn't never fin' out what he was goin' to do till 'twas done.

One spring they was goin' t' have a well sunk in th' dooryard, an' she p'inted out t' him jist where she wanted it. He nodded an' went on out to water the stock. Strange to say, she didn't mistrust nothin' an' went off to the sewin' society, takin' baby Seth with her.

When she come back, there was that well bein' dug right in her bed o' heart's-ease. She was powerful fond o' flowers, an' felt consid'rable riled. I guess she said a good deal; but when she stopped fer breath, father only drawled out: "We're a-diggin' o' the well *here*; hadn't you better be gittin' supper?"

An' mother marched into the house without another word, she was that dumbfounded.

She'd been pesterin' him fer a set o' dishes, off an'on, ever sence they had went to housekeepin', fer she hadn't enough good pieces to be able t' ask the minister to tea, let alone the ladies' aid soci'ty. Most gen'rally he wouldn't make no answer, but if he did say anythin', 'twould be sure to be so provokin' that mother'd forgit herself an' answer sharp, an' then he'd look at her real pityin' 'cause she was so sinful as to give way to her temper, an' he'd go out—apparently to give her no more temptation to git angry. 'Twas maddenin'.

She'd determined to lay it before him plain an' reas'nable fer the las' time, an' she made sure he'd re'lize

that they needed more'n two teacups an' one platter.

He looked at her a minute an' then he suggested real mild: "I'd jist as soon drink out o' the same cup as you, if you want the minister here so bad."

Then she give it up.

'Twas the same about the daguerro-type. Likely he wanted is as much as mother did, but she had proposed it, an' she learnt arter a while that she was expected to second his motions, but that it warn't her perrogative to make no motions herself, bein' a woman. Unfort'nately, she thought fust about havin' the picter took, an artis' havin' jist come to Newport that summer, an' wil' hosses couldn't have dragged no consent out o' father.

She'd ha' gone over th' ferry some arte'noon an' had it made unbeknownst to him, only she couldn't never git five dollars (that's what one cost). Father's holt on the pennies was good, but on the dollars—'twas lucky they couldn't be squoze outer shape's all I kin say. He was middlin' free with spendin' himself, but he'd say women didn't know the valoo o' money, not as if they'd earnt it themselves. H'm, I guess mother earnt more'n he did six times over, ev'ry year o' her life. But that ain't here nor there.

They was livin' on Conanicut in them days, where father had a farm. Yes, 'twas that very farm that father left to your gran'father. The money we sold it fer paid fer your father's ed-dication, an' give him his good start. Where the house stood, there's a big boardin' house, full o' summer vis'tors; but they don't have the good times my chil'ren had, I'll be boun'.

They sold aigs an' some projuice over in Newport in them 'arly days, when Newport was only beginnin' to be fash'nable. An' butter. Mother was a master han' at butter, an' hers allers fetched a good price. They was payin' off the mortgidge right smart, an' father was feelin' good over their prosper'ty, so one mo'nin' he said:

"Git dressed an' we'll go over to town an' jine the passel o' folks goin' to Block Islan' to th' ordination."

"I sha'n't stir one step," says mother. "The idee, when I've got a bakin' ready an' the brick oven het."

Of course she wanted the worst way to go, but she thought father had ought to have said somethin' 'bout it aforehan' an' not ha' been givin' orders quite so peart. An' she felt it in her bones that her opportun'ty had come.

"To my min', Ezra Manham," says she, "you'd much better be gittin' that hay o' yours in, than rupnin' t' ordinations. They'll do it all right, even if you ain't there to tell 'em how. It's goin' to rain before noon, an' you'll be too late, anyhow."

Father mos' fell over back'ards to have mother stan' up agin him so sudden, an' to hear her speak out so cool an' bold. He was dreffel soft-spoken fer a man so awful sot; he only answered: "I warn't calc'latin' to run, they're goin' in sailbo'ts."

He was a shy man, an' hated to go to meetin' or funerals without mother; but he shut his lips firmlike, determined to learn her one lesson, hung his glass up in the kitchen winder, an' began to shave. He was a leetle slower'n us'al, an' he cut himself too, an' it bled an' bled.

Course mother laid out his clothes fer him on the bed, an' fastened his stock when he'd got that fer, an' seen that he had his han'kercher, jist as pleasan't.

"I'd better git out your tarpaulins, hadn't I? Fer if you git wet, 'twill bring back your rheumatiz," she ventered once.

He give her one look, an' she didn't make no more suggestions, but went on with her bakin'.

She'd raked out the coals, an' swep' th' oven good, an' had put in the brown bread an' beans agin mornin', all afore father got under way. When she'd seen him finally go down the road, arter comin' back once fer his pu'se an'once fer his knife,—which he foun' was in his pocket all the

time,—she made a batch o' cookies an' a loaf o' diet bread, all the while keepin' an eye on the weather.

'Bout time fer father to reach Newport, it begun to look threatenin'; but she knowed him too well to dream he'd come back. Nothin' short of a tidal wave would ha' sent him home arter his goin' had been so opposed—an' then he couldn't ha' got back, I guess.

As soon as the cake was out, an' the white bread in, mother put on her sun bunnit an' went straight up t' ol' Squire Martin's an' ast him what he'd give fer the hay as it laid. He was some surprised, fer it warn't a common way o' sellin' hay; but he made her an offer an' finally they struck a bargain.

Perty soon harf a dozen men come down from there with wagons an' pitchforks, an' 'twarn't long before father's hay was in John's biggest barn.

An' mother clim up to the top shelf in the butt'ry an' put the gol' piece she'd got fer it into a cracked teapot. An' there it stayed till your gran-father an' me was married. Then she fetched it down an' give it to hiru to buy his weddin' clo'es with; but she didn't tell *him* how she got it.

They'd jist got the hay stowed away, when there was a ri'ht smart shower, an' then it sot in to rain slow an' stiddy,—an' there warn't wind enough to move a leaf.

"Kind o' dull fer sailin'," mother said onct to the baby—fer she hadn't nobody else to talk to.

'Twas awful late when father come, an' he was tuckered out. He'd had to row over from Newport, 'cause of course the ferry didn't run much arter sundown.

Mother'd kep' the fire up, so's she could give him some scaldin' hot tea, an' he sipped that an' et a couple o' doughnuts, an' went off to bed, without one single word.

She got up early the nex' mornin' an' had the chores done afore he crawled out. He was awful stiff, but

he managed it. He pulled on his boots in the kitchen, an' went out—she knowed where.

He was an aimazed lookin' man when he come back, but he didn't ask no questions, an' mother warn't volunteerin' information jist at that time. She see, though, that he was lookin' bad, an' he was perfec'ly willin' to be helped back to bed. An' there he stayed up'ards o' two weeks with consid'rable of a fever. You see, he'd got wet through an' took a chill. Mother was a wonderful nu'se an' she give him he best o' care, an' cooked him the things he liked an' treated him tender.

Nothin' was said 'bout th' ordination, but father laid there lookin' at mother sort o' subdued-like an' as though he had suthin' on his min'. She didn't give him no chance though to talk, couldn't—I'd orter said—fer she done the milkin' an' managed the farm, besides doin' her housework an' takin' care o' him an' Seth, an' she didn't fin' much opportunit'y fer conversation.

The fust day father got out o' the house was when his cousin Eliza come over from town to sit a spell. He was by the front-room winder, rockin', when he seen her comin' up the walk. He jumped up, grabbed his hat an' got out to the barn double quick. Then mother knowed what she'd suspicioned. He had been so peace'ble all the time he'd been sick, an' so patient under all that had been done fer him, that mother seen he'd been a-learnin' of a lesson himself.

Perty soon Cousin Eliza got to talkin' 'bout th' ordination. "It struck me so comical," she said, "when we was halfway home to meet Cousin Manham jist goin' over. Course he's tol' you how he was belated (he allers was behindhand) an' we'd all gone. So he hunted up a bo't an' started off alone; but he got becalmed an' laid there a couple o' hours—when he warn't scullin'."

"Wal, there warn't nothin' fer him to do, but bring his bo't about, an' come back with us; but he looked

awful shame-faced an' crestfallen. A stiff breeze had sprung up, an' was sendin' us along good; but 'twas daid ahaid fer him, an' he was a-tackin' an' a-workin' fit to kill."

Cousin Eliza wouldn't stay to drink tea, an' after she'd gone, mother got supper—an extry good one, too. She fried some aigs, which was uncommon when aigs was a-sellin' as high as they was then, an' she got down a glass o' jell'.

Purty soon father come in to supper, without waitin' to be called even onct. Arter he'd et a couple of aigs an' some johnny cakes, mother begun—at the same time handin' him the jell, to which he was partial: "Cousin Eliza was here this arternoon (which she knewed he knewed) an' she had consid'rable to say 'bout th' ordination, but I fergot t' ask her what the text was."

She give father a look of inquiry, an' I rayther guess her black eyes danced.

She was a han'some woman, tall and slim, an' father was awful proud o' her. Arter he'd stopped rulin' her, he didn't seem to min' showin' it a mite. I kin recollect how he'd make her color up, sayin' in his slow, soft voice, "You grow han'somer ev'ry year."

An' she'd allers answer so sweet an' affectionate, "The bes' husbands has the bes'-lookin' wives."

Father looked at her a minute that night as though mebbe he could save the day even then; but he see 'twarn't no use, an' he had to bust out larfin'.

"You keep the money you got fer that hay," he says.

He'd been a-plannin' to buy himself a rowbo't with that money. He was amazin' fon' o' trawlin' fer mack'rel.

"I was callatin' to keep it," says mother, kind o' dry.

"I guess," says he, "I'll feel strong enough to g'over to town Sat'day, an' if you want to go, too, we c'u'd git that set o' dishes we've been a-wantin' so long."

"Oh," says he, puttin' his head into the door, arter he'd started out to do the chores, "if you want to dress baby

up an' curl his hair, we can have him took."

Father come down han'some, that's a fac', an' mother, bein' wise in her gen'ration, knowed when enough had been said. She never breathed another word about th' ordination—not to him nor to nobody else. I guess, though, Martin's hired men bothered him consid'rable 'bout his peculiar way o' hayin'.

As I way sayin', she never mentioned it to nobody till she tol' me, when I was gittin' ready to be married, an' that was 'mos' eighteen year arterwa'ds.

"I never had no trouble to speak of," says she, "managin' father arter he'd made sich a mess o' havin' his own way. It jist seemed to be borne in upon him that I knowed better'n he did what was bes' fer him as well as bes' fer me, an' he allers axt my advice real cheerful, an' what's more, he follered it thankful. He was an appreciative husban'.

"When he was on his deathbed he says to me: 'You've been a good wife to me, mother,' says he, 'the bes' I ever had, an' I allers had a good woman.' (Mother was the third.) 'An' the bes' you ever done fer me was showin' me th' error o' my ways that time when I *would* go to th' ordination.' "

"So you see, Lucinda," mother continned, "that I warn't tyrannical with him; that was the furtheres' from my thoughts."

I follered mother's advice, an' I ain't never had no cause to regret it. What's done fer two gen'rations will hol' good unto the fourth gen'ration.

You study Arthur, bearin' in min' th' ordination, an' when you've got your method 'dapted to the case, you'll fin' yourself lookin' with pride an' affection on this here daguerro-type, an' you'll thank me an' your great-gran'mother's mem'ry all the rest o' your days. An' Arthur'll be a sight happier than he would be a-blunderin' along without his wife's guidance.

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